

















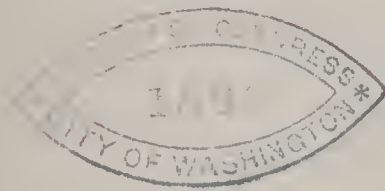
# DRAMATIC WORKS

BY

LAUGHTON OSBORN

VOLUME IV.

COMEDIES



NEW YORK  
JAMES MILLER, 647 BROADWAY

M DCCC LXVIII



PS 2794  
.04  
1868

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by

LAUGHTON OSBORN,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the  
Southern District of New York.

AGATHYNIAN PRESS.

THE SILVER HEAD

MDCCCXLV

## CHARACTERS

SIR HENRY FERGUSON, *formerly a Colonel in the British Army,—having living with him the children of a deceased brother and sister, whom he has adopted.*

MANFRED, } *his nephews, sons of his deceased brother.*  
OSCAR, }

THEODORE VINCENT, *friend of Manfred.*

MARK MATTISON, *father of Helen.*

RICHARD, *his son.*

MEDDLEHAM, *a distant kinsman of the young Fergusons by their mother's side, and, in the same way, of the Mattisons.*

HELEN, *a poor girl, beloved of Manfred.*

SYBIL VERNON, *a young widow, orphan niece of Sir Henry, through a sister.*

SAFFISE, *a Creole from New Orleans; a casual acquaintance of Helen's, and, in secret, the mistress of Oscar Ferguson.*

---

SCENE. *Baltimore.*

TIME. *That occupied in the representation.*



# THE SILVER HEAD

---

## ACT THE FIRST

*Scene I. A Parlor in the house of Sir Henry.*

*Enter, MANFRED and OSCAR.*

*Osc.* Now, by my soul! — which, prais'd be Heaven! is not  
Like yours, poetic and most righteous 'Fred,  
Made of the willow, swaying with all winds,  
Though 't were a breath too light the veil to crimple  
That wantons with the lips you dare not ——

*Manf.* Hush! —

Yet is not broken by the strongest storm  
That splits your heart of oak —

*Osc.* Splits! Prythee, how?  
Feel here [*striking his breast.*] — 'T is not your mis-  
tress' breast — Now God

Forbid! you 'd faint if 't were — ha, ha! — Does this  
[*striking it again heartily.*]

Sound like a riven heart, or, 'faith, like one

That anything is like to rive? — at least  
 Anything driven with a feather's impulse,  
 Like woman's pithless and unweighable love —  
 A woman's too, that —

*Manf.* Brother Oscar, peace!

Your jests are scurril, and I like them not.

*Osc.* Prodigious! 'Tis exceeding rare, no doubt,  
 For men to wince, when, edg'd to do them good,  
 The surgeon's scalpel — scurril would you call it?  
 Bites to the quick! eh!

*Manf.* Well, well, well! Have done.

Your willows and your knives, prosaic sage,  
 Have swept and cut your purpose off.

*Osc.* That's true.

We come of a poetic race, you know;  
 Our grandsire rhym'd — as you do; but my vein  
 Is good sound satire, not a lover's whine.

*Enter VINCENT.*

*Vin.* When satire serves to point the sting of spleen,  
 Or give an edge to envy, nobler far  
 It is, I deem, to be the weakest lover —

*Osc.* That splutters fustian when he's half seas over.—

There's a rhyme for you; and, as one can't be  
 Long in your presence or my brother's here,  
 And not be made to love the Muse, or muse,  
 I'll give you, sir, another, which is this:

*'T were folly to be wise, where folly's bliss.*

You've heard the sense before; but, if you choose,

May have a variation: — thus it reads:

He most fears satire, who its lash most needs.

*Manf.* Brother! — Dear Vincent! Oscar, well you know——

*Osc.* Never likes meddling.

*Vinc.* And so little likes

His brother's friend, that even his uncle's house

Is no protection from unnanner'd spleen.

[*Oscar bows low to Vincent.*]

*Manf.* Peace! you are both my friends [*taking a hand of each*]; why should you jar?

*Osc.* Because ——

*Manf.* You rogue! 't is but a trick, I see,

To put me by. Come on: what did you mean

By thanking Heaven your soul was not as mine?

*Osc.* [*shrugging his shoulders.*] 'Faith, that it sav'd my feet  
from getting wet.

*Vin.* [*significantly.*] Truth without flaw, though in false  
quibbling set.

*Osc.* Did I not tell you, brother Manfred? See!

Your presence is contagious. I'll withdraw,

To — ponder well the *truth without a flaw*.

[*with deep expression, looking full on Vincent,  
and bowing very low.*]

*Manf.* [*arresting him as he is going.*] Yes, but you don't  
escape me in this wise.

Since we all rhyme, why here the question lies:

[*laughingly, — in a well-meant effort to keep  
peace between O. and V.*]

What lacks to make the adjuration whole,



You even now began? "Now, by my soul!"—

'T was thus you swore, then talk'd about a "willow!"

*Osc.* As the Moor's bride, ere fell on her the pillow.

[*Changing his manner.*] I'll tell you, Manfred. Thus

I would have said:

Now, by my soul, you are the veriest ass

That ever thistle brows'd for wholesome grain.

Occasion courts you, and you turn your back;

Love woos you, and you smite him on the cheek;

Like Duncan's doom'd assassin, in the play,

"Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*."

*Vin.* Where Conscience says *I dare not*, and *I would*

Is Passion's voice, to fear 's the braver part.

Be, Manfred, still that honest ass, and prize

The lawful thistle more than stolen grain.

*Osc.* Sage maxim-dealer — maker you are not,

Or else past ages borrow'd from your books, —

I might have reckon'd on your tongue. Enough!

Manfred, there 's Helen waits you, with her eyes

That light to opening Paradise; and here —

Is Solomon, whom moderns *Vincent* call. Now choose.

But, by my soul, which, I thank Heaven again

Melts not like yours, you 'd better quickly choose,

Ere I leap Eden for you!

*Manf.* You dare not! —

*Osc.* Pshaw! *care not*; and Saffise contents me still.

I meant to play the Devil but for your good.

*Vin.* Manfred! [*sadly.*] I hope — What is this Eve?

*Osc.* [*biting his lips with vexation.*] Indeed?

Plague on 't! I thought this meddler knew. Good-day [*to Vin.*]:

Some day, sir, you and I may talk apart. [*retiring.*]

*Vin.* That 's as you please. [*Exit Oscar.*]

*Manf.* Brother! for shame! — He 's gone. You will not quarrel? [*anxiously to Vincent.*]

Promise me. [*taking both his hands.*]

*Vin.* Fear not:

Not of my will. But, Manfred, was this well?

A secret of such import? — Was my heart

Less fit to trust to? —

*Manf.* Than a brother's? No:

And your head fitter. Not to him — though well,

I deem, he loves me, [*Vin. shrugs his shoulders incredulously. Manf. has his eyes cast down and does not observe the movement.*]

did I bare my heart:

He found my folly out I know not how.

And you — how could I brook your censure, face

Your laugh?

*Vin.* Can this be possible? [*taking gently his hand.*] My laugh? [*Manf. looks up frankly and confidently.*]

*Manf.* [*pressing his hand.*] Forgive me; I was wrong; I should remember

Your pleasantry is never for the sad,

Nor your wit pointed at your friends. And yet —

[*hesitating.*]

*Vin.* And yet?

*Manf.* Your rule of duty is so stern!  
This folly, of a kind — How grave you look!  
Hear me at once: hear all.

A few days back,

My cousin Vernon's period to mourn  
For her dead lord expired, and she must needs,  
So custom and our uncle will'd, do off  
Her weeds of wo, to the last shade of black,  
With each month lessening, fashion still had left them.  
Most women of her station, figure, youth,  
Would straight have driven to the gayest shrine  
Of Fashion's gayest priestess, there to assume  
Her votaries' newest mode; but not so she;  
For Sybil is a glorious creature; though  
She 'll jest by the hour, when her light-arm'd wit  
Rides tilt with even your own, yet, like to you,  
Within, where the world sees her not, there Duty  
Rules like an empress, and admits no check.  
One of Her laws is Charity, and Sybil  
Would, where she can, make labor's wages just,  
Quiting<sup>1</sup> the workman's product, not his name.  
*Vin.* Noble! [*with emotion.*]

*Manf.* Is 't not? [*Looking at him attentively.*] Hence,  
for her new attire,  
A poor girl has she working here at home,  
At generous rates. 'T was in my cousin's rooms,  
Where gallantry, my uncle's wishes more,  
And true regard for Sybil, made me spend  
Many glad hours, I first met this young maid.



Helen ——— What makes you start?

*Vin.* It is the name  
Your brother mention'd. Manfred! —

*Manf.* Do but hear.

Helen ——— Hush! hither come Sir Henry's self  
And Sybil. I am not in humor now  
To meet them. Let me go. [*breaking from him.*

*Vin.* For what? and whither?

Ah, Manfred! [*Exit MANFRED, as*

*Enter*

SIR HENRY FERGUSON and SYBIL.

*Sir H.* Has he left you all alone?

*Syb.* Without the fellowship of even his wits;  
For, uncle, see! poor Mr. Vincent's dumb.

*Vin.* Dumb with surprise his friend had power to fly  
The centre of attraction.

*Syb.* O good sir,

My cousin is eccentric, well you know;  
The laws of vulgar planets rule not him.

*Sir H.* Well, let his orbit take him where it will,  
Here's Mr. Vincent shall revolve with us.

We're for the flowers: to-day some rare ones bloom.

*Vin.* Whose beauty will grow lovelier in the light  
Of this contrasted ———

*Syb.* Uncle, stop his speech;

He makes the dullest compliments on earth.

*Vin.* For there's a grace beyond the brightest powers ———

*Syb.* Is there? Come then; we'll seek it in my flowers.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A smaller room, or boudoir, very elegantly yet chastely furnished, leading from the reception-room of Mrs. Vernon's suite. The large door of communication, which directly faces the spectators, is wide open, and, standing in the entrance, with his arms loosely folded, is seen MANFRED, gazing pensively on HELEN, who is seated on a divan, before a table, near the upper end of the room, or left<sup>2</sup> wing of the scene, sewing. Various articles of needlework are on the table before her, and on the divan beside her, where lies a silk dress, partially made up. She does not appear aware of MANFRED's presence. He comes forward softly, and with some timidity, yet without appearing to wish to escape notice. As he approaches, HELEN looks up, betrays emotion and confusion, and, casting down her eyes, endeavors to resume her work; but her embarrassment seems to set at nought her efforts.*

*Manf.* I — I thought, Miss Helen —

*[pausing in confusion.]*

*Hel.* *[with an effort.]* Mrs. Vernon, sir,  
Has just stepp'd out.

*Manf.* No doubt, will soon return.

I'll wait her here *[taking a seat near the table; at which Helen's embarrassment increases so evidently, that he hastens to add — but his tone is tender and timid, and perplexes her so much that she lets fall her work.]*

——if 't will not hinder you.

Your work, Miss Helen. [*handing it respectfully. She takes it with a mute motion of thanks, without ever raising her eyes.*]

Now, were I a judge,  
I 'd think you 'd have me praise your gentle art.  
There, see! your needle is unthreaded. Stay,  
Let me essay; your fingers seem unsure. [*taking her needle from her, which in her agitation she has been unable to thread. She seems to have no power of resistance or refusal.*]

Are you not well? [*falteringly and with great tenderness.*]

You tremble. Ah! you work  
Too steadily. So young, and so confin'd,  
It is not well, believe me. There! you see  
[*drawing a thread through the eye of the needle.*]  
My hand is steadier than yours, though silk  
And needles have not been my playthings.

*He hands the needle, and in the act of her taking it, which she does without raising her eyes, their fingers touch. A deep silence, HELEN trying vainly to use the needle, MANFRED gazing at her fixedly. —*

*Suddenly — springing up and clasping his hands violently together.*

Oh!

This is pure madness! Helen! —

*Hel.* O my God!

Sir, [*with a sudden effort.*] Mrs. Vernon — You will find her, sir,

In the conservatory with Sir Henry.

They went to see the blooming of the —— [*Gaining courage as she speaks, she ventures here to look up, and meeting the impassioned gaze of Manfred, stops short: her work falls again — her eyes are cast down — her breathing is audible.*

*Manf.* What?

[*A pause, while he steadily regards her.*

*Helen* [*taking his seat beside her on the divan.*], to trifle thus — to cheat ourselves —

Or try to, — for we cannot, — is waste torture.

*Helen* — dear *Helen*! — [*taking her hand. She makes a faint effort to withdraw it, and bursts into tears.*] do not cry! [*staunching her tears with his own handkerchief.*

to know

I love you — dearly, — can it be such pain?

[*HELEN suddenly disengages herself, and rises.*

*Hel.* You are — Sir Henry's nephew — and I am — [*again bursting into tears.*

*Manf.* [*springing impetuously to her.*] Poor *Helen Mattison* [*mournfully.*]: and you are, too,

Pure *Helen Mattison*, and sweet, and good,

And beautiful as gentle; and I am —

Oh, very wicked thus to steal your heart!

For God has made me stronger, and I should

Have crush'd this dangerous feeling —— [*Hel. withdraws her hand, which he had retaken.*

*Hel.* [*despairingly.*] Let me go.

Oh me! this house! what shall I do?

[*wringing her hands and weeping.*]

*Manf.* Ah yes!

Yes, yes, I am as mad as sinful. Oh sit down!

[*leading her back to the divan.*]

Resume your work, your innocent work; wipe dry

Those bitter tears that I have made to flow.

There! there! be calm; I will withdraw; I'll meet

My cousin and detain her —— 'T is too late!

I hear her coming. [*Lowering his voice.*] Try, do try,  
to sew.

*He turns his back on her, and walks to the  
open door, as SYBIL enters. She has a bunch of  
flowers in her hand.*

*Syb.* You are wondrous dull, to be a wise man, Cousin;  
And as for seeking, trust me, never care  
To Cupidize your eyes in blindman's-buff,—  
They see as well unbandag'd.

*Manf.* I 'm at fault:

What mean you? [*He steals an uneasy glance at Helen.*]

*Syb.* Mean? Why that you were at fault.

I, with Sir Henry, seek you, and you steal

Out of our sight, before our faces! then,

Go hunting for me, in the place I had left!

For I would swear you came not here to sew.

Bless us! how pale you look! There [*giving him the*

*bunch of flowers.*]; 't will revive you;

Though you deserve it not. But are you ill?



*Manf.* O yes; the heat is stifling here. Come out,  
The hour is fine for walking: the fresh air  
I think will do me good. Do come! [*endeavoring to lead her out.*]

*Syb.* The air?

Surely you dream: this room can not be close.  
Sit down. You naughty cousin! you have torn  
My best flowers all to pieces! And there, now!  
You are mad! or getting so; you 're biting off  
The heads of those you had left! [*taking the stock from him, and beating him with it.*]

Is 't my turn next?

Begone; or I shall scream for help. [*He does not pretend to move, but gazes stealthily at Helen.*]

Indeed,

Sir Henry wants you, and your friend. Do go;  
You 'll find them in the billiard-room.

*Manf.* Yet Coz,

I would you 'd pity me, and come to walk.  
Do now! [*endeavoring again to lead her from her seat.*]

*Syb.* And let you in a revery tear  
My hair from out my head, or gnaw my hands!  
No, sir, the mischief you 've done here will do: [*She looks in her turn at Helen, but, in like manner, stealthily.*]

And 't is to pity you to send you off.

Besides, did you not hear? our uncle waits.

*Manf.* [*rising.*] You will not come?

*Syb.* No, flower-breaker, no!

*Manf.* Unkind! [*at the door.*

*Syb.* Ah? Look at this. [*Pointing to the remains of the nosegay. He steals a look at Helen, and Exit,—Helen half lifting, timidly, her eyes a moment. Sybil observes them both.*

Unkind, indeed!

And so they 'll bruise a heart, these men, like flowers,  
Strip leaf by leaf off, in a pure abstraction,  
And talk of kindness! [*Helen sighs.*] Is it so, my child?

*Hel.* Madam? — [*timidly, without lifting her eyes.*

*Syb.* I ask'd you — Heavens! what 's all this?  
My silk you are sewing with white cotton, and  
Your fingers drip with blood! You prick them still!  
Helen, what is the matter? [*in a kind tone, and taking the work and needle from her hands.*

And these tears!

One on another, hot, upon my hands!

*Hel.* [*clasping her hands passionately, and looking up, as if appealing to Heaven.*

O miserable me! Why was I born!

Or why not born a lady, and born rich! [*lets fall her hands, and weeps bitterly.*

*Syb.* [*taking her hand affectionately and speaking with great kindness and in a tone of sympathy.*

Not born a lady? and born rich? You mean,  
I think, to ask, Why not without a heart.  
For 't is your tenderness of heart, my girl,  
Not want of wealth or station, makes you weep.

Yet you mean something. Come now, dry your eyes :

[ *Wiping Helen's tears with her handkerchief,  
just as Manfred had done before.*

Be calm, and speak.

*Hel.* O madam ! I 'm not fit

That you should touch me thus with your own hands.

*Syb.* [ *dropping her hand gently.*

Are you not pure then ? honest-liv'd and chaste ?

*Hel.* O yes, or could I sit beside you now ?

*Syb.* [ *taking her hand again.* ] Why then,  
What am I better than yourself, poor child,  
Save that I have the means to do you good ?

[ *Helen raises Sybil's fingers rapturously  
to her lips.*

No, no, not that ! but this [ *putting one arm about  
her.* ] and this [ *taking a hand  
in hers.* ] — Now speak :

Fancy that Sybil Vernon is your friend,  
And say, what would you, were you, Helen, born  
A lady, and born rich ?

*Hel.* Born rich ? a lady ! [ *in a low,  
half-murmured tone ; then suddenly, in a sort  
of enthusiasm, while she drops Sybil's hand,  
who gazes on her with interest that be-  
comes admiration and wonder as she  
speaks.*

Why should I covet station, but for him ?  
That I might dare to look into his eyes,  
And listen to his voice, nor dread his touch—

[*hesitating.*

Whose love I might be, were I born as high.  
Why long for riches, lady, but to be  
Able to pour them all into his lap?  
I could not covet to be great myself,  
But to make others greater than myself.

*Syb.* But why this? Why not love in your own sphere?

*Hel.* Madam, because I find there none to love.

*Syb.* I do believe you: for your thoughts, your words,  
Your mien are, Helen, — not above your birth,  
For that I know not, — but above the range  
Their life allows the humble; they are those  
Leisure, and gentle breeding, converse long  
With the refin'd and delicate, chiefly give.  
Still, nature, and a — proud love, may do much. [*look-*  
*ing at her closely.*

*Hel.* Ah madam, my romance has made you sport!  
A girl's ambitious longings, a — a — sketch  
Which Fancy color'd —

*Syb.* Hush! be always true:  
Hide what you will, but seek not to deceive.  
Your picture was heart-painted. For my "sport"—  
How long since I grew wicked in your eyes?  
Or have you ever found me to forget  
That gentle breeding which but now I prais'd?

*Hel.* Oh madam, do forgive me! Who that knows  
Aught of your —

*Syb.* Prithee, praise not; but say on.  
Whence then, if not from love and nature, came

That tone and air that make us equal? Speak.

[*taking her hand. At first, Helen, by a sudden and impetuous movement, raises Sybil's fingers to her lips, then she resigns her hand to her, and answers.*

*Hel.* My father has them. Ah, could you but see  
His white head, with its venerable length  
Of hair like an apostle's, as he reads  
At nightfall in the leisure want allows.  
The lore and poetry of other days,  
Days when he was not happier perhaps,  
But had more ease to cultivate such tastes,  
You would not wonder, that a not rude heart,  
And docile spirit that still sought to please  
Where pleasing was both duty and delight,  
Should catch some faint reflection from his blaze.

*Syb.* [*smiling, while she places the hand she has disengaged, caressingly on the head of Helen.*]

And I shall see him.

*Hel.* Madam! — [*surprised.*

*Syb.* And why not?

Are we not friends? To-morrow I shall call  
At Helen's house; perhaps the good old man  
Will not be loath to see his daughter's friend.  
Come, don't be silly! [*putting the end of her fingers  
on Helen's lips.*] And besides, my child,  
You will not hither come again to work.

*Hel.* [*betraying herself in the extremity of her surprise and grief.*] Oh God! —



*Syb.* [*soothingly.*] Hush, Helen! you yourself  
shall own

To-morrow, there is cause, and I am right.

Be not abash'd, poor child! [*kissing her on the fore-  
head.*]

*Hel.* [*hastily.*] No madam, I  
Am only grateful.

*Syb.* There now, get your things.  
You shall not wait your brother, but go home  
Before the night. You are not well to work;  
And those sweet eyes want resting: and, besides —  
Besides —

*Hel.* [*firmly yet sadly.*] Besides, 't is better that I should. . .  
O, would I never! —

*Syb.* Nay, do not be rash.  
How know you what I have to say, the morn?  
Now we will part; but to my closet first,  
To wash your secret from those telltale eyes.

*Hel.* [*despondingly.*] Thanks! but O madam, what shall  
wash it out  
From heart and brain!

*Syb.* [*putting her arm about Helen's waist, and pressing  
her to her.*] Time, Helen, and — my love.

*Exeunt, — Helen kissing Sybil's hand.*



## SCENE III.

*As in Scene I. — MANFRED and VINCENT.*

*Manf.* Now you know all. [*sadly.*

*Vin.* All, Manfred? Whence then came  
The changes of your cheek, now flush'd, now pale,  
Your tremulousness of hand, and wandering eye,  
And still more absent mind — so gone, that when  
Sir Henry ask'd you questions of our game,  
You star'd so wildly stupid, that I look'd  
To see him break his cue upon your head —  
Whence came this? And whence came you? Ah, my  
friend!

Was it well done, to? — But I will not chide you.  
Say, only say, you did not tell your love.

*Manf.* Alas!

*Vin.* Unhappy! — Yet not guilty, so  
You did not from intention make it known.

*Manf.* No, on my honor, no!

*Vin.* I know it well.

Such baseness is not Manfred's, else 't were vain  
To give you counsel or to urge you more.  
And was this burst of passion welcome? [*anxiously.*

*Manf.* No.

Oh yes it was! And yet it was not too.  
She wept, yet trembled, sought to go, yet staid,  
Withdrew her hand, yet through the delicate skin  
I felt the hot blood bubble; then her breath,

That echo'd passionate sigh for sigh! her eyes,  
That through their down-turn'd lashes, pour'd such rain  
With fire mix'd! — [*Manfred has spoken with an en-  
thusiasm or transport increasing at every  
clause, and now grasps Vincent's hands in  
both of his.*]

*Vin.* Madman! Paint no more. Your eyes  
Glow with unholy rapture, and your heart,  
O Manfred! where is its remorse? Where now?

[*Manf. buries his face in his hands.*  
This poor girl, this young virgin, whose weak heart  
It is so easy, for a man like you,  
To win, — as 't is to break it, you would not  
Debauch her, Manfred?

*Manf.* Vincent!

*Vin.* Hush! 't is I,  
I, Vincent, that have ask'd it, and I answer,  
No, not even in your dreams. What would you then?  
You would not, you, the accomplish'd and the learn'd,  
The rich, the high in fashion as in name,  
The darling of your uncle, who on you,  
And not on Oscar, leans, as on the prop  
And glory of his now declining years,  
You would not, would you, Manfred Ferguson,  
[*quickening his tone.*] You would not make your wife  
of this poor girl?

*Manf.* No, no! [*mournfully.*]

*Vin.* No; that proud old man, whose sense  
Of honor is so nice, that he would curse you —

He, that was bred amid licentious wars,  
And nurtur'd his high morals in a camp —  
Were you to ruin this young innocent girl,  
Yet, did his nephew wed her, do you think  
This proud old man would bless you, Manfred? he?

*Manf.* O peace! No more: I'll crush this passion.

*Vin.* Yes.

For 't is not only kindred, friends, the world,  
That you would alienate or sore offend  
By such a marriage, but your very self.  
What would her rude relations be to you?  
Could you mix fairly with them, you, a man  
So delicate and nice, so high-refin'd,  
That the world deems you a voluptuary,  
And I, who know you better, find in this —  
Your passionate love of beauty of all kinds,  
Your loathing of the coarse, the rude, the mean —  
Senses so exquisite, that commonest things,  
That pass unnotic'd by most delicate minds,  
Give to you provocation, pain, disgust, —  
Could you, this man, take by their horny hands  
Her kindred, and endure their uncouth slang?

*Manf.* Death! I have told you, Vincent, I *will* break —  
Though it should break my heart —

*Vin.* Not yours, nor hers.

Hearts are not made of such a glassy stuff.  
They crack perhaps a little, but then time  
Cements the portions, and the ruptur'd part,  
Though in its seam unsightly, stands not less.

You will break off this passion — Well! at once?

*Manf.* At once. Oh yes!

*He has walked in his excitement towards one end of the apartment, and, as he speaks, he seems to see something through a window, or otherwise. He starts and springs to his hat, which is lying on a table.*

Ah! —

*Vin.* Manfred! this your word!

*Manf.* [struggling with him.] But she is going! Vincent, [fiercely.] let me go!

*Vin.* Never! What, are you Manfred? and a man?

Where is your promise, which is yet scarce cold?

Sit down. There? 't is all over. Courage! So!

*Manf.* [who has allowed himself to be seated, throwing his head on Vincent's shoulder, who leans soothingly over him.

Cruel! yet kind!

*Vin.* Courageous you, and true.

*The Drop descends.*

## ACT THE SECOND.

*Scene I. The little parlor belonging to Saffise's lodgings.*

OSCAR. SAFFISE.

*Saff.* And were you such a fool?

*Osc.* I was, Miss Pert.

*Saff.* Then you may manage this affair yourself.

I will not let my chambers, no, not I, [*saucily curtsy-  
ing, spreading out her dress, and  
strutting from him.*]

To help a fellow in his plot, so dull

He makes his tongue a fingerpost, to show

The world his private road! A close one, you!

*Osc.* Your chambers, hussy! And who pays the rent?

[*drawing her back by her skirts.*]

*Saff.* Why I! I work for it, I 'm sure.

*Osc.* You work!

Your lazy fingers would not earn the hair

That stuffs this pad you mount on your fat loins,

To make a pismire of you, or a churn.

*Saff.* [*pouting.*] What ails my bustle? 't is n't on your  
back?

*Osc.* No, 'faith! or I must needs cut off my skirts.

But come, we will not quarrel: I but jested;

This hand 's a pretty one — I like it well —

And work would spoil 't. Here, sit upon my knees.



*Saff.* Saucy! I sha' n't do any such a thing.

*Osc.* Sit, in the devil's name, then, where you please.

My brother's humor is strong on me to-day!

I shall turn rhymer some of these odd moons.

*Saff.* You 'd better turn an oysterman, and cry

Your ware as open as your mouth.

*Osc.* Come, come,

You are getting too severe. Don't mount my horse;

'T will throw you. How was I, since you 're so wise,

To reckon on this sudden change of mood?

That hot-head fool, my brother, who still wears

His heart upon his lips, and ever blabs

His uppermost thought, as if the world were fill'd

With honest dreamers like himself——

*Saff.* Did not,

Frank as you make him, tell this freak to you:

You found him out with Helen, or I help'd you.

*Osc.* Why that is true. [*biting his nails from vexation.*]

I was an ass, to deem

He 'd prate, though loose of tongue, of an amour

To such a canting hypocrite as Vincent,

While I, who am not strict——

*Saff.* No, devil take you!

*Osc.* Was kept in the dark! Now, what is to be done?

All I can say, *that* Vincent will unsay,

And Manfred still keeps pure. —

*Saff.* [*singing contemptuously.*] Fol, lol, de lay!

*Osc.* What do you mean?

*Saff.* Why that you *are* "an ass."



Did you not tell me, Manfred's weakest point  
Was to let others lead him by the nose?

*Osc.* Yes, though a very sage among his books,  
And brilliant in his talk, all that 's but *head*;  
His heart is weaker than a child's, and wax  
To any pressure.

*Saff.* Then you set your stamp  
Upon it, when this Mr. Vincent 's done ——

*Osc.* And give it a new impress. You improve.

*Saff.* Perhaps I do. No matter. Then you said,  
This heart, which is as simple as a child's,  
Is yet as fiery —— Pray, what did you say?

*Osc.* As *Ætna*. Ay, a lava-tide, his blood.  
Were 't not his proud refinement keeps him pure,  
And moral sense, as he would name the check,  
Manfred 's of such a mold his passions' strength  
Would make him the most sensual of men.  
How your eyes sparkle!

*Saff.* Never mind my eyes:  
If 't were my wish to step in Helen's shoes,  
You could not hinder me. Now let us see.  
Why do you want to ruin this poor girl?

*Osc.* You pity her? [*with great surprise*.]

*Saff.* Not I! my misery loves  
To be in company.

*Osc.* You are so keen,  
I needs must trust you. Know, my uncle's pet  
Is Manfred and not Oscar. —

*Saff.* All know that.

*Osc.* Peace! will you? — And my uncle's folly is  
To hold a stainless name above pure gold.  
Still more than him he loves our cousin Vernon;  
And 't is his wish — [*confused.*] But that is not the thing.

[*Saff.* looks at him very sharply.]

Now, do you see? If Manfred's passions rule,  
I am the gainer; for Sir Henry 's rich.

*Saff.* I see; more than you think: you say I am keen.  
You hope to get at once the greater part  
Of uncle's wealth and all of cousin's too.

*OSCAR makes a gesture of rage and vexation, and turns  
from her to hide his emotion.*

But let me tell you, you shall find Saffise  
More than your match, and this rich widow's bed  
Shall not hold Oscar Ferguson, who 's mine.  
Perhaps too, Helen would not come amiss,  
With brother Manfred to bear all the blame?

*Osc.* Have you the devil in you? [*turning fiercely on her.*

*Saff.* [*coldly.*] No; have you?

*They gaze at one another a long moment, SAFFISE with her  
arms akimbo, OSCAR with his thumbs in his  
waistcoat-armholes.*

*Osc.* [*bursting into a laugh.*] Saff., you 're a shrewd one, —  
yet a fool withal.

Come, toss this womans-jealousy aside,  
And aid me in my plans: I 'll make you rich.

*Saff.* Well, but remember! there shall be no match  
'Twixt you and that proud lady?

*Osc.* Sure there sha' n't.

You foolish child! D' you find that Oscar tires  
 As yet of these round arms, thy swelling loins [*putting*  
*his right arm about her waist, while he takes*  
*with his left hand a hand of hers, and they*  
*walk up and down together.*

(Despite the bustle), and those parted breasts,  
 Of that round head, this silken hair, those eyes,  
 Whose saucy light might blind a thousand Helens,  
 Though she of old were one (especially now  
 Hers must be clean gone from their sockets) — [*She*  
*strikes him on the forehead.*

pshaw!

Can I not love, and have my joke as well?  
 I have seen men fondle lasses, pipe in mouth,  
 And they, the girls, took one with the other fair,  
 The smoke and the caress — those eyes, Saffise,  
 And these red lips that pout a juicier kiss [*kissing her.*  
 Than any cousin's —

*Saff.* [*turning aside, and making with her lips a move-*  
*ment and sound of disgust and*  
*contempt.*

Whom you cannot kiss.

Have done with foolery. [*shaking him off.*]

You want these rooms?

*Osc.* And Helen in them. But in truth, you jade,  
 It does surprise me, Helen, who is not  
 Exactly of your sort —

*Saff.* But may be soon.

*Osc.* Stuff! you mistake me. I meant, who is not

In speech, in thoughts, in manners, like her class —

[*She is about angrily to interrupt him : he claps  
his hand on her mouth.*

Don't be a fool! — that she, this gentle girl,  
Should make a playmate of a slut like you.

*Saff.* [*mastering her emotion.*] And do you think I seem to  
her as now?

I suit my manners, blackguard, to my friends.

*Osc.* Pshaw, pretty pouter! can 't you take a jest?

*Saff.* Yes, but true things are sometimes said in jest,  
And you, who are always jesting, never jest  
Without a bitter malice that stings sore.  
If human snakes could kill, this well I know,  
I should have died of poison —

*Osc.* Long ago.

Ha, ha! — But there 's a rattle in my tail :  
Folk get out of my way. — But, not to make  
A rattle of your tale, go on, and say,  
What intimacy have you with this girl?

*Saff.* She knows me as a seamstress, like herself.  
Once only did she, when we work'd together,  
Visit me here; but I have often call'd  
On Helen —

*Osc.* Ay, she has a brother.

*Saff.* Devil!

Take care — I may be even with you yet. —  
The old musicplate-engraver likes me not,  
I see that plain, but Helen treats me well.

*Osc.* And you have never talk'd to her of men?

*Saff.* D' you take me for a lunatic, or fool?  
Girls do not talk, to innocence like hers,  
Of anything that may commit themselves.

*Osc.* Hum!

*Saff.* But you don't believe in innocence.

*Osc.* Not I! but Manfred does: one fool 's enough  
In the family. — So, she takes Saffise to be? —

*Saff.* Just what she is: what should she know of you?  
And, but for you, I am as good as she.

*Osc.* Phe-ew! [*whistling*.

*Saff.* I swear, I 'll strike you with my fist!

*Osc.* 'T would spoil that pretty hand I just now prais'd. —  
Can you induce this Helen, prude or maid,  
To visit you again?

*Saff.* When?

*Osc.* Now — to-night —

Within an hour.

*Saff.* Yes, so it be not dark:  
Her father will not trust her out at night.

*Osc.* He is wise.

*Saff.* What then?

*Osc.* I 'll bring my brother here.

*Saff.* Ah!

*Osc.* Don't be scar'd; he would not look at you. —  
But this is likely? She will come?

*Saff.* She will.

*Osc.* Then look to see us both here in an hour.  
We 'll leave her with my brother here alone;  
And, if he is wiser than I was with you, [*putting on*  
*his hat*.



He is — different in blood. [*Exit, carelessly.*

*Saff.* As in all else. [*looking after him with an expression of strong contempt, mixed with anger.*

Mean, dirty, spiteful, coxcomb half, half rogue!

“Not look on me!” you viper? That for you!  
[*snapping her fingers.*

*Re-enter OSCAR.*

*Osc.* I interrupt you. You were praising me. Go on.

*Saff.* As you deserve. What brings you back?

*Osc.* Just this.

If Helen do not come, make you a signal  
Out of your window, whistle, cough, or sing, —  
Or — snap your fingers, that will do as well —  
Just as you practis'd now.

*Saff.* Or, say I pour

A basin of nice soapsuds on your head?

*Osc.* Why that will answer too. We 'll not come in.

Good bye now, gentle dove, and don't forget.

“That for you!” [*snapping his fingers, as he retires.*

Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

*Saff.* I 'll hear you go. —

[*holding the door ajar and listening.*

At last! [*slamming it.*

—I have known a Creole, like myself,  
That in New Orleans would have stabb'd you dead,  
For half you have said to me. But I 'll do more.  
*You 'll not come in?* Yes, but you shall: I 'll see



Whether this Manfred will *not look on me*.  
Sharp as you are, you did but half pierce through  
*My* secret — or car'd not to go so deep —  
For daring is your sole virtue. But for that,  
I would not touch you with this old worn shoe. [*kicking it violently off her foot.*  
You shall not get your cousin, nor shall he [*throwing herself on a couch.*  
Keep Helen, — though, for I do hate the minx!  
He shall, if he will, make her (*there I 'll help him*)  
Just what his cursed brother has made me.  
Then I will make him loathe her, silly thing,  
With her dull eyes that would not scare a flea!  
The noble fellow! he shall love a girl  
With blood as fiery as his own, — that 's mine!  
And fling her off, as I would my old shoe. [*kicking off the other, with like force of action.*  
As my old shoe! [*singing wildly.*  
as my old shoe! [*same.*  
[*Crying violently.*] Oh God!  
I would I were a shoe! the poorest shoe  
On the meanest foot in the world, I do, I do!  
Then I should have no feeling of the foot  
That trod me in the dirt — nor of that dirt! [*sobbing hysterically.*

*Scene closes.*

## SCENE II.

*The humble parlor of Mark Mattison.*

*The old man is seated at a table reading in a small book.*

HELEN *behind him, leaning over his shoulder.*

*Hel.* Repeat those lines, my father.

*Matt.* Gladly, child.

*Reading.]* As sensual passion sinks us to the ground,  
So a true love exalts us to the skies:  
All that God gives of pure and holy lies  
Within the verge of its enchanted round.

Though low the object, yet shall there be found,  
In love, the charm to raise it in thine eyes.  
But oh, too froward youth, if thou be wise,  
Let no mean reach thy aspirations bound!

Dare to love high above thee! so thy aim  
Shall lift thy soul to equal its desire,  
And make even failure glory and not shame,  
All thy heart's ore refined by the fire  
Of the proud altar where thy prayers aspire,  
And gilt by its reflection even thy name.

*Hel.* [*repeating slowly, and in a low tone.*

“Dare to love high above thee”—— Was't well said?

*Matt.* I thought so once, my daughter, and do still.

How is this? the leaf is blister'd with your tears!

What ails my child! Why should this make her  
weep?

*Hel.* He was a noble spirit that thus wrote!

What was his name?

*Matt.* Mark Mattison, they say.

*Hel.* Not you, my father? [*eagerly*.

*Matt.* As I was in youth.

*Matt.* And men receiv'd your great thoughts? —

*Matt.* With neglect.

It is the fate of better bards than I.

*Hel.* While senseless pens win competence and fame!

O me, my father, I was very weak

To grieve for want of riches! [*kissing his silver hair*.

*Matt.* Helen — child!

I never knew you to repine before? [*inquiringly*.

*Hel.* I never did, till — Father, did you mean —

[*hesitatingly, and hiding her face on  
his shoulder*.

'T is better to love hopelessly above one,

Where the affection is sincere and pure,

Than to — I am very silly — do not mind me.

[*sobbing*.

*Matt.* Very unhappy, Helen, much I fear.

But let me answer your half-question first;

Then I have one myself to put in turn.—

Not better for one's peace perhaps and ease,

But better for high thoughts, for all that lifts

The soul above the prose of vulgar life.

For from affliction only God has will'd

The mind should take to it its angel-wings,

Whose feathers are weigh'd down and earthy made

By the slow-gathering dust of happy ease.  
Fruition feeds the sense to starve the mind,  
And dull inaction makes the stagnant pool,  
Where storms rage not, but freshness neither plays,  
Nor beauty smiles, as in the dimpled wave.  
They who aspire, in love, as in all else,  
In disappointment purge from dross their souls,  
And gain by self-denial strength like gods. —  
Such is my comment. And now tell me, child,  
What is a hopeless, high-plac'd love to you?

HELEN, *who has lifted her head and listened with eagerness  
and awakened spirit till now, here lets it sink  
again upon the old man's shoulder.*

Why have you wept? Why are you weeping now?  
Why came you home so pale and thoughtful-sad?  
Why for this week past have your cheeks grown thin?  
Why do I hear you, through my chamber-wall,  
Moan in your sleep, and, when the morning comes,  
Find your eyes swollen with the trace of tears?  
Why, in one word, has Helen, in one week,  
Grown up a woman from a simple child?  
Look up, my daughter, and now tell me why  
You put that question to a man like me?  
Have you —— [*his voice slightly agitated*]

God help us! — has your work, my child,  
Led you to Colonel Ferguson's too oft?

*Hel. [throwing herself at his knees and burying her face in  
his lap and weeping bitterly.*

Father, forgive me!

*Matt.* Helen! and for what?

You have not sinn'd, or you would never dare  
To kiss my hands thus and embrace my knees.

*Hel.* O no, no! but I am unhappy.

*Matt.* Yes. -

Which is it? [*very brief pause.*]

'T is not Oscar? [*anxiously.*

*Hel.* [*eagerly raising her head.*] Heavens, no!

*Matt.* Manfred — Ah! how you tremble! hapless child!  
This is indeed a high and hopeless love! —  
Manfred the world speaks well of, — and well speaks;  
But he is lofty, his proud uncle's heir,  
And — and — they say — his cousin Vernon ———

*Hel.* No!

[*springing up, and folding her arms wildly  
round the old man.*

Father, you kill me! do not say so! no!

No, no, no! he does not love her!

*Matt.* Ah! [*anxiously.*

Does he love *you*, my daughter! Has he dar'd? ———

HELEN, *for answer, hugs him passionately, and kisses  
him again and again on cheek and brow, — then  
leans her head on his shoulder.*

But he is honorable; and absence — time ———

My child, you must return there never more. [*passing  
his hand soothingly over her hair.*

*Hel.* Never more, father! [*sadly.*] Oh I never shall!

That lady too — so good like him, and true —



She bade me not return.

*Matt.* She knows it then?

*Hel.* I fear so; but she only said, the while  
She kiss'd me like a sister, call'd me friend,  
That on the morrow she would visit *you* ——

*Matt.* Me? Are you not deceiv'd? And yet I hope ——

*Hel.* These were her words: "To-morrow I shall call  
At Helen's house; perhaps the good old man  
Will not be loath to see his daughter's friend."

*Matt.* Bless, bless her; God! my child may yet be sav'd. —  
Go now, and dry your tears, and gain composure.  
Your brother must not know ——

*Hel.* Oh no! oh no! —

But first, your pardon, father. [*kneeling at his feet.*]

*Matt.* [*raising and kissing her.*] Mine, my child!

'T is I should rather ask the like of thee.

Is it your fault your nerves are not of steel,  
Your blood not torpid, and these sunny locks  
Not silver like your father's? Hush! he comes.  
Go to your room. [*Exit HELEN, and*

*Enter* RICHARD MATTISON.

*Rich.* So Helen has got home? [*looking  
at the door where she has  
disappeared.*]

I stopp'd an hour earlier than my wont,  
And found her gone. I hope it is for good.

*Matt.* Why so, my son?

*Rich.* O sir, perhaps there 's cause

To fear she may have been there once too oft.

*Matt.* Sir, sir! for shame!

*Rich.* Shame it may be, for all.

I 'll tell you. As I left the accursed house ——

*Matt.* You forget, Richard. [*gravely and with dignity.*]

*Rich.* [*carelessly.*] Pardon, but I 'm warm.

*Matt.* That you are always.

*Rich.* Well, well, 't is my blood.

I met, then, Mr. Ferguson. —

*Matt.* [*hastily.*] Not Manfred?

*Rich.* No;

Not that proud jackanapes; the younger man.

*Matt.* He does not please me.

*Rich.* Nor the other me.

Yet neither of us knows them, save by name

And sight. He stopp'd me short, told who he was,

And said he knew of danger to my sister.

*Matt.* Ah!

*Rich.* I grew angry; but he check'd me straight,

Boldly, as one who knew that he was right. —

*Matt.* Boldly, as one who felt he was a man.

Say that, and you say all, I fear, you should.

*Rich.* It may be so; but he is frank and rough,

Talks as a freeman should, nor picks his words,

As who would say, "Mark! I am gentle-born,"

Like his more handsome brother.

*Matt.* Have a care,

And trust an old man's and a father's word.

If all 's not gold that glitters, neither, son,  
Is all true steel that has the temper'd look  
And close grain of the fin'd and coal-burn'd iron.

*Rich.* Well, well! [*walking up and down.*]

*Matt.* Impatient boy! one day! [*holding his  
finger up warningly.*]—— Proceed:

And in few words.

*Rich.* The fewer please me best.

I promis'd I would meet him in an hour,  
In an appointed place which he propos'd,  
And learn this danger. Then I hasten'd home  
To see if Helen had not loiter'd, firm  
That she shall not return, if you approve,  
To any more such labor done abroad,  
And with new rage, to think she might have spar'd  
Herself and me and those white hairs this shame.

*Matt.* There is no shame, will never be from her!

*Rich.* Shall never be, I hope; but there is shame  
In this mere speech about her, and her pride  
Has been the cause of all. Did I not pray,  
Pray as a beggar, she would let my toil  
Support us both?

*Matt.* No; if it was a prayer,  
It was the most passionate one I ever heard.  
But your intent was good. Yet blame not her:  
'T was worthy of your sister and my child,  
Not to live idle, when our common means  
Scarcely suffice us for our common wants.  
But who is that?

*Rich.* [*joyfully.*] Saffise. I know her step.  
[*moving eagerly to the door.*]

*Matt.* I like her not, my son.

*Rich.* [*softly.*] Hush! She is here.

*As he opens the door, the scene closes.*

---

SCENE III.

*Same as in Act I. Sc. I.*

MANFRED *alone, seated in an attitude of great dejection.*

*Enter SYBIL.*

*Syb.* What, cousin, still *pensoso*? still *amort*?

[*Manf. rises.*]

But you shall break no more *bouquets* for me.

I would as soon entrust you with my heart.

*Manf.* And 't were a perilous trust, my lady gay,

[*with a forced smile.*]

To one who never knew to keep his own.

[*Resumes again his abstracted air.*]

*Syb.* Yet I will wager half the greenhouse-yield,

You never treat it as you did my flowers.

Perhaps that kindness is for tenderer hearts.

*Manf.* Perhaps it is.

*Syb.* Perhaps it is? And said,

As if you were confessing to the priest!

I was in hopes, but now, the gracious dawn

Of my fair presence had arous'd your brain;

But the dull sluggard turns, and sleeps again.

*Manf.* Excuse me, cousin Vernon, but I 'm sad,

And cannot bandy wit with you to-day.

*Syb.* And has not cousin Vernon then a heart,

That can be sad with Manfred, if he will?

Try her.

*Manf.* And gladly, were it but a grief

That she might share.

*Syb.* How know you, till you try?

Or is it that you deem my soul too light

Because I jest by the hour? See me now;

I am, my cousin, quite as sad as you,

And truly so, and solely for your sake.

*Manf.* You are a noble creature! [*seizing her hand.*

Would to God! ——

*Syb.* Hush! let your brother talk that way: from you

I need no flattery, for you are true.

Sit down now, Manfred; let me sit by you,

And let me go back where I just began, ——

But sadly, not in jest. The flowers you broke

Were such a natural emblem of man's love,

At least for the too-confiding of our sex,



Or weak and evil-guided, that I made  
 One of them on the spot, and spoke it out  
 For Helen's profit. [*Manf. starts. She looks at him*  
*in silence.*

*Manf.* Helen! And she? —

*Syb.* Wept.

*Manf.* Poor Helen! [*half unconsciously.*

*Syb.* Poor indeed! that in the world  
 Had nothing but a heart to call her own,  
 And, being generous, gave it all away.

*Manf.* [*vehemently moved.*] Sybil! what mean you?

*Recovering.]* What is that to me?

*Syb.* Oh! but I thought that you, whose heart is good,  
 And feels spontaneously, like a god's,  
 All human sorrow, would have griev'd to hear  
 Of such a gentle creature so distress'd, —  
 A girl so guileless, that her inmost soul  
 Is visible as her lips, so loving too,  
 That fondness wakes in her for being ask'd.

*Manf.* [*musingly.*] True — true! — and very beautiful! —  
 her voice

The sweetest, save your own, I ever heard.

*Syb.* It is a hard fate for an humble girl,  
 With such a soul as this poor seamstress owns,  
 To see, as happier, richer women see,  
 Hear with like voice, and feel with sense as keen,  
 The tempter Love, and have no other choice,  
 Than to forego his ecstasies, or pay  
 With shame and ruin every thrill and sigh.

*Manf.* Sybil! — you torture me. [*in a very low voice.*

*Syb.* I must, to heal. [*softly.*

Cousin, you are a man, in form and mien,  
Fram'd of the kind, not to make woman false,  
As says the playbook, but to keep them frail.  
When everywhere around you where you move  
You see the best among us, and most proud,  
Eager to catch your glances, and the hearts  
Of the more youthful, to whom love is new,  
Flutter with pleasure at your mere approach,  
Is it to be expected a poor girl,  
Such as is Helen, should be more unmov'd?  
That pressure of your fingers tells me, cousin,  
You know it is in kindness that I pain you.  
Oh it were very wicked in us both,  
If Helen ever should come here again,  
Or you go near to her! [*He makes a movement of painful surprise.*] Now, do not speak:

But promise me who, as you often say,  
And truly, know you better than all else,  
Save one alone, and know you to hold dear,  
Promise you will exert your generous soul  
To curb this passion; and to time and me  
Leave Helen's cure.

*Manf.* I will; for you and Vincent  
Are truly friends, who dare to give me pain,  
And punish me, like Heaven, to do me good.  
But do — be kind to Helen.

*Syb.* Kind? I love the girl,

Have vow'd to be her friend — her mate, I mean,  
Not patroness, — and friend I will be.

*Manf.* [*in extremity of astonishment.*] You?

You peerless creature! [*kissing her hand rapturously.*

Where shall be the man

That shall deserve you!

*Syb.* Truth, coz, he must be  
A different man from you. I should not choose  
To play the game of life with such a knave  
Of hearts as you.

*Manf.* No, a more sober suit [*assuming a  
little of her gayety.*

Is like to win more points. I know of one. [*signifi-  
cantly, while Sybil endeavors, by rising, to  
conceal confusion.*

*Syb.* Our talk is done in time: there 's Cato coming  
With his crook'd legs, to call us both to dine.

Let us spare his studies on the Line of Beauty.

*Manf.* Be gay; for you deserve it. [*Reaching his hand to her.*

*Syb.* [*as she takes it.*] And be true

To your own self; and who more gay than you?

[*Exeunt, hand in hand.*

## ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I. *Manfred's Study.*

*The furniture indicates the character of the owner's mind; everything being rather elegant than costly, and rather costly than fine. A table in the centre covered with books, drawings, music, etc. In various parts of the room, books, musical instruments, pictures, copies of antique vases, statuettes, etc. Among the latter, are conspicuous—the group of the Graces, the Venus of the Medici, the (so called) Antinous, and the Laocoon.*

*Enter OSCAR.*

*Osc.* I wonder he has appetite to dine.

Till his return, I 'll have my talk with you,

Meet emblems of your owner's showy parts. [*taking off his hat and bowing with mock reverence to the objects round the room. He then bows, in the same manner, to each particular cast as he addresses it.*]

You, faultless three, [*to the Graces.*] whose delicate outline bears

The unmistakable charm of yet green youth,  
Are symbols of my brother's classic taste,  
And the fine sensualism which he would term

Voluptuous love of beauty. I salute, [*to the Venus.*  
 Madam, in your immaculate limbs, his lust,  
 Veil'd with a simulate pudency as yours.  
 In thee, thou melancholy minion-boy! [*to the Antinous.*  
 His hero-grace, as cousin Vernon calls it.  
 Sweet liar! But ah, before thy mass I bow,  
[*to the Laocoon.*

Thou double type of Manfred's self and me!  
 I am the snake, that round those muscular limbs,  
 And body's writhing trunk, shall twine, and twine —  
 In spirit, or the laws might make me hang —  
 Till little is left for uncle to admire. —  
 The gods and godlike of the place saluted,  
 Let 's see what 's on the table to adore.  
 Why this is good! [*bending over a book.*

H, E, — here 's Helen's name

Writ on this leaf of Dante! Here 's her nose!  
 And hair, and scallop'd lips, and girlish cheeks!  
 But these are not her eyes. The lovesick youth  
 Doubtless could never long enough gaze there,  
 To catch the physical shape would make them hers.  
 Drawn on his rarest copy! [*looking at the title-page*  
*of the book.*] — on the page  
 Which tells Francesca's very innocent love!  
 By your good leave I 'll trace a comment here.  
*Takes up a leadpencil from the table, and musing a*  
*brief moment writes on the page.*  
 There, that will sting him. — Yes, 't is Helen's face,  
[*contemplating the page again.*



Done *con amore*, with an artist's touch.  
These lips! I mean to touch their freshness too;  
But 't is not with a Brookman's lead I 'll do it.  
And here 's again her name — writ once, twice o'er.  
Why this is capital! [*aloud*.

*Enter MANFRED.*

*Manf.* What is so?

*Osc.* <sup>3</sup>This, [*indicating the  
leaf with his finger*.

Where Dante takes the pains, in black and white,  
To show the pretty seamstress tickles still.  
But have you din'd already?

*Manf.* Yes, I am ill.

But Vincent's spirits make me little miss'd.  
And you?

*Osc.* Too late, — must make the pantry serve.  
Besides, your friend 's a side-dish rather stale:  
I like no warm'd-up hashes at my meals.  
Nor do I see that you digest him quite.

*Manf.* How so? [*with surprise*.

*Osc.* [*looking down on the book*.

H, E, L, Hel, — E, N, en; Helen:  
That 's Helen's name I think that 's written here.  
And this is Helen's pretty face as well.  
Not much of Vincent in all this, I think.  
Don't sigh, man: Vincent is a fool; and you —  
Look at that figure [*pointing to the Venus*. —  
— and now gaze on these. [*the Graces*.

Can all the musty maxims of your friend  
Give dreams like these? or is the waking sense  
Of flesh and blood made in that image less

*[pointing again to the Venus.*

Than a prude's proverbs or a cold friend's cant?  
Enjoy your fortune, or let some one else.

*Manf.* Oscar! — *[biting his lips with anger.*

*Osc.* Frown, if you will; but to my sense  
A seamstress and the friend of my Saffise  
Seems scarce entitled to such grave respect.

*Manf.* What do you say! a friend of — *[seizing his arm.*

*Osc.* *[with distinctness, emphasizing each word.*

My fair friend.

No doubt they have rare sport at your expense,  
When, meeting in the evening, Helen tells  
How you have made a goddess of her, when  
She was so willing to be thought a girl!

*Manf.* Stop, sir! I am choking! This is your foul tongue.

*Osc.* Ah? I must look: you have no mirror here?

*[affecting to look about him.*

I really thought, this morning, it look'd clean.  
Brother, stop in your turn! your walk, I mean,  
And beating of your forehead like a fool.  
Now let me ask you one plain question: this;  
Have you not ever in boyhood, when your nose  
Was in our mother's applebarrels, observ'd  
How the bad fruit soon rotted all the sound  
By merely lying next it? Well, I say  
Saffise is a bad woman, and her friend

Is Helen Mattison, your saintly maid.

*Manf.* Prove it!

*Osc.* I swear it!

*Manf.* Prove it! [*grasping his wrist.*

*Osc.* And I will.

You shall, this very minute if you like,  
Put your own questions to the Creole; nay,  
'T is ten to one, what will be proof complete,  
You 'll find your angel merry in her rooms.  
And if you do, I hope you will not pray?

*Manf.* Don't mock me, Oscar; it is sore to find  
One's dream of virtue a mere ——

*Osc.* Fiddlestick!

Whoever dreamt of virtue in these girls,  
But such a dreamer by wholesale as you!  
Come, are you ready?

*Manf.* In five minutes, yes.

Wait for me here. [*going out impetuously. Stops suddenly.*] Ah now I do recall, [*turning round.*

I promis'd I would not seek out this girl.

*Osc.* And who desires you to? I am sure not I!

You merely go to chat with bright Saffise;  
And that you owe to me, to prove my truth.  
If ten to one your angel will be there,  
Why one to ten she 'll not. But, if she be,  
I hope again, for your own manhood's name,  
You will not make a goddess of a — girl.  
Go now, make haste; you 'll find me in the hall.

[*Exit Manf.*

For were I, weathercock, to wait you here,  
Some other wind might come to drive you back.

*As he prepares to go out, hat in hand.*

*Enter VINCENT and SYBIL.*

And here blow too; sou' westers, by the mass:

*Syb.* Oscar! — We thought to find your brother here.

*Osc.* And so did I; but here, you see, he is not.

I 'll go and seek him if you like, and say,

That Parson Vincent is about to pray. [*Exit Oscar.*

*Syb.* Ha, ha! But Oscar, [*calling after him.*] Uncle ask'd  
for you. —

You 'd think he fear'd impressment for the clerk!

Shall we proceed without him? Which of these

*[looking round her at the statuettes.*

Divinities deserves your office first?

*Vin.* [*bowing gallantly.*] That which has enter'd in the  
temple last.

*Syb.* I am congregation then, and idol too.

Begin, good father; lo the missal spread. [*taking up  
the Dante.*

But what is this? a desecrated page!

And here is Helen's name — and face! Alas!

The arrow was well-barb'd. And verses too!

Oh! this is Oscar's malice. Look there, sir.

*[handing the book to Vin.*

*Vin.* [*reading.*

Proud man! thus, on the tale of Frances' woes,

To write your Helen's name! for Dante shows,

His dame, though marry'd, found a page to woo her,  
But yours has nothing else that can undo her.

Malice indeed, with subtle purpose too ;  
For Virtue often wavers at a laugh.

*Syb.* 'T is as I judg'd, from Manfred's words, — you know  
My cousin's peril ?

*Vin.* Only since this hour.

*Syb.* We will speak more of it. As for this blow,  
It shall not reach him. [*Takes up a bit of rubber from  
the table, and proceeds to erase the rhymes.*]

*Vin.* Generous creature! — Pardon.

[*in confusion.*]

O that your cousin us'd my eyes to see!

*Syb.* What? that his brother is a heartless rake,  
Who makes all honest feelings theme of jest?

*Vin.* Yet with not less of venom, that he jests.

No, I was more presumptuous in my thoughts,  
And wonder'd at a blindness more complete,  
At least less natural. [*He looks at her with much ear-  
nestness, and Syb. for a moment seems abashed.*]

*Syb.* Really, in this room [*assuming  
sprightliness.*]

There must be some infection! for I see  
As dimly now as Manfred; or you talk  
Too darkly, 't may be, for my womans-sense.  
You shall wait cousin Manfred here alone; [*going.*]  
One blind is quite enough at once to cure.

*She comes back, and in a more natural manner, extending  
her hand frankly to Vincent:*



Dear Mr. Vincent, all depends on you :  
Promise you will not, while this danger lasts,  
Leave Manfred to himself.

*Vin. [at first seems as if he would kiss the  
hand he has taken, but only  
bows over it.*

No, on my soul !

*[Exit Sybil.]*

Ah, little do you know that Vincent has  
To battle with two enemies, and shield  
His friend not only, but himself as well !  
Conquest how glorious ! victory over self ;  
And, for the generous Manfred, won —— ah me !  
The noblest creature ever yet the heavens  
Shed light on — and, I think, the fairest. Strange !  
Most strange indeed, a man so keenly quick<sup>4</sup>  
To the perception of all beautiful forms,  
The very atmosphere of whose study [*looking around*  
*him.]* breathes  
Exquisite tastes, and passions well refin'd,  
A man of such romantic virtues too,  
Should have preferr'd, to her —— But let me see.

*[taking up the Dante and looking  
at it attentively.]*

If this be Helen's face, and truly drawn,  
'T is very sweet : but not more so than hers.  
And then, her generous qualities ! which oft  
He makes his theme of praise ; too oft perhaps,  
Since I have learn'd to muse on them so much.

I 'll question him of this. But where is he? [*looking toward the door, then relapsing into self-communion again.*]

She must have lov'd him, had he sought her love:  
And it is right he should, — both right and best.

*Sighing.*] My fingers thrill yet with her touch. — My God!

Let me not, while I seek from Manfred's eyes  
To pluck the mote, grow very blind myself! —  
Queen of the Passions! [*apostrophizing the Venus.*  
still thy natural sway

Makes man forget his honor! — No, not so!  
Reason shall aid him, where not willing-weak,  
Nor conscience torpid by a long neglect. —

I 'll seek this loiterer. — What a soft, small hand!

[*sighing.*]

Manfred, where art thou?

*In a melancholy tone.*] Why wast thou away?

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*Saffise's parlor — As in Act II. Sc. I.*

HELEN and SAFFISE

*coming from an inner room, whose door is visible.* HELEN  
*has her hat and shawl on.*

*Hel.* Now I have seen those muslins, which I think,  
Saffise, will well become you, I must go.

Remember! I shall help you make them up?

*Saff.* No. When you have so much to do, indeed!

*Hel.* Yes, but then what I do is all for pay.

And I should like, so much, to do some work  
To help a friend, or merely for her love:  
My fingers would fly twice as fast.

*Saff.* I 'll see.

But why, dear, do you hurry so? your brother  
Will call for you, you know.

*Hel.* But not so soon.

I am not well [*sighing.*]; and but that I am so,  
My father never would have let me come:  
He thought 't would do me good. 'T is almost dark.  
Good-bye, Saffise. Ah! there is brother now!

[*delighted, and moving as if to go,*

No, there are two. [*recoiling.*

*Enter, MANFRED and OSCAR.*

MANFRED and HELEN gaze at one another in mute amazement, which in MANFRED immediately changes to a look of dismay and sorrow, while  
HELEN drops her eyes.

Osc. [*pulling Manf. aside.*

What say you now? [*Going to Saff.*] Saffise.

<sup>s</sup> He touches SAFFISE on the shoulder as he passes her and beckons to her to follow him to the inner room. She remonstrates with him in dumb-show. He gesticulates violently, but without noise, in return, and after some further resistance, he pushing her by the arm, and whispering, she reluctantly follows, bending her eyes on MANFRED as she withdraws.

*The door closes without noise on OSCAR and SAFFISE.*

Manf. Miss Mattison — [*gravely.*

Hel. [*who, from her position as well as emotion, is not aware of the retreat of Saffise.*

Sir! — I am going —

Manf. Stay!

Helen, — [*laying his hand on her arm. She trembles, and stands as if incapable of motion, but with her face still turned to the wings of the scene as in the act of going out. sadly.*] Why are you here?

[*She looks up with surprise.*

Is this — Saffise —

Is she your friend?

*Hel.* O yes; I like her much.

*Manf.* [*in turn surprised.*]

What a strange answer! [*looks at her inquiringly*

Do you visit her —

Here — often — in this house?

*Hel.* Not very often.

This is the second time that I am here.

I must go now — 't is getting dark. Saffise. [*turning round. She starts.*]

Where is she gone? And sir, — your brother —

[*in great alarm.*]

*She looks at MANFRED once, earnestly, who has his eyes bent on her, his arms folded, then rushes to go out.*

MANFRED intercepts her.

*Manf.* Stop.

Answer me but one question ere you go.

What brought you to this place, my child?

*Hel.* This place?

[*looking around her with increasing terror, at which Manfred takes her hand, his expression losing its harshness.*]

It is Saffise's room. She had me come

To look at dresses she is making up.

*Manf.* [*eagerly.*] Ah! Did she go for you — this girl?

*Hel.* She did.

[*looking at him with fresh surprise.*]



I was not well [*confused.*], and did not wish to come.

*Manf.* Why did you then?

*Hel.* How could I, sir, refuse  
Such a slight favor! and my father thought  
My spirits would be better if I came.

Was it then wrong? and may I now go home?

*Manf.* [*clasping her hand, and gazing admiringly in her  
face, at which she shrinks.*]

Go home? and wrong? you innocent child! go home?  
Yes, and I will go with you; and you shall,  
Before I leave you, promise, Helen dear,  
Never to see again this wicked girl.  
Do not so tremble! What have you to fear?  
Do you not see that I am with you now,  
I, Manfred Ferguson, and none beside? [*she trembles  
and looks round.*]

What then shall harm you?

*Hel.* O sir, let me go.

Do not retain my hand! and do not speak,  
O do not, sir [*bursting into tears.*] in such a voice to me!  
I am very weak, you see, my nerves are shook,  
And though it shames me much, I needs must weep.

*Manf.* God help you, Helen! and God help me too!

For I am weak as you; and here — alone! —

[*gazing at her passionately, and folding her  
hands in both of his.*]

*Hel.* [*endeavoring to extricate herself.*]

Sir — let us go, at once! — for Heaven's sake!  
For your sweet cousin's sake! do let me go!

*Manf.* My cousin's! Yes, yes, come! to stay  
Would make me, what I never yet have been,  
And shame to speak — a liar of me! Come.  
Are you wrapt warm? [*timidly endeavoring to adjust*  
*her shawl. She trembles.*  
this shawl is very thin.  
But yet, the night-air is not chill. And were it,  
'T were better face it than stay here. Come, come!  
[*He draws her arm through his, and Exeunt.*

*Enter*

OSCAR, *bursting from the inner room, followed coolly by*  
SAFFISE, *who shrugs her shoulders.*

*Osc.* Curse on your house!

*Saff.* Your folly, man, curse that!

Did I not want to stay?

*Osc.* I' faith, you did!

You hop'd to catch my brother in your nets.

*Saff.* No matter what I hop'd, sir. Had we staid,  
Would those nice questions have been put, d' you think,  
Or the girl answer'd?

*Osc.* How could I foresee

The milk-and-water fool would parley thus? —

The patriarch Joseph was a rake to him!

*Saff.* Goodness! d' you read the Bible?

*Osc.* Do you dare

To pass your jokes on me at such a time?

Now, when my plans are all blown to the devil?

*Saff.* I don't see that. You ruin'd me in the street, —

Met me there first, and then we met again,  
And from the street came houses, — and then came  
Saffise to be ——

*Osc.* What Manfred may make Helen.

I 'll follow the game, and see what comes of it.

*[Exit, impetuously.]*

*Saff.* And may you break your neck in the pursuit!

If scoundrels, like yourself, alone be men,  
We women had better marry our own kind,  
And save us from the sin of stocking Hell.  
Ah! I 'd go there ten years before my time  
For one kiss from your “milk-and-water fool”!

*She moves to the inner-room door, and*

*Scene closes.*

## SCENE III.

*A public square, with streets opening into it. It is nightfall, and the lamps are lighted. — Enter, from one of the streets on the left wing, and furthest in the depth of the stage, MANFRED and HELEN. As they come forward to the centre of the square, OSCAR is seen to issue from the same street, wrapped closely in his cloak, with the collar drawn round his cheeks. He skulks into the angle of the steps of one of the houses on the left, and remains there covered by its shadow.*

*Hel.* Pray, do not, do not further with me go?

Yonder 's the street I live in [*pointing to her right.*  
and not far.

It is not right that you should see me home.

My brother too will seek me. Should you meet! --

[*with alarm.*

O me! it is a dreadful thing, to feel

So guilty!

*Manf.* Guilty, Helen? you! And why?

*Hel.* I know not, — but I feel it must be wrong,

To be with you — I should feel so ashamed

To have the eyes that love me see me now.

O sir, pray let me go! I — sir ——— Good night.

God bless you for your kindness! and — good night.

[*Going.*

*Manf.* Helen, [*she stops directly.*] -- dear Helen! [*taking her hand.*

I — It is so hard  
To part thus and — forever. [*Helen bursts into tears.*

Do not cry!

*Hel.* O sir, forgive me; it is very childish:  
It seems to me I have done nothing else  
But cry, by the hour, ever since —

*Manf.* I durst,  
Weak, wicked that I was, avow my love.  
There, now the word is said, that never again,  
Never can be recall'd, — though thus to say it,  
To you, you innocent child, is deadly wrong, —  
Helen! — dear Helen! — Helen of my soul!

*He already holds her hand*

*in his left hand, and at these expressions of endearment,  
each of which is tenderer in tone than the one that precedes it,  
he passes his right arm round her waist,  
and presses her to him.*

Say, if you must now leave me — and you must,  
'T is terrible risk to your pure fame to stay —  
Say you will come again.

*Hel.* O no, no!

*Manf.* No?

Do you not love me then? [*mournfully.*

Hush! do not sob;

Think, we are standing in the public street.

Helen, [*with deep tenderness.*

I know you love me. [*His head drops over  
hers, and their faces seem to touch.*

Helen! [*murmuring.*]



*kissing her passionately.] love!*

*For a moment,*

*both seem overcome: then MANFRED continues, with ardor,  
but still in a low voice.*

Our breaths have mingled, and our souls are one:  
No more you will refuse me; now to part,  
After so brief a moment of delight,  
Would be to kill us both with vain regret.  
You will come back to me?

*Hel. [mournfully, yet with much tenderness.*

*Alas! for what?*

Since parting is such pain — and oh, I own  
That it is very bitter — why again? —

*Manf.* Would I renew it? Oh, because! — Ask not!

I know but that I have you with me now:

To part with you forever — Helen, speak!

Could *you* endure it, and your heart not break?

*Hel.* Where then? and when? *[in a low, agitated voice.*

*Manf.* Here, where we are,

The moment you can come to me.

*Hel.* O me!

My father! *[in a tone of deep anguish.*

Never from his good, fond heart,

Have I hid anything. Do not ask me! pray,

Do not! indeed, indeed, I dare not! I

Should die of grief, to look on his white head,

And feel in my heart I 'd done him such a wrong

O it is better in my lonely bed to weep

For not having done it, than to weep it done!

*Manf.* You are an angel! Yes, it is a sin  
To have concealments from the heart that trusts us,  
And trusts us for it thinks that we have none:  
And from a parent, folly it is as sin.  
Helen, I cannot lie —— Yet, oh my God!  
Have mercy! it is but for once — but once!

*Hel.* O no, no, do not tempt me! do not! Sir —  
I — I am going — God — God bless you ever!

*[endeavoring to leave him.]*

*Manf.* Ah!

You do not love me then?

*Hel.* O, I will come!

I will! do not say that! *[putting her hands into his  
with great eagerness.]*

*Manf.* Heaven bless you now! *[He  
kisses her again, folding her in his embrace.]*

But, can you escape without its being known?

*Hel.* I shall go up to my room —— *[bursting into tears.]*

*Manf.* Hush! do not cry.

*Hel.* I cry to think of my father — nothing more.

*Manf.* Fear not; he will not know it. — The house-door?  
Will not the noise betray you?

*Hel.* At that hour

It never is bolted; the room-doors are all clos'd.

Yet, should they open, should my brother come

Out in the passage, ere I pass the door! —

It is a fearful risk. *[shuddering.]*

*Manf.* Do not think so. *[pressing her sooth-  
ingly to him.]*

Your soft light step, their dreaming not of this,  
The wintry night, and the dark hall — Is 't dark?

*Hel.* Yes, there is no light burning there; we are poor.

*Manf.* Hush, darling! It is Manfred that you speak to.

*Hel.* And oh, it is for that, I should not come!

*Manf.* Hush, hush again! [*kissing her.*

When will this be? what hour?

*Hel.* The soonest I can take. Be near the door

Within an hour, say, from now. But oh,

You never will ask this of me again?

Promise it, or I come not!

*Manf.* By my soul —

By honor, by my God, and by — our love! [*again*  
*kissing her.*

*Hel.* And you will not detain me long?

*Manf.* No, no; even now

I hurry you off: go, Helen; or no, come! [*putting her*  
*arm under his.*

*Hel.* But at the head of the street, we part.

*Manf.* And then,

I follow you till I see you in your home.

*Hel.* But not too near. Ah see! see what a thing

It is to be so guilty!

*Manf.* Helen, peace! [*softly.*

The guilt is mine; for you are innocent still,

And yield to this deception for my sake —

For my love, Helen, is it not?

[*embracing and kissing her again.*

Ah yes!

Never shall you repent it. And now come.

*They move diagonally  
across the scene, arm in arm; and OSCAR,  
at the moment, comes out from his hiding-place, and follows  
them cautiously, yet near enough to hear  
the final words.*

In less than an hour from now, remember, sweet,  
Manfred will wait you.

*They part at the corner,  
or wing of the scene, in the remotest part of the stage,  
OSCAR again receding into the shadow, though now on the  
right hand, until HELEN disappears, and,  
after a moment, MANFRED follows, when  
OSCAR comes forward again.*

Osc. Like a dog, in the street.  
I thought the pretty scene would never have done.  
Pest on the fellow! And I must wait still,  
To know where this rare meeting is to be,  
And when; for nothing could I hear but this:  
“Manfred will wait you.” How egregious fine!  
Could not the gentleman have said, *I ’ll wait?*  
So much for having a fine name! Now, had  
Our father — but perhaps it was our dam  
Was so romantic in her tastes — but chosen  
To call you *Tom*, I think you had been more plain.  
*Thomas will wait you*, would have sounded rare!  
Pomposity! — But who the devil is this?

*He has been moving back again to the left, and now, with his back to the audience, is about encountering RICHARD MATTISON, who is seen coming from the street at which MANFRED and HELEN, and finally himself had appeared. At this moment, VINCENT, muffled in a Spanish cloak, but with his face uncovered, issues from the same side of the scene, — but close to the proscenium, as OSCAR and RICHARD are farthest in the background. VINCENT is about to pass in front, as OSCAR speaks in a loud tone.*

Oh, Mattison, it 's you, is 't!

VINCENT starts at the name, looks at them a moment, then eagerly muffling his face with the cloak, moves over the stage, toward the quarter where MANFRED and HELEN have disappeared, passing directly in front, the whole breadth of the scene, then turning straight up on the right, but very slowly, and eying from time to time the party, over the muffle of his cloak.

You 're too soon.

*Rich.* I know it, but I come now from a place  
Where I had look'd to find my sister. But,  
Your brother, sir, it seems, was earlier there.

*Osc.* True.

*Rich.* How? You knew it?

*Osc.* Only now, i' faith.

He saw her home, and, with her on his arm,



Pass'd — half an hour ago.

*Rich.* Good night.

*Osc.* Eh, stop!

Did you not hear me? half an hour ago.

Your sister is by this time snug at home.

*Rich.* I know not that. [*still endeavoring to go.*

*Osc.* But I do; for my brother

I left just now at the house. So, you will see,

You will not find him as you think. Now go,

And wait me at the place you know of. Go;

I'll follow you in a minute.

*Rich.* Why not now?

*Osc.* O, I've a fancy of my own detains me. [*signifi-*  
*cantly.*

It shall not be for long. A word, a kiss,  
The little flutterer's soon put off, you know,  
And a new night will serve her turn as well.  
There go.

*Rich.* Ah, ah! you are a sad rake!

*Osc.* I!

'Faith, if I be, my teeth are open, though.

*Rich.* Yes, and for that I like you: not as —

*Osc.* Go!

[*pushing him off.*

I am busy now, I tell you. And besides,  
Tease me, and, sir, I will not come at all;  
And that would be your loss, — for, hark! I have  
news.

*Rich.* What! of the villain's —

*Osc.* Of my brother, sir.  
You 'll please remember that, and be less rude.  
I leaguc with you in pity of your sister,  
In charity for yourself, and for your sire:  
No further.

*Rich.* Pardon me.

*Osc.* There go.

*OSCAR turns his back, as if his purpose were to pursue the way he was taking when they met, and RICHARD turns off at the right wing, close to the proscenium. VINCENT immediately follows, and disappears in the same direction, before OSCAR again returns.*

Another  
Of the predestinate asses! A mere boy,  
That thinks my roughness openess: to him!  
Open to him! [*with an expression of the most intense contempt.*] But, 'faith, he was well off,  
For here comes Manfred now.

[*looking toward the quarter where Manfred had made his exit with Helen.*]

Had they but met,  
Simplicity again had o'ermatch'd cunning:  
These candid people soon make darkness light.

*Re-enter MANFRED.*

What, Manfred! you? Where have you left the girl?  
You just miss'd falling foul of her own brother.  
How pale you are! What ails you? Why not speak!  
*Manf.* [*grasping his hand and speaking solemnly.*]

I have seen a sight ——

*Osc.* The devil you have! A ghost?

*Manf.* Don't mock me, Oscar; 't is no time for jest.

Had you but seen —— I 'll tell you: listen. When  
I had left that innocent girl —— But, by the by,  
You must admit you did traduce her vilely.

Saffise was not ——

*Osc.* In that point, I admit

I was deceiv'd. Go on now. When you left ——

*Manf.* Poor Helen at her home, the parlor-light  
Shone through a half-clos'd shutter. The desire  
To see her face once more, to see her too  
When unaware a lover's eye was watching,  
And in her family-circle unrestrain'd,  
Seem'd nowise wrong, nor its indulgence mean.  
I stoop'd to the crevice. By a table sat  
A reverend man, of mien more apostolic  
Than ever painter drew. A length of hair,  
Glistening and white as silver, downward floated  
In waves to his very shoulders; and his brow,  
'Whether the book he read from so inspir'd,  
Or 't was the habitual feeling of his soul,  
His brow, and the sweet outline of his lips,  
Spoke of true nobleness, candor without guile.  
O brother, when I saw this sight, my heart  
Reproach'd me for its weakness, and Remorse  
Seem'd to have blanch'd those locks for only me.  
What then, when suddenly the parlor-door  
Flew open, and poor Helen, rushing in,

Threw her arms round the old man's neck, and wept!

*Osc.* You saw it?

*Manf.* Yes; he rais'd her head, the light  
Glanc'd on her tears. — Then words were interchang'd,  
And Helen heavily sigh'd. —

*Osc.* You heard her?

*Manf.* No;

Her bosom visibly heav'd. The old man then  
Laid his hand gently on her head, and parting  
The beautiful hair upon her forehead, kiss'd it.  
She took a lamp — her hand so shook, poor girl,  
She could not light it, and the old man help'd her —  
And to the door went Helen, tearful. —

*Osc.* Ah! [*affecting*  
*a sigh of relief from fatigue.*]

The air is chilly.

*Manf.* Is it? [*abstractedly.*] — But behold!  
With sudden impulse coming back, she fell  
At the old man's feet upon her knees, her face  
Hid in her hands, which folded on his lap.  
She seem'd to ask his blessing; for, uplifting  
His tremulous hands and glistening eyes to Heaven,  
He said aloud — I heard him through the pane —  
"Bless her, thou God of justice! bless my child!  
And on her innocent spirit let not sin  
Drop its decaying mildew! from her brow  
Let Care remove its shadow, and her eyes  
Sparkle once more with happy light; for Thou,  
Thou knowest, my God, how very pure she is,

How true her life has been to Thee and me!  
On her sad pillow, let Thy angels' wings  
This night shed slumber, fanning to repose  
Her troubled spirit, and her shatter'd nerves —  
Too weak for their sore trial — making whole!  
So shall her heart have strength to bear its load.  
Help, God our Father! help my child! Amen!"

*Osc.* Excellent poetry! And the result?

*Manf.* Are you so cruel? — Hear then the result.  
That *Silver Head* has sav'd both her and me.  
This night I am to meet her. Should she come! —  
Those white locks shall be round her like a veil,  
Nor shall my passion lift it.

*Osc.* What means that?

Where were you then to meet her? at what time?

*Manf.* Within an hour, here, in the public street.

*Osc.* Choice place! What purpose would such folly serve?

*Manf.* To make me madder! for a moment fill,  
To leave it emptier than before, that void,  
Which in my heart keeps aching ever, ever,  
With a sick pang, when Helen is away;  
A pang, I fancy, he who knows not, Oscar,  
Never has ——

*Osc.* Been a man of blood and brains.

'T is the old story: sensual sensation,  
A gnawing natural as the lust to dine.  
You are not made to starve, and will fare well.  
But next time, Manfred, when you spread your table,  
Let it not be, as now, *al fresco*.



*Manf.* Peace!

You speak of Helen; and you speak to me.

I am not Oscar; nor is she Saffise.

*Osc.* No, but you both are human. Else, why meet?

*Manf.* Because I ask'd her. Haply, had we met,  
Unheard that voice, those silver hairs unseen,  
Conscience and Reason might have wept it. Now,  
We part at once, or — never shall part more.

*Osc.* When was your blood made water? I've forgotten.

*Manf.* Ah! Hear me then. I swear it — by high Heaven!  
You know my faith, how sacred; had I sworn  
To kill her, I had stabb'd her with this hand. —  
Now sleep in peace, thou venerable man!  
No dust shall soil those silver locks for me,  
Nor Helen's young heart break with grief of sin!

*[Exit, at the left of the scene, nearest the  
proscenium — the quarter whence Vincent  
had entered. Oscar regards him with  
supreme contempt till he disappears.]*

*Osc.* “Now sleep in peace, thou venerable man!” —

What a fine thing to have poetic brains! —

“Helen's young heart!” — You are not Oscar? *[with  
a tone of deep malignity.]* No;

Nor am I Manfred. Go! For all that's said,  
I'll ruin you both, despite the SILVER HEAD.

*[Exit, at the right, where Richard had disappeared, and the*

*Drop falls.]*

## ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I. *Sybil's boudoir, as in Act I., Sc. II.*

SYBIL.

*She appears to have just entered.**Syb. [looking pensively at the broken flowers which still  
strew the floor.*Emblems indeed! How soon these scented leaves,  
[*lifting one of them.*

<sup>s</sup> Whose delicate freshness shrivels at my touch,  
Will lie so wither'd, never heat nor cold,  
Nor moisture, sensibly will affect them more!  
Yet for a while their perfume still survives —  
Their unseen virtue. Even so, poor Helen,  
Thy sensitive heart, that quivers at the touch  
Of its new passion, thrown thus under foot,  
Will take like changes. Yet, a just God grant  
Its precious fragrance may not quit the flower,  
While yet a leaf remains! — Strange, partial world!  
Plac'd but as I, had Helen been — how blest!  
And yet<sup>9</sup> — perhaps her lowly state, contrasted  
With her so delicate air, and artless grace,  
And her exceeding guilelessness of soul,  
Makes irresistible what else might fail.

'T is this scope of a power, for him and her  
So dangerous, renders Helen's fate so hard.  
And I, unfortunate, who drew her hither,  
Meaning but good, yet doing fatal harm!

[*Sinks into abstraction, gazing on the  
scattered flower-leaves.*]

*Enter* MANFRED.

*Manf.* [*Smiling sadly.*]

What, cousin, musing on your misus'd gift!

*Syb.* Musing to moralize.

*Manf.* On Helen's fate,  
Even as you said before. — I might so too. [*taking  
up some of the leaves.*]  
Broken unwittingly, broken by a hand  
That lov'd in other times to use you well,  
Flowers, in whose fragile forms the spirit of beauty  
Made rapturous worship for the impassion'd heart,  
Nor God dissented, — broken by my hand,  
Who can unite your scatter'd leaves again?

[*He drops the petals, and clasps his hands earnestly.*]  
O! 't was an oath well sworn!

*Syb.* What was? and when? .

*Manf.* Ah, Sybil! I have seen — have that to tell! —  
Hush? 't is our uncle; we must be alone.

*Enter* SIR HENRY.

*Sir H.* At last, my dear boy! And where have you been?  
It was not well, nor was it done like Manfred,

To leave without excuse your friend alone, —  
Oscar too gone. But what is rather odd,  
Vincent, the moment he is given to know  
Yourself and Oscar have gone out together,  
Mutters his own excuses, and is off!

*Manf.* Indeed! He fears to trust me; [*to himself.*  
and has cause.

*Sir H.* Are you so slippery? And, in truth, I see,  
Now I look at you, all is not quite well.  
But I am nowise curious,—nor need be:  
With such a Mentor, though his beard 's still brown,  
My good Telemachus cannot travel wrong,  
Even where such Circes intercept his way. [*twining*  
*his fingers affectionately in one of Sybil's curls.*

*Syb.* Strange compliment! Good uncle, you are dull  
As Manfred's Mentor at a flattering speech.  
Oh that I had the enchantress' cup awhile,  
To put a bristling hide on both your backs!

*Sir H.* 'T would be no new requital for the pains  
Men take to please, to steal away their minds;  
Would it be, Manfred?

*Manf.* [*vacantly — starting from a fit of deep*  
*abstraction.*

Sir?

*Sir H.* [*shaking his head knowingly at Sybil.*

'T is done already.

Come, you will make a poor Ulysses' heir;  
You play Elvino better; Circe here  
Shall change to sweet Amina. I am come,

In fact to lead you to the music-room :  
Uncle must have his favorite *Scene* again, —  
*Tutto è sciolto !*

*Manf.* Pray excuse me, sir.

Sybil will take some other part, alone.  
To sing well sadly, one's heart must be gay.  
To bid, in song, adieu for evermore  
To consolation and the light of love,  
Would not be easy, cousin, for me now.

[*looking appealingly to Sybil.*]

*Syb.* Not if the song and truth must needs be one.

But then, Rubini never had grown fat.

MANFRED *presses the ends of her fingers ; and they*  
*go out thus, hand in hand.*

*Sir. H.* [*loitering.*]

Ah ! this looks well ! I shall be blest at last,  
And Sybil's heirs will bear her uncle's name.  
And such an offspring ! 'T will outshine the stars.

[*Exit, after them.*]



## SCENE II.

*A room in a tavern.*

*A lighted lamp suspended from the ceiling.*

RICHARD MATTISON *is seen standing with his hat on and back to the fireplace, his hands in the pockets of his overcoat: VINCENT walking up and down with his arms folded, his cloak and hat still on. — VINCENT is at the furthest end of the room, and with his back to the audience, as*

*Enter, OSCAR.*

*Osc. [throwing back his cloak and taking off his hat, both of which he tosses on a table which is standing in the middle of the room.*

You see I have not kept you waiting long.  
And now, to work. [*As he faces about, sees Vincent.*  
What's this? Whom have you here?  
VINCENT *turns and looks at him steadily,*  
*his arms still folded.*

Vincent!

*Rich.* The gentleman profess'd to have  
Some business with you too, and would come in.

*As RICHARD speaks, VINCENT throws off*  
*his cloak deliberately, and lays it and his hat*  
*on the table where OSCAR's are: RICHARD still standing,*  
*with his hat and overcoat on, without*  
*shifting his position.*

*Osc.* Fool! 't is my brother's friend and prompter!

*Rich.* A scoundrel's friend, and prompter for the Devil!

*Vin.* Indeed? [*making directly toward him with a determined air: Rich., with equal resolution, but with more violence, rushing to meet him.*

*Oscar steps between them.*

*Osc.* Stop! both of you: this quarrel 's mine.  
First, sir, for you, [*turning severely to Rich.*

let me not have again

To bid you, when my brother is your theme,  
To characterize him by some milder name.

And now, sir, [*to Vinc. with a malignant smile.*  
what occasion brings you here?

To gloss for me the "*truth without a flaw?*"

*Vin.* To find its illustration, rather say;  
To penetrate the schemes, and make them null,  
Of a false friend and brother, and reopen  
The eyes of this rash boy [*indicating Rich. by a slight motion of the head.*  
your arts have clos'd.

*Osc.* [*putting coolly back, with the palm of his hand, Richard, who, at these words, is rushing upon Vincent.*

And did your wisdom calculate the risk  
Of this ambition to enact the spy,  
Or think what heavy premium must be paid  
For insight into schemes, which — say they be —  
Can not concern you anywise at all?

*Vin.* For *spying*, sir, my open dealing now  
Makes that sneer harmless: had I been dispos'd,

I might have gain'd my object ere you came,  
And spar'd this person [*looking at Rich.*

cause for deep regret.

For risk, who knows me well as you, should know,  
What Theodore Vincent's plain sense may advise  
For Manfred's good, that does he as the friend  
Of Manfred, and at once, nor counts the risk.

*Osc.* That we shall see. [*with a meaning smile.*

Here, Mattison, go up

To the billiardroom above us, draw aside  
The keeper of 't, who happily keeps too  
A shooting-gallery; give him this gold piece,  
Mention my name, and bid him give you straight  
His two best weapons, with a flask and balls,  
And keep his tongue about it.

*Rich.* [*with astonishment and some degree of alarm.*

Do you mean it?

*Osc.* Look at us both; [*glancing round to Vincent.*

then ask me, if you can,

If I be serious. Go. [*Exit Richard.*

*Vin.* And what by this

Does Mr. Oscar Ferguson propose?

*Osc.* To do that now, which I had meant to-morrow

To do in a colder field. Our fingers here

Will be more flexible, although the light [*looking care-*  
*lessly up at the lamp.*

Is not, i' faith, so brilliant as the sun.

*Vin.* [*sternly.*] Sir, do you think, because yourself are mad,  
That I am too?

*Osc.* Oh no, I am aware  
That Mr. Vincent's wisdom, or "plain sense,"  
Knows well the difference betwixt giving insult  
And making reparation for it.

*Vin.* Ah! —

But no! you shall not force me into crime,  
Nor to such folly as would make me lose  
Both the world's reverence and your brother's love.  
I have enough of courage to dare leave. [*laying his  
hand on his cloak to lift it from the table.*]

*Osc.* [*putting his own hand on the same.*]

You came, sir, uninvited, and you go  
Without obtaining what in hopes to gain  
You scrupled not to lay good manners by.  
But I am hospitable, and entreat, insist,  
That you will deign to make yourself at home.  
Wait Mattison's return, and put him all  
Such questions as you like; when that is done,  
In honor of your struggle with good-breeding,  
And freedom won from tyranny of shame,  
We will together fire a *feu-de-joie*.

*Suddenly changing his manner to a perfect seriousness, without rudeness or impertinence.*

Sir, Mr. Vincent, men report you wise,  
And honorable, and brave, and that all this  
You are, and more, does Manfred love to think.  
I will now put those qualities to proof.  
This day I have borne gross insults from you twice;  
First, in my brother's presence. —

*Vin.* [*coldly and calmly.*] 'T was provok'd.

*Osc.* Be it so; still an insult. And now here,  
Before a fellow neither of us knows.  
You are no bigot, sir, I will presume,  
And, giving, in the fashion of the world,  
Mortal offence, will not deny you are bound  
To give such satisfaction for the affront  
As 't is the fashion of the world to claim?

*Vin.* I do not.

*Osc.* [*eagerly.*] Then, to-morrow you had met,  
As a brave man and honorable should,  
The challenge I was fully bent to send?

*Vin.* As a brave man and honorable should,  
Who has no fear to do the thing that 's right,  
Refus'd to fight the brother of my friend.

*Osc.* My brother well might pity, but not love  
A coward.

*Vin.* Sir! — Enough. I 'll meet you.

*Osc.* [*joyfully.*] Good.

To a brave man all times are equal: now  
Will serve as well as to-morrow.

*Enter* RICHARD,

*bearing the weapons, inclosed in the usual case.*

*To Richard.*] Set them down.

*Vin.* [*indignantly.*] No sir, now will not serve. I am no  
brawler

To fight in a tavern-room, no seconds by.



If you have no regard to name, I have.

To-morrow I will meet you, where you will.

*Osc.* And that is, nowhere. Go. Be off! I thought  
To fight with a man: but you are none. There, go.

*[flinging his cloak to Vincent, insultingly, so  
that it strikes him heavily on the shoulder  
and in the face.]*

*Vin.* *[sternly to Richard.]*

Sir, bolt the door. *[To Oscar.]* I am ready.

*[and he lays down the cloak. — Again  
to Richard, but mildly.]*

I know not

Aught of you, Mr. Mattison, nor why

You are present here, save what I can conjecture,

And too well, from your name. Quite unprovok'd,

You have insulted me most grossly; this

I do forgive you —

*Rich.* Sir — *[impatiently.]*

*Vin.* Be not impatient;

What I have yet to say is briefly this:

If I should fall in this disgraceful conflict,

I charge you, as a man, to tell the world,

That Theodore Vincent, with his latest breath,

Protested against such a fight, and yielded

Only at last to shun a worse disgrace.

*Osc.* *[opening the case, and taking out the weapons as he  
speaks.]*

And should I fall, see that you hawk about  
My dying-confession and last speech as this:

That Oscar Ferguson would shoot his foe  
Wherever he found him, but, being shot himself,  
Felt quite as well content his blood should soak  
A carpet as bedabble a green field. [*takes out the flask*  
*and balls.*

*Rich.* [*apparently horror-struck.*

Gentlemen! this is horrid! must not be! —

Sir [*to Vin.*] — Mr. Ferguson [*to Osc.*] —

*Osc.* [*taking out the caps from the bottom of the*  
*powder-flask, and examining them.*

Will you hold your tongue?

Else, leave the room, and let us fight alone.

*Rich.* [*angrily.*] I 'd have you, Mr. Ferguson, remember,  
In ordering me, that I am not your slave.

I shall remain, for Mr. Vincent's sake,

As much as for your own. But pray, be civil.

*Osc.* [*carelessly, and, as before, without turning his head.*

Pardon.—— [*To Vin.*] You load for me, and I for you.

Which weapon will you take? They seem alike.

[*looking at them, as he holds them, with the*  
*air of a connoisseur, then handing them*  
*both to Vin.*

*Vin.* This, which is next me, then. [*taking it.*

*Osc.* The one that 's left

I charge for you. [*handing Vin. the powder-flask.*

But now, that I reflect,

Had we not better go above? the noise

Will cause no wonder in the gallery.

*Vin.* No;

If 't must be thus, it may as well be here: [*charging his weapon.*]

To light the shooting-room would cost us time.

Osc. And others than yourself have none to spare.

[*looking first at his watch, and then significantly to Rich.*]

Make haste. The ball and mallet, sir. [*handing them, and taking in turn the flask.*]

But, stay:

Above, the shots may be repeated; here,  
At the first sound, the house may be upon us.  
We had better, sir, adjourn.

Vin. Perhaps adjourn

For good. Proceed; or you will make me think  
You want your brother's courage, as his honor.

Osc. Ah! I deserv'd that; 't is a fair return. [*ramming home his charge.*]

The mallet? have you done? [Vin. *hands it.*]

One shot may do.

[*forcing in the ball.*]

But who the devil is there? [*the door violently shook from within.*]

The cap, sir, quick.

[*handing it to Vin., and fitting one on his own weapon.*]

Don't mind it, Mattison. [*the door shaken still more violently.*]

Are you ready, sir? [To Vin.]

— *They exchange weapons.*

Choose your own corner.

VINCENT rapidly places himself at the left angle,  
while OSCAR takes as quickly the corner diagonally opposite,  
and which is close to the door that is still shaking  
from the efforts made within.

We have just the space.

One, two, three, fire. Quick; call, sir. [*to Rich.* —  
The door is burst open, and, rushing in,

*Enter MEDDLEHAM.*

*Medd.* No you don't!

*Coming against OSCAR, the impetus given  
him by the resistance of the door throws down the former,  
whose pistol explodes.*

You 're in a hurry, my fine fellow.

*Osc.* [*rising, and striking passionately with  
the weapon at Medd., who avoids the  
blow, which sends Oscar stagger-  
ing past him.*

Fool!

Take that for interfering. Mattison,  
Why do you rush between us? knock him down,  
Or tumble him from the room. Curse on you, sir!  
Will you go out? [*endeavoring to turn Medd. out.*

*Medd.* [*struggling to disengage himself.*

What name was that you said?

Mattison? [*in a tone of surprise.*

*Vin.* [*who has laid down his weapon and put on  
his cloak.*

Mr. Ferguson, good night.

The play is ended here: you may renew it,  
Even when you please; but on a fitter stage.

*[Exit, hat in hand, — while Richard hastily restores the implements to the case, and hurries out with it. Oscar lets go of Meddleham, who seems to take the affair in perfect good part, while Oscar gazes on him with both rage and surprise.]*

*Medd.* Ferguson too! Why what the deuse is this?

Which one is Ferguson? Are you, sir, he?

*Osc.* (An odd fish this!) I am, sir, at your pleasure.

*[bowing sarcastically.]*

Is it to kick you from the room at once,  
Or first to beat you handsomely, to teach you  
A meddler gets less thanks than broken bones?

*Medd.* You have not hit it quite, sir, there: my name  
Is Meddleham, not Meddler; 't is so spell'd,  
That is to say; but people choose to call it,  
And so my grandsire did among the rest,  
*Middleum.* As for broken bones, young man,  
Perhaps Ralph Meddleham gives as well as takes.

*Osc.* Will you then give me, sir, the satisfaction

To see Ralph take himself out of this room.

I pay for it, and want no meddlers here,

Whether their hams be Middle hams or Meddles.

*Medd.* That 's right enough, although 't is wrongly said.  
But first, my young impertinent, will 't please you  
Who are so ready with your fist and pistol,  
Or boast to be, to tell me if you be



One of the nephews of Sir Henry here,  
Old Colonel Ferguson?

*Osc.* [*surprised.*] What 's that to you?

*Medd.* More than you think, and much to you besides.

You are not Manfred, surely?

*Osc.* What comes next?

[*to himself.*

Truly, I am. [*after looking for a moment narrowly at  
Medd.*] What then?

*Medd.* Why then this world  
Is still more given to lying than I had thought it.

[*Exit.*

*Osc.* [*solus.*] Then has your charity outweigh'd your  
brains. —

Meddleham — Middleum — Ralph — Who can this be?

[*thoughtfully.*

Yet, now I think, the name resembles one  
That when a child I heard my mother mention.  
Whatever though the intruder has to do  
With me or Manfred, this I thank him for,  
For bursting-in that door ere quite too late;  
For, whether I had shot Vincent, or he me,  
My schemes to-night had equally fallen through.  
I must command this temper. But what keeps  
That would-be man, Miss Nelly's saucy brother,  
So long away? [*looking at his watch.*] A genteel  
second that!

It had read well in the prints, a petty clerk,  
Of some small warehouseman, sole witness 'tween

The fashionable Vincent and myself! —  
How well though Vincent bore himself! 'Tis strange:  
My hate for him was mortal: since I find  
The man has blood like other men, and nerve —  
Devilish good nerve too! — should we never fight,  
The disappointment will not make me thin.  
But where 's this stripling! Heaven send, as yet,  
He have not shot himself! My work once done,  
He may as soon as he pleases, and so spare  
Some better man the task of ridding him  
Of brains he never uses. I must see.

*[Goes to the door, and opens it, to listen. The  
Scene closes on him in the act.]*

## SCENE III.

*Saffise's parlor — as in Act II., Sc. I.*

SAFFISE, *alone,*  
*reclining on the couch. A plain lamp burning*  
*on the table.*

*Saff.* [*springing up.*

I'll do it! I will, I will, I will. The wretch

*[comes forward.*

Shall not make *me* his tool, to fling away  
Like a broken chisel, when I've serv'd his turn;  
Cursing me too while using me, because  
He has no skill for his work. The bungling knave!  
I'll cut his fingers for him, to the bone! —  
Now let me see: if Helen has been weak  
Like other girls, and Oscar's brother's blood  
Is half as hot as it should be from his looks,  
All 's over, and the Colonel's favor is lost.  
The more fool he, to cut his darling off  
For kissing a pale-fac'd girl without his leave!  
A thing he has often done himself, I 'd swear,  
And never ask'd his nephews how they lik'd it.  
But Oscar shall gain nothing by the chance,  
Except what he deserves, — a traitor's pay.  
To expose him, it is true, will shame myself;  
And so he thinks I will not. He shall find,  
Saffise will be reveng'd at any cost!

Saffise, the "*slut*": I have not forgot the words.  
My God, how should I! — "*that this gentle girl  
Should make a playmate of a slut like me!*"  
Ah! they shall cost him dear. I'll tell it all,  
I will — on the instant — if the "*gentle girl*"

[*with bitterness.*

Herself is standing by, and the poor slut  
Is turn'd into the street with shame — I will!

[*swaying herself on her toes, her figure rising  
and falling with every clause, as she ges-  
ticulates passionately. — Walking up,  
toward the door of the inner room.*

They 'll not refuse to let me see Sir Henry.  
Should *he* be there — the brother of my Turk! —

[*takes up the lamp and goes before a mirror.*

How dull my eyes look! I could tear them out.  
It is this lock of hair that has got misplac'd.

[*endeavoring to arrange it.*

I 'll let it all out; it looks vilely, all.

[*Lets down the whole of her hair; then gathers it together in  
her hands, and begins to dress it in the manner  
of her sex.*

But everything seems wrong! [*letting it all down  
again.*

This paltry shawl!

[*taking it pettishly off*

One of my *master's* gifts — mean like himself.

[*thrusts it from her with her foot.*

I 'll make my toilet over — hair and all.

Oh, that I were as Helen! [*coming down, in her disarray.*]

Could I win

But one of those sweet words he spoke to her,  
But one look from his beautiful, thoughtful eyes,  
One look that did not mock me like his brother's,  
I 'd make of my hair a cloth to dust his shoes.  
I would! I 'd be the vilest thing in the world,  
So I might for an hour sit at his feet,  
And hear him say, *Saffise, you are no slut!*

*She sobs, and drawing her hair before her eyes, uses it to staunch her tears; and the scene closes on her thus standing.*

---

SCENE IV.

*The parlor at Mattison's, as in Act II., Sc. II.*

MATTISON and MEDDLEHAM,

*seated by a table lighted by a plain but shaded lamp.*

*Matt.* Yes, that is very true; my father's sister  
Marry'd a Meddleham.

*Medd.* Who was my father.

*Matt.* We are then cousins? [*extending his hand cordially to Medd.*]



*Medd.* [*taking it frankly and heartily.*] Happily, I trust,  
For both of us, when you know all. Enough  
For the time present, that, except your own,  
And one more family, of which anon,  
I am lonely in the world now, and am come  
A weary, weary way from the Far West,  
To lay my old bones with you, if you will.  
But tell me now, how many, cousin Mark,  
You have in family besides your son.

*Matt.* One only, but an angel upon earth,  
If ever were.

*Medd.* A daughter then? And pretty?

*Matt.* Beautiful! as a star in a winter's night.

But not more beautiful than good. O sir,  
Her graces and her virtues are the rose  
Blossoming in a wilderness to me,  
Making all garden and perpetual bloom.

*Medd.* Where is she? Sha' n't I see her?

*Matt.* Not to-night:

She came home from her daily work, poor child,  
Earlier than usual and exceeding sad,  
And is but now retired.

*Medd.* Her daily work!

You are poor then? [*with a kind of exultation, and  
looking about him, on the furniture  
of the room, &c.*]

*Matt.* [*gravely.*] We complain not. Are you glad?

*Medd.* Glad it is in my power to do you good;

Glad —— You shall see to-morrow! And her name?

*Matt.* Helen.

*Medd.* My mother's!

*Matt.* Thence deriv'd.

*Medd.* That 's well.

How I shall love her! [*rubbing his hands.*]

Would I were as sure  
Of her fine brother; but the friends I see  
The young man leag'd with do not promise much.

*Matt.* How! Mr. Meddleham!

*Medd.* Bah! call me Ralph.

D' you think, man, that because I have liv'd away,  
And never look'd upon your face before,  
You are unknown to me? I have cherish'd long  
A world of love, that now has grown so big  
My bosom would not hold it: so I came  
To vent it all upon its proper objects,  
On you and yours, and other kin besides.  
Why, cousin Mark, I knew your Helen's name  
And Richard's long ago, and if I ask'd  
Those questions of the girl, 't was but to sound  
Your own affection, and to ascertain  
If private rumor had reported well.  
Besides, they tell me that I have a trick  
Of questioning people where I should be dumb.  
But if I had not, how should I be wise?

*Matt.* But my boy, Richard? He is rash, I know,  
And very wilful, yet his morals still  
Have seem'd correct: what were those friends you  
mean?

*Medd.* One Manfred Ferguson —

*Matt.* What! Heaven forbid!

[*in much alarm.*]

*Medd.* And so say I, although 't is rather late:

For of all impudent fellows I ever met

This Master Manfred will bear off the palm.

*Matt.* You dream! you are misled! What Manfred 's  
this?

*Medd.* The Colonel's nephew, old Sir Henry's here

The name is not so common, I should think.

*Matt.* Manfred! Why he 's a hero of romance,

A pattern of the rarest qualities

Of head and heart a man can well possess.

I said not "Heaven forbid!" because of that:

I would to Heaven he were my Richard's friend!

*Medd.* Then you must want to bring your Richard up

A duelist, or a champion of the ring:

For, hark you, Mark, your "hero of romance"

Offer'd to kick me, try'd to beat my brains out,

And came near putting a bullet through my leg.

*Matt.* This is some strange mistake! Explain it: where  
Was this?

*Medd.* There 's no mistake at all, save what

Those wise ones fell into, who taught me too

This Manfred was a hero of romance —

Such a romance as Tom Crib might have writ!

Hear then.

The time being heavy on my hands,  
I stroll'd this evening to the billiardroom

Of the hotel where I had just put up.  
Presently comes a young man in great haste,  
His features ruffled strangely, takes aside  
The keeper of the room, slips in his hand  
Some money, whispers, and they both go out.  
Following in a little while, I see them  
Descending, both, the stairs that led above,  
The young man having in his hands a case  
Of questionable shape. They part; and then,  
Coming more near, I hear the man observe,  
“Remember! ’t is no fault of mine, sir!” — “None,”  
Answers the youth: “Say nothing, that is all!”  
This youth was Richard Mattison, your son.

*Matt.* God help me! What is coming?

*Medd.* So said I, —

And watching stealthily the young man’s course,  
And following at a proper distance, came  
To a room of the floor below he just had enter’d.  
Almost immediately the door is lock’d.  
“Aha!” thought I, “I see what you are after;  
But I shall spoil your sport, my gentle doves!”  
I listen’d long enough, and saw enough  
Through the keyhole too, to make belief conviction,  
And finally burst the door in, just in time  
To save two fools from making one fool less.

*Matt.* Don’t stop! [*eagerly, with an expression of anguish.*

*Medd.* I did not; for my body, coming  
Prone on the nearest fighter, knock’d him down.  
The hair of his pistol being ready set,

Off goes the weapon, right betwixt my legs.  
But, as if risk of maiming were n't enough,  
My gentleman, rising, with his popgun's stock  
Tries to beat out my brains!

*Matt.* [*grasping his arm.*] 'T was not my son?

*Medd.* No, your son rush'd between us.

*Matt.* Ah! thank God!

And yet, he was the other combatant!

*Medd.* No, he was not: how can you be so silly?

He went for the weapons, that was all, and stood,  
As second in common, by, to see fair play.  
The other was a man more old than either,  
And seem'd the decentest fellow of all three.

*Matt.* But sure you said, that one of them was Manfred?

*Medd.* I did; I had it from his very lips —

After he had offer'd, courteously, to beat me,  
Or kick me out of the room, if I preferr'd.

*Matt.* Strange!

*Medd.* True not less. But, to conclude the tale,  
Hearing this Manfred call your son by name,  
Politely bidding him knock the meddler down,  
Or tumble me from the room, — romantic, that!  
I follow'd the latter, met him coming back —  
Learn'd your address, and straightway hasten'd  
hither, —

Chiefly because he told me I must not.

And now, what say you, cousin, to my tale?

Is this good company that Richard keeps?

*Matt.* I say still, there is some mistake. But wait:



My son must soon be home.

*Medd.* When we shall see.

Meantime, this is dry talking, cousin Mark :

What have you got?

*Matt.* I soon can give you tea.

*Medd.* Tea! 't is not hearty. But perhaps you are  
One of good Matthew's people?

*Matt.* No, I am temperate  
Not by forswearing every mirthful drink,  
Which were ascetic, but by using them  
Only as I would have my boy use pleasure,  
A little at a time, and "far between."

*Medd.* [*pressing his hand admiringly and affectionately.*

Philosopher and poet, as' they told me.

Let us then have some punch this winter evening,  
And, if you have no spirit and lemons here,  
We'll send your woman for them. What 's her name?

[*rising briskly, and ringing the parlor-bell.*

Kitty?

*Matt.* No, Molly. [*smiling.*

*Medd.* Molly, is it? [*knocks on the floor with  
his stick; then, running like a boy to the door  
and opening it, cries out into the passage.*

Molly!

Put on the kettle, Molly, — not for tea!

MATTISON watches him with a benevolent smile —  
*and the Drop falls.*

## ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I. *The room of the tavern, as in Act IV., Sc. II.*

*The lamp burning, as before.*

OSCAR and RICHARD.

*Rich.* Wherefore not now? [*taking up his hat with an air of restrained impatience.*]

*Osc.* Because it is too soon.

Have I not said, the high contracting parties  
Agreed — and seal'd the treaty with their lips —

[*Rich. restraining an impulse of anger.*]

An hour and more should intervene, between  
That last dear parting and the auspicious time  
When the fair Helen, issuing from her chamber,  
Should make a Meneläus of her 'pa,  
And meet the Paris, Manfred, in the streets?

*Rich.* [*furiously.*]

Stop, sir! What does this language mean? to me?

*Osc.* [*shrugging his shoulders.*]

'Faith, I might answer you, my lad, in brief,  
That you may let it mean even what you please.  
But we 'll not have those pistols brought again;  
They go off much too promptly: so, I say,

It is to curb your temper that I jest.

What should I gain insulting your chaste sister,

[*Rich. winces again,*

Or jesting at your father's silver hairs?

I sacrifice my brother to spare both.

*Rich.* Well, well! But do not speak with such an air;

It seems to mock me, though you mean so well.

*Osc.* And now is the time to prove it. [*looking at his watch.*

But remember, [*laying*

*his hand on Richard's sleeve.*

It is my brother, sir, you go to meet.

Though you arrest him in his wicked purpose,

You are to use no violence; no weapons

Must be employ'd that may endanger life.

And yet — Alas! he is stronger than a lion,

And quite as brave. 'T is dreadful — but I fear

I cannot hinder you. But be humane;

It is the law of God as well as man.

*Rich.* I will defend my honor at all costs.

Let me go, Mr. Ferguson! [*bursting from him. Exit.*

*Osc.* [*after a moment's pause of great agitation.*

No, no! [*to himself. —*

*Calling aloud from the door.*

Stop, sir! Come back! this instant, or, by Heaven!

I 'll mar your purpose!

*Re-enter RICHARD.*

*Rich.* [*speaking with restrained passion.*

What 's the matter now?

*Osc. [speaking eagerly and rapidly.*

Promise me, sir, by all that you hold sacred,

You will do nothing against Manfred's life!

Swear it! no matter what may urge you! Swear it!

Swear! or you shall not quit the room this night.

*Rich. I do. Now let me go. [breaking away from him.*

*Osc. Go. But remember! [holding him by the cuff.*

Dare harm him, and [letting go.] you die, sir, by my hand!

*[Exit, precipitately, Richard.*

*Osc. 'T is over! — Ah! — [wiping his forehead.*

God! what a fearful struggle!

The death-hour must have such a pang as that. —

Now I feel better — and my heart is lighter — *[sighing.*

My brother's blood will not lie on my soul. *[shuddering.*

He will not mind his fortune, — and his name,

What 's that to one who knows his heart is honest?

I am sweating still; *[again wiping his brow.*

that minute's mental spasm

Has torn my nerves to pieces. *[Draws a chair to the*

*table, and sits down as if to breathe.*

*After a brief pause.] Let me see.*

I have bargain'd for his safety, in the event

This rude boy and himself encounter. Still,

By keeping Mattison beyond the hour,

I have given Manfred time to work his will.

If passion rule, he and his charmer fly —

Forever — for he has sworn it: this is best.

---

If caught in the street together, — that is well.  
In either case, I must come up, in time  
To jerk the wire of this good puppet Dick,  
Who does my business, which he thinks his own,  
And, like full many another passionate fool,  
Will give to scandal his young sister's name,  
And set his foot upon his father's heart, [*rising*.  
To gratify revenge, perhaps some grudge,  
Which he calls honor, but I know is — fudge!

[*Begins to put on his cloak, and*

*Scene closes.*



## SCENE II.

*The Square, as in Act III., Scene III.*

*The stage is still darker  
than in the previous representation of the scene — indicating  
the advance of the night.*

*Enter,*

*from the street that leads to Mattison's house,*

MANFRED and HELEN.

*They come forward. MANFRED has his left hand laid  
lightly on HELEN's waist, over her shawl, while  
his right holds her right hand.*

*Hel.* O go no further : it was here we parted ;

And here we were to meet — to part again.

*Manf.* And part forever ! Was it not so sworn ?

*Hel.* And part — forever !

*She hesitates an instant, then  
throws herself, in perfect abandonment of all self-restraint,  
upon his shoulder and weeps.*

*Manf.* Helen ! Mercy ! Hush !

Now I have need of all my strength, do not,

Do not unman me thus, else I prove false

To God, to honor, to myself and thee !

O, it is madness in you thus to lean

Your head upon my shoulder ! I had thought

To wrestle with my own heart solely ; yours,  
Yours too against my reason is too much.  
Let us stand simply thus, your hand in mine.  
Now hear me, Helen. I beheld the scene  
Between you and your father, [*She starts and lays her  
other hand over his, gazing in his face in  
the extremity of surprise.*

— saw it all,  
Through the half-clos'd shutter, and I vow'd to God  
Those silver hairs should be to-night a veil  
Between your beauty and my passion. [*She raises his  
hand to her lips.*

Come ;

Your father calls us, and the eyes of God  
Look from the thousand stars to keep us chaste :  
Come, while I yet can speak thus to you ! Come !

*He urges her gently on the way back,  
in the same manner (his hand around her, &c.)  
as they had entered.*

*Hel.* Yes, it is right to part. And yet ——

*Manf.* And yet? —

*They have stopped, after taking  
but a step or two ; and now HELEN again casts herself  
on MANFRED'S breast.*

*Hel.* O, I am lost to shame ! lost, lost, lost, lost !

*Manf.* Helen ! what is the matter ? Shame and you !

[*pressing her to his breast.*

*Hel.* And is 't not bitter shame, when you are cold  
And no more love me ——

*Manf.* Helen! [*in a tone of mourn-  
ful reproach.*]

*Hel.* [*without attending to the interruption.*]  
— as you did,

To own I dare not leave you? that I fear  
To be alone now with my own wild thoughts?  
O God, deliver me! the hour I have pass'd,  
In waiting for this moment, I could not  
Go through again, and live: and now, and now,  
To think we never more shall meet again,  
My heart will burst — I feel it, that it will;  
And God grant only that it may be soon!

*Manf.* [*speaking with much agitation, while he gently  
raises her head.*]

Helen! — And your poor father — that old man —  
Must he die too? You shall live, for his sake;  
And my kind cousin's cares, hers whom you love,  
And who loves you so much, shall bring again  
Peace to your innocent heart. Come, Helen, come.  
[*They move off.*]

Think of your father; it shall be — Oh God!

[*falling back, just as they have reach'd the  
mouth of the street.*]

*Hel.* [*in turn looking up the street.*]

My brother! and my father! they have quit the  
house!

*Desperately.*] Take me now where you will — my  
name is gone!

Ever and ever!

*Manf.* [catching her to his heart and kissing her.

Ever and ever! for you are my wife!

Witness it God and Angels! Now I dare

To kiss you. Helen! [looking on her anxiously.

do not faint! bear up, [untying  
the strings of her bonnet.

Yet but a little, and we shall be home. [She falls across  
his arms.

Ah! And the noise comes nearer! Thus then, thus.

Lifts her in his arms, her bonnet  
dropping to the ground, and her hair falling  
in disorder about him, and runs with her to the street at the  
left, nearest the proscenium.

Coachman! [calling aloud, into the street.

Down with your steps there! triple fare!

[Exit, kissing Hel. rapturously, as he bears  
her off in his arms.

*Enter,*

after a second or two, from the street  
at the right corner, nearest the proscenium,

OSCAR.

*Osc.* That was my brother's lungs! What, is he chas'd?

[turning his head toward the upper street on  
the same side, and listening.

The hounds were close upon him: here they come.  
I'll whip them back to kennel, — though their legs  
Would hardly overtake a coach and pair,  
Whose driver is trebly fee'd.

—  
*Enter,*

*from the street of Mattison's house,*

MARK MATTISON, RICHARD, and MEDDLEHAM.

MATTISON *and his son are without their hats or any overcoats.*

*Rich. [furiously.] Too late!*

*Matt. [despairingly.] Too late!*

*Rich. But they shall not escape me! [making for the very quarter where Manf. and Hel. had actually disappeared.]*

*Osc. [arresting him.] And which way?*

*Without your hat too!*

*Rich. [struggling with him.]*

*To the gates of Hell!*

*Osc. You 'll sooner reach it than you 'll gain on them.*

*Rich. Why do you stop me? Let go! But for you, I had been in time.*

*Osc. And but for me, I think, You never would have known of this at all.*

*[Rich. ceases to struggle.]*

*I stop you; first, because this is the way —*

*[indicating the very street he himself had come from, i. e., directly on a line, in an opposite direction, with the true one.]*

*Stay! [stopping Rich., who is about to take it.]*

*—and because, even had the way been that, You hardly would run faster than a coach, A coach too paid for as my brother pays. Besides, how could you see it in the dark?*



*Matt.* My daughter! O my daughter!

*Rich.* Since, it seems,  
You saw all this, why did you let them 'scape?

*Osc.* [*haughtily.*

Perhaps because I chose it. — But, good sir,  
Am I the Devil, or a steam-machine,  
To stop a coach that 's running, with my thumb?  
The parties too unwilling, man and maid,  
She kissing him and urging him to speed?

*Matt.* Miserable child! Lost! lost!

*Rich.* Curse on her!

*Matt.* Hush!

*Medd.* [*who has been curiously turning over Helen's hat  
with his stick.*

Whose bonnet 's this has fallen in the street?

*Matt.* Helen's! Give, give it to me! 't is my child's.

*Rich.* No! [*snatching it from Medd., and flinging it from  
him.*] Damn it! let it lie in the street, to rot,  
Or serve some strumpet's head less vile than hers!

*Osc.* [*severely, and taking Rich. by the arm.*

Young man, respect at least your parent's years,  
If you have no compassion for his woes.

*Picks up the bonnet, brushes it  
gently with his handkerchief as if to clean it of the dust,  
and hands it deprecatingly to MATTISON.*

Take it, thou good old man, nor be asham'd  
To treasure it in memory of your child.  
Perhaps too she is not so vile. This hat,  
Abandon'd thus, looks little like free will.

Though reconcil'd at last, and urging flight,  
My wicked brother must have forc'd her off.

*Matt.* God bless you, sir! the world has done you wrong.

*Medd.* Ay, and your joke-to-night did not correct it.

The next time you assume another's name,  
Pray let it be a better than your own.

You are not Manfred, and, though rough, are true,  
And, had your threats been kicks, you still should find,  
An upright heart has made amends for all.

*[shaking his hand.]*

*Osc.* I know not what you mean: but sure, the Devil

Himself might reverence these silver hairs.

But come, the night-air is not good for them;

And if we stay much longer in this place,

<sup>10</sup> So queerly rigg'd and with such troubled mien,

A mob will be upon us. See already,

Where some fool lifts a window over head.

*[looking up to one of the houses, where a head  
is now seen looking out.]*

*Rich.* But what do you propose to do? *[sulkily.]*

*Osc.* Even this:

To meet you at my uncle's house forthwith.

Manfred he loves, but never honors knaves;

And he will aid you to a prompt redress.

But first go home and cover that white head,

*[gently touching Rich.]*

And shield that body from the pitiless cold,

And put your own hat on; then, with all haste,

Go to Sir Henry's — not yourself alone,

But your ag'd father, and this worthy friend.  
All must be present. You will find me there.

RICHARD *takes his father by the arm,*  
*who, ever since he received HELEN'S hat, has*  
*been standing in a mute abstraction, gazing on it,*  
*as if he were silently weeping, and Exit with*  
*him down the street.*

Medd. [*stepping behind to shake Oscar's hand.*

Good-by till then — to meet, much better friends.

[*Exit. And the inquisitive neighbor*  
*shuts down the window.*

Osc. [*alone.*] Ay, my old cock? And yet an hour ago  
I was about to wring your neck! 'T was then,  
When I was true, though rough, because I tried  
To give you a bloody comb, your spurs were rais'd  
And your short feathers bristling round your wattles:  
Now I am really dangerous — not more false  
Saffise's fingers when they sign the cross —  
You cackle delicate as a dunghill-hen  
That has laid an egg beside a lump of chalk!  
So *fair-and-softly* wins some kindly fools,  
While others, like that boy, are devilish shrewd  
In spying out faith beneath a satyr's mask!

*Moves onward toward the street where MANFRED and HELEN*  
*made their Exeunt.*

And now to triumph, [*adjusting the collar of his cloak.*  
and end a good day's work.

*Stops a moment, and looks upward.*

“Ye stars! which are the poetry of Heaven” —

As writes some great ass — Byron, I believe —  
Though one and all, compris'd the planets seven,  
Look more like fish-scales shining through a sieve, —  
At least to me, who, by such mystic phrases,  
Am taught fire sings and human diction blazes, —  
Ye stars, beneath whose ever-twinkling eyes  
Manfred has play'd the fool, and I been wise,  
Shine on, for other lovers like my brother,  
And let their joy be still to hug each other,  
That wiser men may thence good profit draw,  
And cull the clean wheat while they thresh the straw!  
Manfred has gone with Helen to be blest.  
Amen! while, bidding you a bright unrest,

*[lifting his hat and bowing with mock  
reverence toward the sky.]*

I — but my rhymes run out! In sober prose,  
I go, to lead — my uncle by the nose.

*[Exit.]*

## SCENE III. AND THE LAST.

*Same as in Act I., Scene I.*

*The chandelier, or other lamp suspended from the ceiling, is lighted up.*

SIR HENRY *and* VINCENT.

<sup>11</sup> *Sir H.* We seem to have the parlor to ourselves!

In waiting those rude boys, and Sybil too,  
What say you, Vincent, to a game of chess?

*Vin.* With all my heart, Sir Henry; but 't would be  
Only begun, to be abandon'd soon.

With the first move, your lovely niece appears,  
And what becomes then of our rooks and knights?

*Sir. H.* True; though you held my king himself in cheek,  
I verily think you would resign the board

At the first rustle of the beauty's gown.

Why, how you blush! I sometimes half-suspect  
You really love the sprightly widow better  
Than Manfred does himself. Tut, tut! that heart

*[touching Vin. playfully on the breast.]*

Is not so sage, man, as its owner's head.

'T is well it 's honest; Manfred's else might quake.

But as for Sybil's company just now,

A carriage drove up as I pass'd the hall:

Whom it contain'd I know not, but my niece

Was summon'd by her maid, on some affair

Of private nature. Doubtless 't is a visit



For some beneficent object, where her name  
Stands always foremost.

*Vin.* As an angel's should.

The odor of good deeds is carried far.  
Despite of secrecy, each act takes wind,  
And thousands rush to gather from the tree  
Celestial, that in human garden blooms, —  
Perennial growth! but planted wide between.

*Sir. H.* Bravo! that poetry and panegyric  
Shall take wind too, like Charity's own flower,  
And bear its odors to the "angel's" ear.

*Vin.* For Heaven's sake, no, Sir Henry! She mocks ever  
My best-turn'd compliments, and calls them dull.

*Sir H.* You silly fellow! 't is because they please.  
You 're a rare judge of women! Is he not? [*turning  
round, as he hears the door open.*]

*Enter OSCAR.*

Oh! [*as if he had expected some one else.*]

— Where the deuse, fair nephew, have you been?

*Osc.* [*looking significantly, but without impertinence, at Vin.*]

To see how courage well becomes a sage,  
To find even fools grow wise when madmen rage,  
To feel how easily the headstrong fall,  
And learn one meddler may confound them all.

*Sir. H.* Oracular quite! But please, sir, to explain  
The riddle of these Delphic rhymes.

*Osc.* Not while  
So rare a secret-fathomer stands here.

\*Try his long plummet, uncle.

*Sir. H.* What is this? [*looking from one to the other in amazement.*]

What means this madcap, Mr. Vincent? Say.

*Vin.* Pardon me, sir, I cannot gloss a muse  
I find so seldom friendly, as is his.

*Osc.* And yet you might, for on my honor, sir,  
I spoke a compliment, and meant it too.

But [*shrugging his shoulders.*] — as you like.

*A murmur of voices heard at the door by which OSCAR had entered. It is then thrown open suddenly.*

*Sir. H.* What novel guests are these?

*Rich.* [*speaking without, while Meddleham is seen coming in.*]

We stand in need of no announcement here:

*Enter,*

*after MEDDLEHAM, MATTISON, — RICHARD supporting him by the arm, and still speaking.*

We come for justice.

*Medd.* Justice.

*Matt.* And my child.

*Instantly, as the words are said,*

*Enter,*

*from the opposite side, HELEN, between MANFRED and SYBIL, who have, each of them, a hand of hers, while SYBIL'S is also round her waist. HELEN'S hair is modestly arranged. She has no shawl, but is otherwise in the dress in which she met MANFRED.*

*The whole company present are thrown into agitation. SIR HENRY looks confounded ; VINCENT surprised, yet anxious ; OSCAR seems crest-fallen, MEDDLEHAM perplexed, while MATTISON stretches out his arms to his daughter, who makes toward him, and RICHARD seems unable to move, between purposed revenge and amazement at the strange turn matters seem to have taken. VINCENT, however, moves near to him, as if to prevent difficulty.*

*Hel. [rushing into her father's arms.*

*Father !*

*Matt. [tenderly, yet holding her off, while he gazes inquiringly in her face.*

*My child !*

*Rich. [vehemently to Manfred.*

*Explain, sir.*

*Manf. [calmly, and with a slight gesture, turning the palm of his hand toward him, as if to wave him back.*

*In a moment.*

*Rich. [with increased vehemence.*

*I claim redress.*

*Matt. [holding Helen in his arms, as she hangs upon his shoulder.*

*I ask but for my child.*

*Manf. [moving toward Mattison.*

*Both shall be answer'd. But I claim my wife.*

*A new movement in the company.*

VINCENT seems surprised, but still more  
sad; SYBIL goes up to SIR HENRY, takes his  
hand, and appears to intercede and expostulate with  
him; OSCAR seems to restrain a movement of despair; MED-  
DLEHAM goes up nearer to MANFRED, contemplating him  
with interest; RICHARD stands irresolute and  
half-incredulous, looking from HELEN to  
MANFRED attentively, while MATTISON  
starts from HELEN'S embrace.

*Sir H.* Ah!

*Vin.* Fatal rashness!

*Matt.* Heavens! — Helen! — Speak!<sup>12</sup>  
[holding her from him, and gazing on her,  
and from her to  
Manfred.

*Manf.* [smiling.

Speak, Helen; and now say, — whose claim is best?  
*He spreads out his hands to her,*  
and HELEN, for answer, rushes into his arms and  
*he folds her to his breast.*

Yes, sir, [extending his left hand to Rich., his right  
being still round Hel.

I carried off your sister: 't was,  
As I repeat, to make her truly mine. [*Rich. touches*  
*his hand, but coldly.*

You, sir,

[to Matt.

Ask'd but your child, and you have twice your wish;

For are you not my father too, as hers?

*[Releasing Helen, he gives his hand to the old man,  
who presses it in both of his with great emotion.]*

*Matt.* How could I doubt you?

*Medd.* And the world speaks true.

*[following, with evident admiration, Manf., as  
the latter walks up, diffidently, to his uncle.]*

*Manf.* Uncle, forgive me; you alone I have wrong'd.

*Sir H.* Unhappy boy! 't is not of me alone,  
Whose hopes you have so cruelly deceiv'd,  
You have to ask forgiveness, but yourself.  
This girl, though lovely, and, I doubt not, good,  
Is not your match, in birth nor in estate.

*Medd.* Pardon, Sir Henry; but she is, in both.

*Sir H.* Sir! Who are you, pray?

*Medd.* I 'm Ralph Meddleham.

They spell me Meddle-ham; but people say  
Middleum always, and I say so too.

*During the dialogue between*

SIR HENRY and MANFRED, HELEN,  
*at SYBIL'S motion, has led her up to her  
father, and an introduction takes place in  
dumb show, with marks of great cordiality on both  
sides. Then SYBIL, with her own hands, draws an armchair  
near the old man, and would have him sit in it, but  
he declines with a firm and somewhat lofty air;  
and, with her on one side and HELEN on  
the other, stands and listens, with  
the rest of the company, to  
what follows.*



<sup>13</sup> *Sir H.* Middleum? — Ah! [*seeming to recall something, and looking attentively at Medd.*]

*Medd.* Your eldest brother —

*Sir H.* Well!

*Medd.* Marry'd a lady of the name of Calvert.

She was the daughter of my father's niece.

*Sir H.* [*extending his hand frankly.*]

Sir, you are welcome. Though we are not kin,  
I lov'd my brother, and am glad to see  
The cousin of his wife.

*Medd.* [*shaking his hand.*] 'T is kindly said.

Manfred, you are my cousin twice remov'd,  
Yet are more near, by all that I have heard,  
And which this night confirms, near to my heart  
Than brothers to each other always are.

Give me your honest hand. And your hand too:

[*to Oscar, with whom however he shakes  
hands less cordially.*]

'T is better thus than kicks and broken bones.

*Osc.* Much; but a jolly way that was of yours,  
Tumbling into acquaintance on one's back!

[*Sir H. and Manf. exchange momentary  
looks of slight surprise.*]

*Sir. H.* Pardon me, that I venture to remind you  
Of your first theme. What has all this to do  
With the young lady Manfred would espouse?

*Medd.* The same blood, that has mixed with yours in his,  
Has mingled with Mark Mattison's in hers:  
Her grand-aunt was my mother. Pretty Helen,

Have you no welcome for your father's cousin ?

*approaching her, she advancing to him.*

*And the group, following MEDDLEHAM, is thus made to gather about MATTISON. MEDDLEHAM takes*

*HELEN's hand, and puts a hand upon her head admiringly and affectionately.*

Sir Henry, I have no one in the world

To love as kin, save those I have round me now ;

And I am very rich, — so people say.

Where shall I then find heirs, if 't is not here ?

Thus much for Helen's wealth. As for her birth,

To-morrow cousin Mark will make it clear

That falleu fortune is but fall'n estate,

And that his cradle was such wood as yours.

*Sir H.* Manfred, though Helen had been lowly born,

And poor as lowly, I had learn'd in time

To grow contented, happy that my boy

Had not forgot his honor in his love,

Nor made a wreck of innocence for pride.

But now the world too must approve your choice ;

And since you wish it, be it so, my son.

*OSCAR moving upward, and consequently apart from the group, seems to suffer an emotion of pain.*

Yet, well you know, my heart was set elsewhere.

*Manf.* Then let me, for that heart's sake as for mine,

Beg for another your best interest here.

*Taking SYBIL's hand, just as she turns away, and reaching with his other hand to VINCENT, and leading him down.*

Who in this world is worthy Sybil's love,

But Vincent, my true friend?

*Sir H.* And next yourself,  
[*Oscar returns, with fresh interest, and  
listens anxiously.*

Whom would I sooner gift with such a prize?

[*looking inquiringly to Sybil, who betrays  
emotion and confusion.*

*Vin.* With such a sanction — might I [*agitated and em-  
barrassed.*] — dare aspire? —

*Syb.* Sir! — [*Then, shaking off all embarrassment by a sud-  
den effort, and placing her hand with a  
noble frankness and sweet dignity  
in Vincent's.*

'T is to stoop to such a heart and hand.

A man of Mr. Vincent's matchless faith  
Might dare aspire to win an empress' love.

VINCENT *presses her hand to his heart  
and lips.* The company gather round them, and they  
are parted, MANFRED taking VINCENT's hand, while OSCAR,  
beyond the circle, clasps his hands passionately  
together, and bites his lips.

*Manf.* [*in an under tone to Vin.*

And did win Sybil Vernon's long ago.

*Vin.* Ah! [*looking earnestly at Manf.*

*He then, turning round, and seeing the  
company engaged in mutual congratulation and  
introductions of the strangers to one another, &c., &c  
draws MANFRED aside, or down the scene,  
close to the footlights.*

Tell me, frankly, was it for my sake,

Dear Manfred, you were cold to Sybil's charms?

*Manf.* Why, man, you lov'd her: where was need of two?

*Vin.* How could I be so blind? You generous soul!

*[pressing both his hands.*

*Manf.* You would not have me be outdone by you!

Yours was the lesson.

*Vin.* And you learn'd it well.

*They rejoin the rest, where SIR HENRY  
has just placed old MATTISON in the chair he had before  
refused. VINCENT takes SYBIL's hand with a  
movement of gratitude and deep affection.*

*Hel.* Now I am happier. *[to Sybil.*

*Syb.* *[smiling.]* What! and was there room?

*Enter SAFFISE,*

*with muff, shawl, and hat, dressed coquettishly,  
but according to her station. OSCAR, observing her first,  
darts forward to remove her.*

*Sir H.* *[attracted by the movement.*

What 's this?

*Hel.* Saffise! *[in astonishment, exchanging  
looks with her father and brother, while, by  
pressing nearer to Manf., she seems also  
to fear.*

*Osc.* Begone!

*Saff.* Not till I 'm heard.

*Sir H.* What is the matter?

*Osc.* 'T is a silly girl ——

*Saff.* Silly in trusting to a heartless villain, —

But not so silly as to kiss the rod

When she has strength to give back blow for blow —

As you shall find! [*poising herself on her toes, and gesticulating as on a former occasion.*]

*Osc.* [*affecting wonder and commiseration.*]

The creature 's mad! — Come out!

[*seizes her by the arm.*]

*Medd.* [*interfering.*]

Mad? *Irish* mad then: she seems far more angry.

*Saff.* That is it, sir: I 'm in a furious rage! [*clenching her fist (but without raising the arm) with ludicrous passion.*]

You are Sir Henry Ferguson, I think;

[*moving up to Sir H.*]

You will not shut your ears to me, nor suffer

This dirty wretch, because he is your nephew,

To abuse me — and yourself — and Helen there —

And ——

*Osc.* [*menacing.*]

Devil! will you hold your tongue?

*Rich.* [*eagerly approaching Saff.*] Speak on!

*Sir H.* Oscar, stand back; and you, young sir, have patience.

I am the one address'd: permit me then.

My girl, if you have anything to say,

Follow me to a fitter place. This way. [*indicating to her to follow him out.*]

*Saff.* No sir, this is the fittest place. 'T is here,



Where it so happens that I see around me  
All that are most concern'd to know this truth,  
That I shall tell it. Learn, your nephew there,  
That Oscar! has been seeking, by my help,  
To undermine his truer-hearted brother  
In your esteem, and ruin that young girl,  
Who, I had thought, by this time would have been  
In a different house from this. —

*Rich.* By Heaven!—

*[making a step toward Oscar.]*

*Matt.* Richard!

Remember where you are, my son.

*Osc.* Sir Henry,

This is some villain's plot; the girl is hired.

You will not suffer such a hussy —

*Saff.* Hussy!

And who has made me so? I am none but yours.

The plot is yours, the villain is yourself;

And for the hire, it was to hold my tongue.

You had better hold your own; those ugly names,

That save your brother, lose you an estate.

Sir Henry, I am come to face this shame,

Although it is more dreadful than I fear'd,

For some are here that never thought me bad.

*[with a moment's glance at the Mattisons.]*

*Then, casting down her eyes.*

I am his mistress. Let the horrid pain,

Of owning it in the ears of such as these,

Make some atonement for my being such.

This very afternoon, did he induce me  
To inveigle that young girl into my rooms,  
Whither he was to make his brother come,  
And did, that Helen's weakness might be ——

*Manf.* [*sternly.*] Hush!

Uncle, let her not say another word.

*Rich.* She has said enough: I have proof of it. Come out.

[*to Osc., touching him smartly on the arm, as  
he passes him on his way to the door.*]

*Manf.* [*arresting Rich.*]

Mattison — Richard — brother! For my sake,  
Whom doubtless you have thought too harshly of, —  
For Helen's — for your father's! ——

*Vin.* And for mine.

[*gravely.*]

Young man, you owe me some amends, for words  
Spoken injuriously, you well know where.

Make them, by letting your own wrongs go by.

*Matt.* Richard, — I do command you! [*Rich. hesitates.*]

*Syb.* And I, sir,

If you will let me, I — entreat you.

*She takes him by the fingers, and leads him, scarce resisting,  
to his father's chair.*

*Osc.* [*who has watched the whole proceeding with  
his arms folded.*]

Oh!

Good people, this was pains superfluous:

I will not harm the lad.

*Rich.* [*endeavoring to escape.*] It is too much!

*Matt.* [*who holds him by the wrist.*

The greater merit then in your endurance.

Stand still, my son.

*Sir H.* Obey your parent, sir;

And I, at least, will own you are a man.

*He lays his hand flatteringly on RICHARD'S shoulder, who bows, and resists no longer.*

*Medd.* 'T is your first step in wisdom, — and well planted.

I like you better now than I had hop'd. [*shaking Richard's hand.*

*Osc.* Well, I am glad the gentleman has gain'd  
Something at least he never had before.

I shall not put to test his new discretion.

*Sir H.* Silence! for shame at least. [*severely.*

*Osc.* [*without in the least regarding his uncle's interruption.*

The more so too,

That I have similar matter on my hands,

And much more weighty. You will not forget?

[*significantly to Vincent.*

*Manf.* [*rapidly, and preventing Vincent from replying.*

Ah! I remember. Brother, it would seem,

You have done, or sought to do me, grievous wrong;

Why I know not, nor do I ask to know.

If you would have me to forgive you —

*Osc.* [*haughtily.*] First,

Wait till I ask you.

*Manf.* As a favor then,

Do not pursue this silly quarrel further.

And you, my friend [*to Vin.*] — But I am sure of you.

*Osc.* [*carelessly.*

Well, I am no wise anxious for the sport.

I have tried his mettle, and he well knows mine :

If he have no wish to pursue it further? —

*Vin.* [*coldly.*

It never was a quarrel of my seeking.

*Osc.* Then we are quits. — And now for Texas. *Saff,*  
[*gaily.*

What say you? will you thither?

*Saff.* But you jest?

*Osc.* Jest? Not a whit of it! Plainly, will you come?

*Saff.* [*after looking at him steadily for a moment.*

I will. [*Gives her hand boldly to Osc. to lead her out.*

*The company evince extreme surprise,  
mixed with pain.*

*Manf.* [*going up to her anxiously.*

You cannot mean it!

*Sir H.* Are you mad?

*Saff.* No, sir; not now, no more than I was then.

I know your nephew, and he knows me — well.

He dares not touch me.

*Osc.* And he has no wish —

At least in a hostile way. I' faith, you puss!

I like you all the better for your claws.

We shall make our fortunes still. Who knows? perhaps

Some day may see me in the Governor's chair!

And when I am, you vixen, I may make

Saffise perhaps my —— [*pausing. The company start. Hel. even moves a step toward him, and Saffise herself, with evident emotion, grasps his arm.*]

— Secretary of State.

*Hel.* [*timidly.*]

Saffise,— do stay ; and be to me a —— [*attempting to take her hand.*]

*Saff.* [*roughly.*] What?

A foil to the splendor which I see awaits you?

No ! never again in this accursed town

Will I set foot. Don't touch me ! [*stamping, and drawing back.*]

for I hate you !

*Hel.* [*still timidly, yet sadly.*]

Hate me, Saffise ? I never did you wrong.

*Saff.* [*fiercely.*]

And are you not then happy ? [*Hel. falls back, in amazement, upon Syb. and Manf., who have approached to remove her from Saff.*]

*Manf.* Come away : [*gently to Hel., and in a low tone.*]

She will not understand you.

*Saff.* Ah ! too well.

But — pity ! and from her ! ——

[*With a broken utterance.*] Sir — Mr. Ferguson — [*pauses, casting down her eyes.*]

*Manf.* [*gently.*] Say then : can I do aught for you, my girl ?



*Saff.* [*her whole manner altered — her voice dejected — and her eyes still cast down.*]

Will you permit me, sir — to — touch your hand? —  
If you will take the hand of — one like me.

MANFRED *secretly slides a purse of money into his hand ere he extends it to her, which he does frankly, and with an air of great compassion, and even consideration.*

*Manf.* Why not? [*in a mild, low tone.*]

I never scorn the unfortunate.

*Saff.* Then,  
Heaven bless you! [*raising his hand passionately to her lips.*]

But not this. [*offering back the purse.*]  
— And yet [*hesitating.*]  
— and yet —

It may be well to have it with me too:  
An amulet, more precious than my cross,  
'T will be to this bad bosom, — and perhaps,  
To have it there, my heart will beat the happier.

[*Kisses it and puts it into her bosom.*]  
Perchance a day may come too, when this gold  
May save the Creole from — a natural fate,  
And a deserv'd one you may think. Farewell!

[*with much emotion.*]

*Osc.* [*who has made one or two impatient turns while she has been addressing Manf., and at last faced her with a sarcastic look.*]

Well play'd, Melpomenè! — Good people, all,

*[bowing with his hat around the assembly.]*

Farewell! *[mimicking Saffise's heart-broken tone.]*

*Turns to Manf.* With my share, added to your own,

Of uncle's leavings, brother, you 'll be rich.

Pray don't forget the Muses, — nor to add

( In your next acquisitions in the Arts),

In honor of your studies in the Square,

Cupid and Psyche to your classic groups.

*Sir H.* *[who has been regarding him with more and more indignation.]*

Or say, have Power to cut him Satan, sneering  
Over the joy of Adam with his Eve.

*Osc.* *[bowing to Sir H.]*

Adam had no fool-uncle, I believe.

*[Exit, with Saff.]*

*Sir H.* Miserable boy!

*Manf.* *[rushing after them.]*

O, do not let them go!

Oscar! *[calling after him.]*

*Sir H.* *[stopping Manf. and pressing his hand.]*

'T is better as it is, my son.

Is it not, Mr. Vincent?

*Vin.* Yes, for both.

Even could Oscar face his friend again,

Manfred would grieve, conceiving in his brother

A self-remorse perhaps he never felt.

*MANFRED moves pensively to HELEN, who is by her father's side, and takes her hand.*

*Matt.* And you, my daughter, what have you escap'd!

A nature so perverted as that girl's!

Not wholly bad; but even its virtues such,

As to make dangerous her will to evil:

'T was perilous such a contact, even for once!

*Hel.* [*humbly.*] Thank God then, I am no more in its reach:

It is my fortune, more than my desert.

*Matt.* Nay, not so, Helen; for that were to say,

That innocence cries up to Heaven in vain.

Who should be heard there, if not you? Kneel down.

I blest you when your heart was breaking; now

That you are happiest of all womankind,

God keep you blest, my good, my tender child!

*Manf.* And have you not a blessing too for me,

My father? [*bowing his head before the old man.*]

*Matt.* [*laying his hand upon Manfred's head.*]

Thou art blest already, son.

Thou noble Manfred! to a man like thee

What dower can equal such a heart as hers!

Pure thou hast kept her; pure she will remain;

For men like thee stain not the thing they love,

And even their joys have still some smack of Heaven.

*Vin.* 'T is truly spoke!

*Syb.* And Manfred's virtuous soul

Has earn'd its joy by conquest over self.

*Manf.* Praise my will only; here lay all my power.

[*placing his hand reverentially on the old man's*

*locks. All but Helen look surprised.*]

Yes, when you learn the story of my strife

With lust and pride, and how I won my wife,  
The conquest, you will find I rightly said,  
Was owing all to this dear SILVER HEAD.

*As he speaks this, MANFRED, being  
on the old man's right, has one hand  
gently laid on his venerable locks, while the  
other, his right, is in MATTISON'S right hand ;  
HELEN, now risen, is on her father's left, and in the  
same attitude, saving that she presses the old man's hair  
to her lips, gathering up a cluster of the silver locks  
from his shoulder. The company, on either side  
of this principal group, are arranged ac-  
cording to the nearness of their inter-  
ests in either MANFRED or HELEN.*

*The Curtain falls  
upon the picture.*

---

# NOTES





NOTES  
TO  
THE SILVER HEAD

---

1.—P. 10. *Quiting* — ] 'The compositor having doubled the *t* in this word, supposing it an error of *copy*, it occurs to me that it may be well to observe I mean the *i* should be pronounced long; *quiting* of *Quite*, not *quitting* of *Quit*. They are the same word. And there is no reason why there should not be *Quite* as well as *Re-quite*, in the sense in which they are synonymous, if it be only for the uses of the poet, and to keep it in this usage distinct from *Quit*. It will be found again in the *Double Deceit*, Act IV., Sc. 2. — Chaucer so wrote and sounded the word.

“ And she that helmed was in starke stoures,  
And wan by force tounes stronge and toures,  
Shal on hire hed now were a vitremite:  
And she that bare the sceptre ful of floures,  
Shal bere a distaf hire cost for to *quite*.”

*The Monkes Tale.*

(C. T. ed. TYRWHITT. cr. 8vo. Lond. 1830. V. III. p. 172.)

“ Ye gon to Canterbury; God you spede,  
The blisful martyr *quite* you your mede.”

*Prol. to C. T. ib. I. p. 31.*

“ I can a noble tale for the nones.

With which I wol now *quite* the knightes tale.”

*The Milleres Prologue. ib. II. b. 1*

And just before, on the same page, we have *quiten* :

“Now telleth ye, sire Monk, if that ye conne,  
Somewhat, to quiten with [*wherewith to quite*] the knightes tale.”

I find also in one of my dictionaries a marginal reference to *The Old Law*, Act II., Sc. 2; but I cannot now verify the citation.

In the mouth of *Manfred*, “quite” for “requite” is not an improbable expression, while “quit,” in the same sense, would be both affected and unnatural. But the Actor may read *quitting*, if he will.

2.—P. 12. — *or left* —] That is, the *right*, as the audience sits. — And so, throughout these volumes; *right* and *left* being always in reference to the Actor’s position, as he faces the assemblage.

Further, I may here observe, for those unfamiliar with the phraseology of the theatre, that *up* or *upward* in the stage-directions means backward from the audience, while *down* or *downward* is towards the audience. — This also, throughout the volumes.

3.—P. 49. *Why this is capital!* etc.] The stress of the voice in *Manfred’s* part is on “is”:

“Why this is capital! M. What *is’* so? O. This —”

If it be laid on “What,” where it would fall more naturally, though not so elegantly, *Oscar’s* part must begin “*Why* this”:

“Why this is capital! M. What’ is so? O. Why, this —”

4.—P. 54. *Most strange indeed, a man so keenly quick* —] For the Stage, “Very strange, a man, *etc.*”; which, though slightly defective in metre, is the proper reading, and in fact the original one.

5.—P. 57. He touches Saffise on the shoulder, *etc., etc.*] This pantomime takes place while *Manfred* and *Helen* are conversing, but is very brief.

6.—P. 71. *Whether the book —*] For the Stage, omit from here to “and.”

7.—P. 72. *Bless her —*] From here, five verses to be omitted.

8.—P. 75. *Whose delicate freshness, etc.*] Omit this verse.

9.—P. 75. *And yet —*] Omit all of the soliloquy after these words.

10.—P. 110. *So queerly, etc.*] Omit this line.

11.—P. 113. *Sir H. etc.*] Omit ten verses, commencing “Why, how you blush!”

12.—P. 117. *Sir H. Ah! Vin. Fatal rashness! Matt. Heavens! —Helen! —Speak!*] These three parts (*Sir H.*, *Vin.*, and *Matt.*) are spoken nearly simultaneously, and instantly after *Manfred's* “I claim my wife.”

13.—P. 119. *Middleum, etc., to Her grandaunt was, etc.*] In the original MS. is the following reading for these nineteen verses. But that of the text is preferable. The choice is with the Theatre.

*Sir H.* Middleum — Ah! [*seeming to recollect something, and looking earnestly on Medd.*]

*Medd.* Your eldest brother's daughter —

*Sir H.* Elop'd with a young fellow of that name —

*Medd.* Who was an honest fellow not the less,

Being the Ralph, but no more young, before you.

[*Oscar moves nearer to the group, and shows great interest.*]

*Sir II.* You are my niece's husband, then?

*Medd.* I was;

But not so poor a man, nor yet so mean,

As to be anxious to assert the tie.

*Sir II.* Tut! you mistake: you are most heartily welcome.

[*extending his hand.*

You may believe me, for I boast to be

Frank as your cousin Manfred who stands here.

*Medd.* Now, that is kind. [*shaking Sir II.'s hand cordially.*

And, cousin, your hand too. [*to Manf.*

'T is better this [*to Osc., with a similar action, but less hearty.*  
than kicks and broken bones.

*Osc. Mneh.* But a jolly way that was of yours,

To pounce into acquaintance on one's back.

[*Sir II. and Manf. exchange looks of slight surprise.*

*Sir II.* And there 's another cousin still of yours. [*indicating*  
*Sybil with a nod.*

But first, what has this all to do with Helen?

*SYBIL coming forward gives her hand frankly*  
*to MEDD., who takes it cordially and with marked*  
*admiration and surprise.*

*Medd.* A cousin this, worth traveling far to see.

*Syb.* [*smiling.*] That by and by: pray speak of Helen now.

*Medd.* Who is to me much nearer than you all;

For the same blood runs in the veins of both.

Her grandaunt was, *etc.*

---



THE DOUBLE DECEIT

OR

THE HUSBAND-LOVERS'

MDCCCLVI

## CHARACTERS, ETC.

FRANCESCO FOSCARI, *Doge of Venice.*

MARCO FOSCARI, *his brother, Procurator of St. Mark.*

ALOÏSE<sup>2</sup> FOSCARI, *Marco's son.*

ANSELMO BARBADICO, }  
GIROLAMO BEMBO, } *Venetian gentlemen.*  
GIOVANNI MORO, }

PIETRO LOREDANO, *Admiral of the Venetian fleet.*

STEFANO MOCENIGO, *of the Council of Ten.*

DOMENICO MARIPETRO, *a "Signor of the Night."*

*A CAPTAIN of the "Signors of the Night."*

*His* LIEUTENANT.

*A* CHAPLAIN.

*His* brother-PRIEST.

*Two* SURGEONS.

*A* GONDOLIER.

ISOTTA, *wife of Anselmo.*

LUTIA, *wife of Girolamo.*

GISMONDA, *a young and noble widow, daughter of Giovanni Moro.*

CASSANDRA, *Isotta's maid.*

GIOVANNA, *Lutia's maid.*

GIULIETTA, *Gismonda's maid.*

*An* OLD WOMAN.

### *Mute Personages*

*Members of the COUNCIL OF 'TEN. — SIX COUNSELORS of the Doge; Members of the CRIMINAL QUARANTI'A; and other bodies forming the COLLEGE.*

*A* LAYBROTHER. — SBIRRI (archers of the day and night police).

*A* JAILER.

---

SCENE. *Venice, in the middle of the 15th century.*

# THE DOUBLE DECEIT

---

## ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I. *A garden. Across the scene, a low hedge of twisted reeds, dividing it into two.*

*Enter,*  
*quickly, from the right (in the foreground),*

ISOTTA.

*She trips along the hedge, and looking over it to the right, claps her hands.*

*Isot.* Come, Lutia! come, duck! now our bears are gone. —  
*To herself.*] Little she dreams what sport is in the  
wind!

*Enter LUTIA,*  
*also from the right, but on the other*  
*side of the hedge.*

*Lut.* [*kissing her.*]

What wast thou saying, Isotta mine?

*Isot.* O what?

The old prayer, surely; that the Lord would please  
Convert the un-Christian hearts of our two lords, —  
Or break them — since thou, Lutia dear, and I  
Have too much heart to do it — as we might.

*Lut.* Yes, as we might.

*Isot.* Ah! say'st thou? Now, I wonder  
If with like cause. — But is it not a shame,  
We foster-sisters, and dear-loving friends,  
Should have our bodies parted — not our souls —  
By house-walls, or a garden-hedge as now,  
Because, forsooth! in John Soranza's time, —  
Or my own ancestor's, for aught I know,  
Doge Gradenigo, — our good lords' bad foresires,  
Having less brains than mettle, and strong hands,  
Chose to break one another's heads.

*Lut.* So we,  
Poor innocent girls, who married their descendants,  
Must live two years close neighbors, and not see  
The inside of each other's homes!

*Isot.* What if  
Our lords reserv'd that privilege for themselves?

*Lut.* Of seeing each other's houses?

*Isot.* Ay. I know  
Of one at least who is so curious.

*Lut.* I  
As well.

*Isot.* Thou? Talk'st thou thus again? But come!  
Leap thou thy neighbor's hedge: Cassandra keeps  
Excellent watch at home.

LUTIA, *bringing a footstool to the side of the hedge, steps over  
it with the assistance of* ISOTTA.

So. — [*They embrace and  
come forward.*]

Did she not,  
My spouse would think this trespass nought to one  
That I might tell him of, had I a mind.

*Lut.* And so might mine, change but the side o' the hedge —  
Had I a mind.

*Isot.* Hadst thou a mind? Indeed!  
Why what has thou to plain of, gentle dove?

*Lut.* As much as thou 't may be, if not the same.

*Isot.* Well, to the proof. Thou 'lt sorely be surpris'd,  
Angry perhaps at first.

*Lut.* And so wilt thou.

*Isot.* But then thou 'lt laugh, I think.

*Lut.* And so wilt thou.

*Isot.* Thy lord —

*Lut.* Thy lord —

*Isot.* Giro'lamo —

*Lut.* Anselmo —

*Isot.* Has. —

*Lut.* Has —

*Isot.* Made love to me.

*Lut.* Made love to me.

*Isot.* Thou jest'st. My lord, the haughty and severe! —



*Lut.* Messer Anselmo Barbadico —

*Isot.* Has! —

*Lut.* Made love, not haughty nor severe, to me.

*ISOTTA* looks at her for a moment confounded,  
then bursts into a peal of laughter.

*Isot.* Why, Lutia darling, this is double sport!

I came to make thee laugh and cry at once  
At thy lord's impudence; and now, behold,  
I freeze and thaw in turn, to hear of mine!  
The Devil is in the men!

*Lut.* Perhaps they think  
The Devil 's in us.

*Isot.* That well may be for me.  
The gay and gallant hairbrain'd cavalier,  
Messer Girolamo, hopes to find sure game  
In such another rattle as himself.  
But what does grave Anselmo see to doubt  
In such a sober, gentle thing as thou?

*Lut.* He takes me for still water like himself.

*Isot.* But if he has mistaken thy depth, my dear,  
We have sounded his: and that we 'll show anon.  
Now, were we like some Venice fair I know,  
Our lords might suffer somewhat, might they not?

*Lut.* Now, Heaven forbid! That were to prove ourselves  
Worthy the wrong they do us, or would do.  
No, my Isotta, let us shame these men  
By showing we are above them.

*Isot.* So I mean.

But we will punish too. What! when they smite

One of our cheeks, and we, as Christ bids, turn  
The other to them also, shall we not  
Show by the redness where the blow was given?  
We will, and call like color into theirs.

*Lut.* But not

By striking.

*Isot.* Only a love-pat. But first ——  
How long since my insatiate lord devoured  
With ogre eyes thy beauty? Did he more?

*Lut.* With ogling eyes, thou mean'st. He did no more.  
And 't was enough to do, for two whole weeks,  
In street, and church, casino, and where not.

*Isot.* For two whole weeks! Thou lowly, shrinking violet!  
I knew my queenly roses were more priz'd.  
For one whole month thy more judicious master  
Has tried to bring them nearer to his eyes.

*Lut.* How know'st thou that?

*Isot.* By trying, simple lady:  
As thou didst, I suppose. At first, surprise  
Made me distrust the Signor Bembo's eyes.  
But seeing them shine, and with no devious ray,  
Upon his neighbor's garden, day by day,  
I fear'd the truth, and so, to probe my fear,  
Stoop'd once my delicate flower-stalk more near.  
In other words, one morn, when full of fun,  
I look'd askance, and lo! the work was done.  
Was it not so with thee?

*Lut.* In reason, yes;  
Although I cannot answer thee in rhyme.

I saw and doubted ; doubting then, I saw.  
Shock'd and alarm'd, in mischief half, half fright,  
I sidelong look'd as thou ——

*Isot.* And saw the light.

Ha, ha! — And thus it is that men decide!  
Curious to know, or vain to mark, our power,  
We give some day one moment's answering look  
To all the thousand we receive. At once,  
Fired with the hope of conquest, the gallant,  
Who never asks himself if our self-love  
Or his attractions move us, lays close siege  
And calls us to surrender. Yet men say,  
We are the vainer!

*Lut.* And I think we are.

At least they are the honester. Besiege  
Or storm, their war is still in earnest. We  
Fight often without object, come to terms,  
Or parley but to make a safe retreat.  
And, if 't be gain'd by treachery, we laugh.

*Isot.* So will we now, and they shall be asham'd.  
Help me, dear Lutia, to some rare device  
Shall prove we are the better.

*Lut.* First 't were well  
To make sure of their purposes.

*Isot.* Thou doubt'st,  
Thou jealous pate! Girolamo should prefer  
My livelier graces to thy sober charms,  
Yet scruplest not to think those sober charms  
Have caught Anselmo's fancy! Fie, oh fie!

That 's vanity, that 's prejudice, that 's to see  
With purblind vision.

*Lut.* Better so to see,  
Than see with eyes that magnify, or give  
False colors or distorted forms to things.  
What can we know? This courtship of the eyes  
May be but idleness, caprice at most,  
Or masculine vanity: perhaps to try  
Our virtue. 'T is so very odd that both  
Should at one time conceive the same designs!

*Isot.* But quite as odd at least, that two sworn foes  
Should league together to try each other's wives.  
And that each for his separate self should tempt  
His enemy's but to ascertain her worth—  
Poh! that 's too generous: Cato's days are past,  
Though borrowing wives is full as rife as ever.  
As for mere vanity, or idle whim,  
We soon shall see that. Wilt thou give them play?

*Lut.* Encourage them? Fie, Isotta!

*Isot.* Wherefore, fie?

Is not Anselmo dear to me, as is  
Girolamo to thee? Or deem'st thou haply,  
I have designs? I were more secret then.

*Lut.* No, no, that is nonsense! I but mean  
We stain our reputations, seeming even  
To countenance their folly. I regret  
To have gone so far as now.

*Isot.* So do not I!

How should we find them out? And that we will;

And make them blush in the bargain.

*Lut.* At the cost  
Of our own deeper blushes, and the risk  
Of terrible results.

*Isot.* Now that *is* nonsense.  
Why, silly child! is not our secret one?  
And will not the disclosure be? The most  
To dread is our lords' anger. That we 'll risk.  
The game is worth it. Who shall say? perhaps  
Our plot may end with making two sworn foes  
Fast friends.

*Lut.* Ah, might that be!

*Isot.* If then  
'T were Christian to effect it, 't is our part  
As Christians to attempt it.

*Lut.* Reason good,  
But not the true one.

*Isot.* Not for me. I own  
I am just so naughty — mind thou, nothing more!  
To like this mischief for itself. 'T will be  
The rarest fishing! thou with thy soft looks  
To hook the mullet Barbadico, I  
With craftier angling catch that nimble trout  
Girolamo.

*Lut.* And when they 're brought to land?

*Isot.* Why then — we 'll roast them.

*Lut.* 'Faith, there 'll be a stew!

*Isot.* Go get thy lines in order.

*Lut.* What to do?



*Isot.* Do even as Nature prompts thee: need'st thou ask?  
But let us join our maidens in the work.

*Lut.* Gladly; 't will be new evidence.

*Isot.* [*looking off the scene to  
the right.*

But see!

The signal waves. My bear is coming home.

[*Embracing, helps Lut. over the hedge.*

Remember now, be bold. We 'll try whose spouse  
Will make the best gallant.

*Lut.* I 'll wager, mine.

*Isot.* I, mine, so thou wilt lure him. Ply thine eyes,  
In street or room, in playhouse or at mass. [*Lutia  
going; Isot., also going on her side,  
shaking her fist.*

O signor mine! I 'll make thee such an ass!

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The Piazzetta, or smaller Square of St. Mark.*

*On one side, the Ducal Palace, with the Church of St. Mark adjoining. On the other the "Procuratie" (official apartments of the "Procurators of St. Mark"). Opposite the Church, the Bell-Tower. In the background are seen the two Columns, with their statues, one of St. Mark, the other of St. Theodore. — Near the columns a group of women. Persons of various classes are walking about. And on the "Broglia" (noblemen's walk on the Palace side of the Square) are distinguished, by their sable gowns, the nobles.*

*Enter*

ISOTTA, with CASSANDRA behind her,  
*the latter carrying a missal.*

*Then,*

*at a little distance, following them,*

GIROLAMO.

*As they cross the stage, ISOTTA looks back over her shoulder invitingly on GIROLAMO, then Exit with CASSANDRA at the left. GIROLAMO comes forward.*

*Girol.* Eh, eh! the fruit is ripening fast. Methinks  
'T will need but little shaking. Now, the maid  
Leer'd on me too, with most significant eye.

Is *she* the guardian of thy orchard-wall,  
Messer Anselmo, I am apt to climb. —  
What if I follow, and invite the girl  
By signs to parley? If the lure succeed,  
'T is well. If not, I can but cast again.

[*Exit after them.*]

*Enter ANSELMO.*

*He holds a small and tightly folded note.*

*Ansel.* Madonna Lusia, either thou art false  
And a fit partner of thy flippant spouse,  
Or thou respondest to my passionate love.  
Thy soul should be the mate of mine: thy mien  
Tokens deep thought, and on thy pensive brow  
Is no coquetry. Have I won thy heart? —  
Shouldst thou betray me; read my written vows,  
As women will do, to thy jeering friends!  
The sword of my hereditary foe,  
That were a trifle; but to face the laugh,  
The scorn perhaps, of half of Venice, who  
Would deem my passion a dishonest plot  
Against my enemy's peace! Were better death. —  
But is there danger? Here is writ no name,  
Neither her own nor mine? What could she prove?  
Given in her hand at this convenient hour,  
By one of those she-Mercuries [*looking up the scene,*  
*on the group near the columns.*  
whose post

Is here in public and who know me not,  
'T is hers or not, just as she lists; but not,  
She cannot charge the missive unto me.

Hark thou, old woman! [*beckoning to one of the group.*

*But, before he can repeat the call, or has  
attracted notice,*

*Enter, from the left,*

LUTIA with GIOVANNA.

Heaven! here 's Lutia's self!

LUTIA crosses the stage close before him, looking  
sidelong but demurely at him, and, just as she passes  
him, drops her handkerchief. ANSELMO picks it in-  
stantly up, folds the note in it, and hands it to her. As she  
returns his bows, and curtsies her acknowledgment, LUTIA  
shows consciousness and embarrassment. Exit with

GIOVANNA, at the right.

'T is done now — as I did not think to do it.

But so 't is better, though undesign'd. That blush!

That conscious look! Ah here is no betrayal;

No treachery lurks beneath those drooping lids! —

Was not that handkerchief dropp'd on purpose too,

That I might speak or touch her hand? — Girolamo,

Thou 'lt pay my grandsire's dues against thy House!

But in a coin thou wilt not care to count. —

What shall I do, to master this wild joy?

'T will make a fool of me. — I'll take my gondola,

And rove about until my blood is cool.

*Pausing a moment, to look in the direction which LUTIA had taken, he goes up the stage, passes through the groups, and Exit.*

*Re-enter, from the left, CASSANDRA  
followed by GIROLAMO.*

*She looks half-round, coquettishly, upon him, as her mistress had done. GIROLAMO stops her, and leads her forward.*

*Girol.* A word, my pretty damsel. What 's thy name?  
[*chucking her under the chin.*]

*Cass.* Cassandra, Excellence.

*Girol.* Cassandra? Not,  
I hope, a prophetess of ill to me?

*Cass.* Ill? O, I wish you all the good, I 'm sure,  
That — somebody I wot of wishes you.

*Girol.* That somebody is not thy master.

*Cass.* No :

Not he indeed ! Now, should I like to tell  
Who 't is. But you would tell it, too.

*Girol.* Who ? I ?

Not I, child ! There. [*kissing her.*]

Now, if I tell, thou canst  
Tell that of me.

*Cass.* O fie ! in the open Square !  
A gentleman — an humble girl like me !

*Girol.* Who sees ?

[*looking up the stage.*]

Or who would mind it, if he did ? The world



Is much too busy with its own intrigues.

Come ; who is my well-wisher ?

*Cass.* You 'll keep faith ?

*Girol.* Have I not given you pledge ?

*Cass.* Well, do 't again,

Lest you forget it. [*Girol.* — *first looking up the stage*  
— *kisses her again.*

*Girol.* What a jade it is !

If like the maid the mistress, as they say,

I have been belike too modest.

*Cass.* That she 's not.

She would not let you kiss her in the street.

*Girol.* In the house, then. But, prithee, what 's her name ?

Is it thy mistress then that means me well ?

*Cass.* What 's she you look'd on amorously but now,

She I attended from St. Fantin's church ?

*Girol.* The Ser Anselmo Barbadico's spouse.

*Cass.* Daughter of Messer Marco Gradenigo,

Late Procurator of St. Mark, and nam'd

Isotta.

*Girol.* Even so much I knew.

*Cass.* Is she

Worthy a gallant gentleman's devoir ?

*Girol.* Worthy ! Where is her equal, far or near ?

*Cass.* Is not Madonna Lutia fairer ?

*Girol.* Come !

I want no sermons, though thou 'rt fresh from church.

I do adore thy lady.

*Cass.* And she, you.

*Girol.* My dear Cassandra! [*hugging her.*]

*Cass.* Keep away! Am I  
My lady's rival? And think where we are.  
Now, you must know when late you pass'd us by,  
Madonna said, "Cassandra, there 's a leg!"

*Girol.* Thou liest, thou little rogue!

*Cass.* I did not say,  
She said, "Behold a good one!" nor, "a stout."  
She simply cried, "A leg." She saw the heel:  
The rest was hidden in your sable gown.

*Girol.* I swear I 'll beat thee, Cassy!<sup>3</sup>

*Cass.* Will you now?

Then I am off. What did you stop me for?

[*affecting to go.*]

*Girol.* I 'll tell thee presently. [*takes out his purse.*]

See thou here. [*opening it.*]

*Cass.* Oh stay,  
There 's something more, though not about the leg.  
One day, when you were standing by your door,  
Caressing a small dog, my lady said,  
Sighing, "I would I were that little cur!" —  
"Madonna, why?" — "Because" — she sigh'd  
again —

"The Ser Girolamo has so white a hand."

*Girol.* Say'st thou, my mocking waiting-woman? Well,  
Let thy mirth pay thee. [*affecting to put back his*  
*purse.*]

Thou 'rt a little fool.

*Cass.* I were, to let you go away displeas'd.

A hand and leg are really no mean parts.

Yet not for those alone my lady loves you.

*Girol.* Canst thou be serious for one moment?

*Cass.* Two.

What does your Excellence command?

*Girol.* Take this.

*[giving her a ducat of gold.]*

*Cass.* Is it for me, or for my mistress?

*Girol.* Pish!

Here is another piece of gold. Wilt thou

Bear me a message to thy lady's ear?

*Cass.* O yes, I'll tell her that you doat on legs,

And wish you were the mass-book in her hands.

*Girol.* Hark thou, fair Trojan! I am mirthful too;

But there 's a time for all things. See thou then,

We shall be noted, standing here so long.

*Cass.* And what too, should my master come this way!

*[draws her scarf over her head.]*

*Girol.* *[his hand upon her arm.]*

Come then, if thou wilt prate, beneath the arches;

Or, follow me to my gondola.

*Cass.* No, no.

Be brief; and pardon me. I did impose

On your good temper.

*Girol.* Wilt thou bear my word?

*Cass.* I will, and truly.

*Girol.* But how do I know

Thy lady is not mocking me through thee?

*Cass.* By your own eyes, which must have seen ere this

What passes in Madonna's heart ; and by  
Your consciousness that as you are not pleas'd  
With Monna Lutia, so Messer' Anselmo  
May be too owlsh for my lady's taste.  
Like pairs with like : and ye are like.

*Girol.* Well said.

Thou art a cunning giglet. Plead my cause.  
There is thy fee. If thou shouldst gain my suit,  
Thou hast the triple of it.

*Cass.* What to sue ?

*Girol.* Sue for an hour's meeting. Where and when  
I leave to her own gracious will.

*Cass.* How sue ?

*Girol.* Sue by my passion ; sue by her own charms ;  
Ask in thy own heart — 't is a woman's ; there  
Are all thy law-books, — and thou hast thy brief.  
Go, pretty advocate, and bring me fortune.

*Cass.* You are a gallant gentleman. I would,  
In sooth I would, it were another suit  
Than to your neighbor's wife.

*Girol.* Thou 'rt not to preach.  
The worse my cause, the better shalt thou plead.  
Paint what I feel ; thou canst not paint too warmly :  
Say what thou seest ; but see with kindly eyes.

*Cass.* And shall I tell her all ?

*Girol.* Tell all — but this.

[*kissing her.*

*Cass.* [*extricates herself with a laugh, then, shaking her  
finger at him.*

Nay, I 'll tell all; it were a sin to miss.  
A leg! a hand! and O ma'am, such a kiss!

[*Exit Cass. at the left.*]

GIROLAMO *looking after her a moment,*  
*half in vexation, half in satisfaction, goes up the stage to*  
*mingle with the nobles on the Broglio, and*  
*Scene closes.*

---

SCENE III.

*The Garden — as in Scene I.*

ISOTTA. LUTIA. GIOVANNA.

*Isot.* [*looking up from a letter she has been reading.*]

So far, thou hast won the wager. Who 'd have  
thought

The dignified Anselmo was so sly?

So boldly gallant too! and so adroit!

*Lut.* 'T was featly done. He must have had good practice.

*Isot.* Ay, but the kerchief was as nicely dropp'd.

I must be cautious: thou art stately too.

*Lut.* Fie now, Isotta! Jealous?

*Isot.* Jealous? Hum!



'T is the scant brook that bubbles o'er the stones;  
Deep lakes are placid.

*Lut.* Always? Now, methinks,  
Rough waters do most mischief.

*Isot.* Let us see. [*affecting  
anxiously to read the letter.*]

Here are a dozen fires, and pains, and faiths:  
O sanctity! And here —— Why here, he boasts  
Of favoring looks!

*Lut.* I never gave but one —  
Always except this last, which was agreed.  
And then the note was written.

*Isot.* Mere evasion!  
Would he have ventur'd else? so proud? so shy?  
Thou art the lake. Thy depths shall not ingulf  
My treasure, my lord's love.

*Lut.* Isotta dear!

*Isot.* Thou shalt not grant this meeting which he prays:  
I will not trust thee.

*Lut.* Thou shalt have no need.  
'T was not my project; and I like it not.  
But seems it ——

*Isot.* Peace! I will have my revenge.

*Enter CASSANDRA, in great glee.*

Now comes my turn. —

*Lut.* Giovanna, to the house,  
And watch for both. [*Exit, over the hedge, Giovanna.*]

*Isot.* Well! Hast thou lur'd the hawk?

Did the trout nibble? Is the leopard snar'd?

*Cass.* See here! [*holding up the two gold pieces.*

And here — and here — and here:

[*touching her lips with her hand three times.*

And here again! [*puts her arm around her own waist  
caressingly.*

*Isot.* Three kisses, and a hug!

Why here 's a brave gallant! What say'st thou now?

[*to Lut.*

Thy man is worse than mine! [*Lutia has turn'd away.*

Why, Lutia dear,

Thou art not crying? Couldst thou think indeed,

That I was jealous? Jealous? Jealous, I?

And jealous too of thee? My own dear girl,

My sister! Thou shalt have Anselmo all,

And keep Girolamo too. Now, do but laugh!

*Lut.* How can I laugh to know my lord so vile?

*Isot.* Vile? Art thou crazy? He is but a man;

Girolamo Bembo, not Girolamo Saint.

Why what a child thou beest! I'll-wager now

My wedding-robcs against thy bedroom-gown,

This wanton tempted him. Come, didst thou not?

*Cass.* Only one kiss. The rest were volunteer'd.

The hug was all his own.

*Isot.* [*laughing heartily, while Lutia  
smiles.*

Eh, Lutia, see!

This jolly wight was surely meant for me.

How wilt thou change him for my sober lord?

*Lut.* [to *Cass.*

But what was all this for?

*Cass.* This what, Madonna?

This kissing? or this hugging? In good sooth,

I think he took me for my lady here.

*Isot.* Out, baggage! Am I such a colt as thou?

*Cass.* I cannot tell, Madonna; but he said,

He had been too modest, — mistress like, like maid.

*Lut.* There now, Isotta!

*Isot.* 'T is her wanton pranks.

Thou hast overdone thy part, thou naughty jade!

What didst thou tell him?

*Cass.* That you prais'd his leg —

Although you never saw it.

<i>Lut.</i> Brava!	} nearly together.
<i>Isot.</i> Heigh!	

*Cass.* And seeing his white hand on a greyhound lie,

You wish'd yourself the puppy for its sake.

*Isot.* I vow I'll beat thee!

*Cass.* So he threaten'd too.

You are so alike!

*Isot.* I 'll pinch thee black and blue!

Thou hast marr'd our acting.

*Cass.* No, I mind my cue.

I made him think you so ador'd his face,

He fairly hugg'd me — in the public place!

*Lut.* Thou hast taught her well — thy rhyming too, I see.

*Isot.* But never mind; the hug was not for thee. —

And finally, what bring'st thou from my swain?

*Cass.* These golden ducats.

*Isot.* They 're for thee, not me.

*Cass.* To plead his passion.

*Isot.* A retaining-fee.

*Cass.* The suit once won, my client makes the twain  
A pair of triplets.

*Isot.* Briefly, what to gain?

Thou keep'st Madonna Lutia in her pain.

*Cass.* Messer Girolamo bids me thus to sue.

By his own passion, by his lady's charms —

That is not Monna Lutia's? — you would grant

Your knight an interview; the when and where,

That leaves he safely to your modest self

*Isot.* Ha, ha! 'T is done! We 're quits: the game is  
square.

Thy note is match'd. Was ever such a pair!

*Lut.* Nay, thy Anselmo was the first to woo.

*Isot.* But thy Girolamo has courted two.

His suit takes time: too fiery to be stay'd,

He tries his mettle on my waiting-maid!

*Cass.* Perhaps 'twas offer'd as a sample-bliss:

I told him I should recommend his kiss.

*Lut.* Now what 's to do?

*Isot.* Is that a point to moot?

Do as kind ladies, grant to each his suit.

Now, shut that little mouth! [*putting her hand on*  
*Lutia's lips.*]

I 'll not hear nay.

We 'll meet the pair.

*Lut.* But not in their own way?

*Isot.* No, plan we both; thou in thy closet, sweet,  
And I in mine.

*Lut.* To plot, when next we meet.

*Isot.* Adieu! Take this—and this—and this: [*kissing*  
*her three times.*  
this too.  
*[hugging her.*

Cassandra brought them.

*Lut.* But to give to you.

*Isot.* I wave my right.

*Lut.* [*kissing her in turn.*

Nay, keep them: they 're thy due.  
[*Goes over the hedge.*

*Isot.* How is 't, Cassandra?

*Cass.* I no difference see:

Ye have the shells; the oyster rests with me.

*Lut.* [*from over the hedge, and going.*

Adieu, Isotta!

*Isot.* 'Drina, let us flee.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



## ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I. *A room in the house of Giovanni Moro.*

MORO. GISMONDA.

*Moro.* It boots not to remonstrate; I am fix'd:

The Doge's nephew shall not enter here.

*Gism.* Poor Aloise! I have heard thee say,

Father, he was a brave and noble youth.

*Moro.* Thou may'st again, if that will do thee good.

The son of Marco Foscari, men report,

Is a magnanimous and right valiant soul,

Though rash and over-ardent: faults perhaps

These of his yet young blood. I grant him too

One quality more, appropriate to his rank,

That thy late husband wanted. He is rich;

At least will be, when Marco sleeps with Mark.

Poor Niccolò Delfino, though a brave

Good husband and right worshipful cavalier,

Left thee scant store of zecchins. 'T was thy choice.

I have not repented *then* I gave thee way.<sup>5</sup>But *now* I will not.*Gism.* Yet, dear father, hear! ——*Moro.* Not a word more! Must I repeat, Gismonda,

That with the hated blood of Francis Foscari

No drop of Loredano's ever mingles?

*Gism.* Ours is so small a drop! We are but cousins,  
Four times remov'd. And thou hat'st not the Foscari.

*Moro.* No, but I am the Admiral Pietro's friend.  
He scorn'd the Doge's daughter for his son:  
I cannot give the nephew of the Doge  
My only child; and for a twofold cause.  
First, I should rouse dark Loredano's hate;  
A fearful man! that never yet forgave;  
Then Marco Foscari's, who has promis'd, thou know'st,  
His son to Lisa, daughter of his friend,  
The rich Avvogadòrè, Morosini.

*Gism.* Alas!

*Moro.* Alas? Alas for me, thou meanest.  
Should I not waken too the Doge's ire?  
Blunt though I be, I want no man's ill will,  
Though I court no man's favor.

*Gism.* But these feuds!

Father, there are our neighbors, the Messeri  
Bembo and Barbadico: who can hate  
More cordially than they? whose sires, they tell,  
Even in Doge Soranza's time — that 's now  
More than a hundred years — were foes. Yet see!  
They married foster-sisters and warm friends,  
Who for their sakes meet never, save abroad.

*Moro.* What 's that to Marco Foscari's son and thee?  
His sire is not consenting as theirs were.  
I have no feud with Foscari. But I say —  
A plague upon thy womans-cares! I say —  
I say, I 'll not wake Loredano's spite.

Let the Duke's nephew carry his pretensions  
To Lisa; this is interdicted ground,  
Like Bembo's house to Barbadico's spouse.

*Gism.* Poor Aloise! his impassion'd soul ——

*Moro.* Impassion'd pudding! What 's his soul to me?<sup>6</sup>

Go get thee a new lover; men are cheap.

*Gism.* I had not thought to hear this from those lips.

Men cheap, my father? Is it then of men  
Like Aloise Foscari thou speakest?

Brave as his warlike uncle, generous, just,  
Sagacious, resolute, where wilt thou find  
More honor for our House, a stouter prop  
For thy declining years, a nobler hope  
For thy large heritage through thy only child,  
Than the Duke's nephew, Marco Foscari's heir?  
As lofty a spirit as ever grac'd a throne!<sup>7</sup>

*Moro.* Were it the Duke himself, I might relent,

But being his nephew only, I will not.<sup>8</sup>

As for the honor, Foscari is no more

Than Moro; for my years, as yet, thank God!

They are not much o'er the hill-top; when declining  
Into the vale, I 'll hear thee talk of props.

And for my heritage, 't is no fault of mine

Thy bed is yet a widow's. Make thy choice.

So he be not a citizen or tradesman,

Gambler or brawler, drunkard or a thief,

John Moro will not say Gismonda nay.<sup>9</sup>

*Gism.* My choice is made: I cannot change it, father.

My faith is given: thou wouldst not have it broke?

*Moro.* Then so are mine. And this is choice and faith :  
Let Foscari be thy lover, an' thou wilt;  
But it shall not be in thy father's house.  
Thou hast been wedded; thou canst make thy home  
Even where thou wilt. But let thy scanty means  
Furnish thy narrow household. By St. John!  
I will not give one zecchin in thy aid!

*Gism.* O be not so obdurate!

*Moro.* Not one zecchin!

If Marco to his disobedient son  
Will prove more kind, I wish thee joy of it. [*Going.*  
*Gism.* Be not so angry, dear my father! —

*Moro.* [*breaking from her; but coldly.*] Peace!

*Gism.* If Aloise —

*Moro.* Be a fool, must thou?

Thou hast heard my reasons, and thou knowest my  
will.

Do thy own pleasure. But of this rest sure:  
If Procurator Marco's son come in,  
Messer Delfino's widow shall go out.<sup>10</sup> [*Exit.*

*Gism.* And I might find it in my heart to do so,  
Thou art so unsympathetic, and so harsh.  
But thou wouldst then be childless and alone.  
Childless alone! Heaven pardon me the thought!  
'T was sinful-selfish. And then Aloise!  
To involve him in distress! — But what to do?  
It is his hour! —

*Goes hastily to a door in the back of the scene, and opens it,  
displaying a corridor.*

What, Giulietta!<sup>11</sup> [*clapping her hands.*

Quick! —

If they should meet! My father's sullen mien —

And *his* quick temper!—

*Enter, through the door,*

GIULIETTA.

To the basement! haste!

Is Messer Aloise landed, lead him

Somewhere away, and tell him this from me:

My sire has knowledge of his visits here

And will not longer bear them. Does he love me,

He will not press to come — not now; my father

Is sullen, when oppos'd. — If not yet come,

Wait thou his gondola, and wave him off

To the next Canal. There haste to meet him. Go.

Bid him have patience.

[*Exit Giulietta.*

Patience? And I need

So much myself! I made so sure to-day

That I should see him! I so little thought

My father would be adverse! — Aloise!

Wilt thou preserve unstain'd thy maiden faith? —

Between two hostile influences; and the charms

Of Lisa Morosini — O my heart!

The sacrifice which threatens will prove hard. —

If Aloise tempt me to rebel —

My lonely sire! Again that selfish thought.

I must not think it. Yet these senseless feuds!



What are their hates to us? If Marco Foscari,  
Who dotes upon his gallant son, give way,  
(My sire is rich as Lisa's, — may he not?)  
And move my colder father! O dear hope!  
Let me not lose thee! Though it rain to-day,  
The sun shines out to-morrow. Then comes peace —  
Comes father's blessing — comes joy — comes Aloise!  
[*Exit.*

---

SCENE II.

*The Piazzetta — as in Act I. Sc. II.*

*In the background, scattered groups and promenaders.*

*After some moments.*

*Enter, from the side, GIULIETTA,*

*followed by ALOISE.*

*She comes forward, stops, and awaits him.*

*Alo.* What is it, girl? How fares thy lady? Speak?

*Giul.* Well, Messer Aloise; well, but vex'd.

His Excellence, my master, — who, be 't said  
 Between us, is the crossest crab alive —  
 Always sour and sullen, as if he meant to snap,  
 Like the old crocodile on the pillar-top  
 Of San Teodoro yonder —

*Alo.* Well, well, well!

*Giul.* Has been I suppose in such an ugly mood,  
 Madonna bade me haste to you, to say  
 You are not to come to the palace any more;  
 His Excellence has found you out.—

*Alo.* Me out?

*Giul.* Both of you out: which is a burning shame;  
 I made so sure your Excellence and she  
 Would one of these days be fix'd together fast,  
 Like Adam and Eve at Marcō's corner yon.

*Alo.* Art thou quite sure?

*Giul.* As I am standing here.  
 I know it because she bade you patience have.  
 She had not done this, had she not made sure  
 You 'd not have any.

*Alo.* O Giulietta dear!

To-day I was to have seen her. 'T is so long  
 Since I have heard her speak, except to say  
 Good-morrow, or Good-even! Canst thou not  
 Admit me for a little while, — by stealth,  
 If so it must be?

*Giul.* Now? Messerè, no.

The master is at home. And so my lady  
 Bids you take note, "he is sullen if oppos'd."

Which means you must, I take it, for her sake,  
Not put your fingers in the old crab's claws.  
"Does he love me, he will not press," she said,  
"Not now, to come."

*Alo.* I will not then, not now.  
But now is not forever. When her sire  
Is no more at the house, then may I come.  
Go back and tell her, Giuliet, I will wait —  
Until she hang some signal — say, a glove,  
Out at her window. Never shake thy head.  
Who shall know aught of it? Is the Casa Mora  
Not built like other noble houses here?  
The women's rooms are in the hinder part,  
Divided from the men's?<sup>12</sup> Is not that so?

*Giul.* Happily so. A wise provision, where  
Such gruff old lords as Messer Moro rule.  
Unhappily though, or happily, for you,  
Just as you rate Madonna, she is built  
Unlike some other noble ladies here,  
At least in the inside. She will not consent  
To have you come to the hinder part of the house.

*Alo.* I did not mean it, girl. I but beseech her  
To make some sign when she shall be prepar'd  
To admit me as before.

*Giul.* That cannot be;  
Not till this storm, whate'er it be, is over.  
When sudden winds sweep over the Lagune,  
Your gondoliers make instantly for the shore,  
And wait till the flurry is spent. So must you do,

Or look to get a ducking, or be drown'd.  
Monna Gismonda begs you will have patience.  
When it 's fair weather, Messer Aloise,  
You can put out again.

*Alo.* But until then!

But until then! Think of my torments, girl!  
And think of hers! Have pity on us both!  
I have so much to say! I cannot rest  
Until I know what this new trouble is.  
And she, how she must long to tell me! Go!  
Go, tell her that I must, I must, will see her!  
Go, for thy lady's sake, if not for mine!

*Giul.* How does your Excellence know Madonna suffers?

*Alo.* By my own feeling. If she do not long,  
And in her longing suffer, as I do;  
If she would not give up a week of life  
For one hour's talk with me, as I would gladly,  
O a whole twelvemonth! for an hour with her.  
Then will I beg no more; she is unworthy  
Of love like mine.

*Giul.* She is not! not unworthy!—

Now, do not stop this little brain of mine;  
I am contriving. — Let me see. — I have it!  
How will the night do? Could you talk in the dark,  
In the open air, as well as in a room?

*Alo.* Dear Giulietta! Giuliettina! Speak!

[*taking her hands.*]

*Giul.* Pray, don't make love to me. Now, do keep still!  
'T is not in the dark here, tho' it 's open enough.

And I am not Madonna. Since you know  
So well the woman's side of the house, you know  
There are balconies<sup>13</sup> on the second floor  
To all the windows. Could your Excellence climb  
To the large middle one? 'T is not a steep  
So easy as the Bell-Tower; nor the view  
Quite so extensive; but you 'll like it better.

*Alo.* You are an angel! [*about to hug her.*]

*Giul.* Now, now, do forbear!  
I am ticklish. — Well, what will your Excellence do?  
And what shall I?

*Alo.* Do? do? Go back at once.  
Say to Madonna, will she please let down —  
At what hour were it best?

*Giul.* About the fourth.  
'T will then be midnight, and the Cà<sup>14</sup> Veniero  
Will like our own be quiet.

*Alo.* — Will she please  
With her fair hands let down —

*Giul.* Or better, mine,  
Which are not fair —

*Alo.* Peace, saucy one! — Let down  
From the mid window, when St. Mark tolls four,<sup>15</sup>  
A length of cord, I will make fast thereto  
A hempen ladder.

*Giul.* Which we two draw up  
With our four hands, and fasten to the rails.  
Well, Messer Aloise; but ill-reckon'd.  
There is this to add to the account: Madonna



May not consent.

*Alo.* How canst thou be so cruel?

Hast thou not words? and canst thou not persuade?  
Thou knowest her humor well. But tell her this —  
And it is solemn truth; I shall not rest  
Until I see her; care will murder sleep.  
Tell her, O tell her, all that thou canst think,  
All thy own heart may teach, to move her pity.  
Thou canst not say too much, or make my love  
More than it is, my suffering than 't will be.  
Take thou this ring, *Giulietta*. 'T is a ruby  
Of no mean value. Wear it for my sake,  
An earnest of the good I mean to do thee,  
Wilt thou be kind.

*Giul.* No, *Messer Aloise*.

You are a generous young lord, I see,  
As men report you, and *Madonna* thinks.  
But keep the ring. I need it not from you.  
When you are wedded to *Madonna Mora*,  
Then will I take your presents. Now, farewell.  
If I can win *Madonna* to consent,  
She will to-night admit you, it may be  
Even to her chambers, since I shall be there.

*Alo.* Dear *Giulietta*!

*Giul.* Not yet; not so fast.

*St. Geminy*! Take heed! if not more slow  
To-night in climbing, you may get a fall. —  
Once more: — In half an hour, pass you the house.  
If I have won *Madonna* to your suit,

You will see a red string hanging from the casement.

'T is there, at that balcony, you will mount. [*going*.

*Alo.* Giulietta! GiuliETTina! Stop, awhile.

Thou art a precious maiden. When I make  
Monna Gismonda mine, then will I find thee  
A brave young husband for thyself.

*Giul.* Like you?

Thank you, Messerè. Such a one shall need  
No ladder to climb up to me. Farewell. [*going*.

*Alo.* 'T is thou art hasty, now. Thou hast not heard all.  
To-night I'll fling a pebble at the casement,  
When the bell tolls; so will she know 't is I.

*Giul.* You are then quite sure Madonna is to yield?

*Alo.* Sure in your dextrous handling.

*Giul.* Right! How else?

I have two men to throw for: you for her,  
And a brave husband like yourself for me.

[*Exit*.

*ALOISE* stands still a moment, looks about him,  
then slowly follows her.

## SCENE III.

*The Apartment of Gismonda.*

*A room having a large casement-window, extending to the floor, and opening on a balcony.*

GISMONDA

*walking impatiently about.*

*Gism.* What can detain her? What is there to say?

He is filling now her happy ears with words —

Words of deep love and passionate prayer — for me :

He is teaching her persuade me ——

*listening.]* Was that she?

No; 't was the sea-breeze playing through the blinds. —

He is teaching her to move me to have pity.

Ah, Aloise! Aloise! here,

Here, here already, all the words of love

That thou canst send me, in my brain are stirring :

The heart inspires them fast as thou canst speak ;

They plead as warmly for thee, as thy words,

Even could I hear thy own lips utter them,

Could plead for thee ; they plead to my own heart,

Coming from my heart, and plead too for my heart.

O in this void that is such pleasing pain,

This thrilling of the pulse ——

*starting ]* That! that is she!

*Runs eagerly to the side scene*

*as Enter GIULIETTA.*

GISMONDA *draws her eagerly forward.*

At last! at last! I thought that thou wast dead.

*Giul.* I am almost dead with running — up the staircase.

*Gism.* What said he? What said Messer Aloise?

*Giul.* What did he? What did Messer Aloise?

O he 's a rare gallant!

*Gism.* Quick! Giulietta!

What said he?

*Giul.* Messer Niccolò Delfino —

*Gism.* Leave Messer Niccolò Delfino bury'd.

*Giul.* With all my heart. He has been two years fast sleeping;

I do not wish to wake him. He was but

A log to your new husband, that will be.

*Gism.* Why, what means this? What 's got into the girl?

*Giul.* Pure love and admiration. Such a noble!

He tried to hug me.

*Gism.* I am much oblig'd to him.

*Giul.* He call'd me Angel.

*Gism.* It was very kind.

*Giul.* [*laughing.*

Now don't, now don't be jealous, dear Madonna!

'T was all on your account.

*Gism.* I do not like

Such gifts by proxy. .

*Giul.* No, our natural wants

Are best serv'd by ourselves. So I refus'd  
To taste for you, Madonna.

*Gism.* Giulietta!

This is a style —

*Giul.* Now do not be displeas'd!

I really think, Madonna, for your sake,  
I am more than over head and ears in love  
With Messer Aloise: and I promis'd —

*Gism.* Well, well, Giulietta, tell me thine own way,  
Since thou wilt not in mine. But prithee, child,  
Why twin'st thou that red ribbon round thy fingers?

*Giul.* It is my garter, Madam, which I dropp'd  
In coming up the stair. I would not then  
Take time to put it on.

*Gism.* Well, put it by. [*Giul. puts the  
string into her bosom.*]

Now say, what said he?

*Giul.* All that man could say.

He had made so sure to see you! [*Gism. sighs.*  
't was so long

Since he had seen you! he should never rest  
Till he should see you! he was so perplex'd  
He could not see you! he so long'd to hear  
Why now he could not see you! And, in short,  
Distress'd, bewilder'd, full of love and pity,  
I promis'd him —

*Gism.* Ha! what?

*Giul.* That you would see him.

*Gism.* Thou art the sauciest —





*Gism.* Speak then, as thou should'st.

Speak plainly, in few words. What didst thou promise?

*Giul.* Nothing, Madonna: only that I would  
Try to persuade you to admit him here,  
To-night.

*Gism.* Here, in my chamber? Didst thou dare  
To so disgrace me? Get thee to him back,  
And say, thou hast mista'en me. Go at once!

*Giul.* O madam! do but hear me! do not be  
So wroth with my well-meaning! I will beg,  
If so it must be, on my knees for pardon,  
If I have done you wrong. But only hear me!  
What was there so amiss in what I said?  
Here was the Doge's nephew so distress'd  
It would have mov'd Mark's lion, or my master,  
Praying an humble girl like me to have  
Compassion on him?

*Gism.* Was he so distress'd?

*Giul.* In sooth, Madonna, how could he be else,  
So loving you, and of so great a heart? [*Gism. sighs.*  
Just in the moment when he should be bless'd  
In seeing you, to be bidden not to come.  
Another man had mov'd me, so perplex'd;  
But he so noble, such a god in mien!

*Gism.* [*sighing again.*

Indeed, I was most sorry. 'T was with pain  
Unto myself. But what was to be done?  
Didst not thou, dear Giulietta, tell him all?  
How sullen was my father?

*Giul.* All. I said,  
He was a crab, a crocodile—St. Teddy's<sup>10</sup>  
Old crocodile on the pillar.

*Gism.* Thou shouldst not  
Have us'd such phrases.

*Giul.* Could I pick my words?  
I was so vex'd. And there was Messer Foscaro,  
Begging, with his sweet voice, as if he were  
An orphan whose last parent had been drown'd  
In the Canal by order of the Ten,  
That I would have some little pity on him,  
And let him in by stealth: it was so long  
Since he had heard you speak, except to say,  
Good-morrow, or Good-even. [*Gism. turns her head  
away abruptly.*]

O Madonna,  
It makes me weep to only tell his words;  
As it does you, I think, to hear them told.

*Gism.* [*in a soft and broken voice.*]

No matter, dear Giulietta: say some more.

*Giul.* I bade him to be patient, as you said,  
But as he was beside himself with grief,  
And fear of something wrong, and talk'd of care,  
And murdering sleep, and other horrid things,  
I thought to soothe him by a gentle hint,  
Perhaps you would—now don't be wroth, Madonna!  
See him awhile by night, since I should be  
Along with you the while, and you might talk  
In the balcony, in the open air.

*Gism.* 'T was very wrong. [*faintly*.

*Giul.* I did but hint, 'Madonna.

I promis'd nought ; I said that I would try.

I will go back, and tell him not to come.

*Gism.* No, be not hasty. Seem'd he much distress'd ?

*Giul.* Ask your own heart, Madonna ; as he said,

I must my own to tell me what he felt ;

Which was quite handsome in him. For your sake,

He said, I must persuade you, as for his.

*Gism.* Did he ? [*sharply*.

*Giul.* I ask'd him how he knew you suffer'd.

He said — so proudly ! with such passion too !

It really made my heart go pit-a-pat :

"By my own feeling. If she do not long,

And in her longing suffer, as I do ;

If she would not give up a week of life

For one hour's talk with me, as I would gladly,

O a whole twelvemonth, for an hour with her ;

Then will I beg no more : she is unworthy

Of love like mine !"

*Gism.* I am not ! not unworthy !

*Giul.* And so I said ; and in those very words !

Now, dear Madonna, do consent ! How can you

At once so feel, and not feel ?

*Gism.* Give me time.

*GISMONDA turning away,*

*and standing pensive, her back to the window and her head  
down, GIULIETTA seizes the opportunity,  
and, taking the ribbon*

*from her bosom, trips to the window,  
pushes open the casement, goes on the balcony,  
and is seen to fasten the ribbon to the balustrade. As she  
is about to close the casement again,*

GISMONDA *turns.*

*Gism.* What mak'st thou out at the window, Giulietta?

*Giul.* To see if Messer Foscari were there.

*Gism.* And was he? [*eagerly.*

*Giul.* Yes.

*Gism.* Let me see too.

*Giul.* Now nay,

[*intercepting her.*

He is no longer; and the Cà Veniero

Has windows too.

*Gism.* Which thou hadst quite forgot.

What led thee to suppose he would be there?

*Giul.* I promis'd I would give him sign of hope.

*Gism.* And didst thou?

*Giul.* O be not severe, Madonna!

Hope is a blessing.

*Gism.* When it leads astray?

*Giul.* But now it will not lead astray, Madonna.

I know it will not. Shall I on my knees,

And pray you to be just? or shall I weep,

And tell again his suffering? O Madonna!

It is so small a thing!

*Gism.* For thee, not me.

*Giul.* But shall I not be with you all the while?

And have you not been married? What he asks,



What maiden would refuse? I do not think  
That Monna Lisa would.

*Gism.* Stop now; no more.

I will bethink me. Said he then, to-night?

*Giul.* At the fourth hour to-night. Think—'t is his  
words—

Think of his torments; think of yours; he has  
So much to ask you; you, so much to tell;  
Have pity then on both. I know you will.

*Gism.* [*going.*

Thou know'st too much then. I will go consider.

*Giul.* 'T is to resolve. Else hardly would you give  
Seven days of life for one hour's talk with him.

*Gism.* Hush, hush! Thou know'st not.

*Giul.* But I know that he

Would give a twelvemonth for an hour with you.

*Gism.* Hush! [*Exit.*

*Giul.* Here 's a work to meet one cavalier!

St. Moses!<sup>17</sup> I would meet one every night!

*Goes to the balcony, and returns with  
the ribbon.*

Had she but seen my garter! — Never mind!

Why not as well a knee-band as an armlet

To noose a husband? If I catch one too,

( And I have earn'd him; it has been hard work! )

I 'll strip the other off, and make the set

A votive offering to St. Juliet.<sup>18</sup> [*Exit.*

## ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I. *The Garden — as in Act I., Sc. I.**Enter on the upper side*

LUTIA and GIOVANNA.

*The latter comes over the hedge, then helps**LUTIA to follow.**Lut.* Thou 'rt sure she said her master was abroad?*Giov.* Madonna, yes. 'T is Holy Vito's day.<sup>19</sup>

He is at the church.

*Lut.* So are we wholly free.*Enter*

ISOTTA and CASSANDRA.

And here they come. Now shall we see.

*Isot.* [*embracing her.*] See what?*Lut.* This "loveliest plot that ever was devis'd."*Isot.* And 't is. Had Baimont Tiepolo's been as fair,

My ducal ancestor had been put down,

And I perhaps been not put forth, to achieve

A marital reform.

*Lut.* It is the day

That plot was thwarted. Omen of ill luck.

*Isot.* To our lords, not us. — Now hear. To-night —

*Lut.* To-night?

*Isot.* At the fourth hour —

*Lut.* That 's midnight.

*Isot.* Even so.

— We see each other's chambers for the first,  
But not I hope the last time.

*Lut.* What means that?

*Isot.* It means, our lovers meet us there to-night,  
And we our husbands. Seest thou?

*Lut.* Not a ray!

*Isot.* Then might'st thou carry, for all the good they do,  
Thine eyes in a platter, like thy patron-saint.

*Cass.* That, save the platter, were as well for both,  
Seeing both the gentlemen woo you in the dark.

*Isot.* Now what behold'st thou?

*Lut.* Twilight, not full day.

*Isot.* Thou art but half-awake! 'T would serve thee right,  
To let thee grope, as good Anselmo will,  
When he seeks Monna Lutia in the night,  
And finds he is saddled with Isotta still.

Now seest thou well? or art thou still abed?

*Lut.* I see the plan.

*Isot.* And think'st of it?

*Lut.* With dread.

'T will ruin us both.

*Isot.* Thou hast the drollest head!  
Here are Giovanna and Cassandra both.  
They know all, and take part in all. Our truth

Has their assurance.

*Lut.* Will that stay the wrath  
Of either cavalier, when found the cheat  
We have put upon him? Think too of their hate  
Envenom'd by the consciousness of wrong  
Design'd against each other!

*Isot.* That I leave  
To Providence, believing in my soul  
Shame will extinguish wrath. But for their rage  
Against our innocent selves, why let it burn!  
A double storm of feminine reproach  
Will blow it out, I think, and cool their brains  
For just conviction. — But I do not mean  
They soon shall find the cheat. Not till at least  
Our double game is won. Look at our make:  
We are enough alike. Then, bred together,  
Our voices have one tone. We shall not speak  
More than is needful.

*Lut.* I shall not, I am sure.  
Girolamo will think it very odd  
In gay Isotta.

*Isot.* No, he 'll deem her coy  
Or prudent. Fearing no deceit, be sure  
Their amorous fancies will delude them both.  
But whether or not, we have ridden too far, my dear.  
Now to draw bridle: win we not the race,  
We are ruin'd beyond redemption.

*Lut.* 'T is too true.  
Our lovers are grown importunate, and believe

Each that his neighbor has a shameless wife.

*Isot.* So let them; till we make them blush to own  
They are bad husbands, we the best of wives.  
And this my plan. Cassandra on my part  
Shall tell Girolamo, that my lord to-night  
Takes barque for Padua, and invite him come  
At the fourth hour. From thee Giovanna bears  
A letter to Anselmo —

*Lut.* Why a letter

From me?

*Isot.* Because he wrote one unto thee.  
'T will suit his gravity better.

*Lut.* Well. To say?—

*Isot.* Girolamo at Murano with some friends  
Will pass the entire night; and that between  
The third and fourth hour he may venture in.

*Lut.* But why thus earlier?

*Isot.* Out, thou silly thing!  
Not that I want my spouse a half hour more;  
But to prevent the two encountering. Well:  
At the third hour, or even before, we enter  
Each other's house, here by the garden-gate,  
And by each other's maid are led straightway  
Each to the other's chamber, there inspect  
All that belongs to it, and when 't is known  
Put out the lights, and so await —

*Lut.* In terror.

*Isot.* Fie, timid one! Are they not given to know  
We meet in the dark, and neither is to speak?



*Lut.* But will it not be best to send my letter  
By some hired messenger?

*Isot.* That, as thou lik'st. —  
Now haste, my Lutia. [*embracing her.* Then,  
*laughingly.*] But restrain thy muse;  
Be not too fond! Anselmo might expect  
Too much of cold Isotta.

*Lut.* And yet find  
More than Girolamo will in Lutia warm.

*Cass.* Pardon me, ladies, if I dare suggest:  
Madonna Isotta should compose this letter.

*Isot.* As knowing her husband's solemn humor best.

*Cass.* No, as new proof.

*Isot.* — Than one, two heads are better.  
'Tis well. I'll throw it o'er the hedge. Thou, sweet,  
Shall copy it and send it.

*Lut.* And so fetter  
These *Husband-Lovers* with a chain complete  
Of evidence. My heart not now will flutter.

*Isot.* Hey then for frolic and our *Double* cheat!

[*kissing Lut.*, — *who, with Giov., Exit over  
the hedge, while Isot. and Cass. Exeunt  
on their side.*

## SCENE II.

*As in Scene III., Act II.*

*Enter*

GISMONDA and GIULIETTA,

*the latter bearing a lighted wax-candle and a coil  
of slender cord. She blows out the light ;  
and GISMONDA opens the casement.*

*Gism.* The crescent moon gives just sufficient light.  
More would betray us. Look down into the street.  
Seest thou aught yet?

*Giul.* Madonna, nothing yet.

'T is black as pitch.

*Gism.* The alley is so narrow,  
And we are up so high. It will be hard,  
I fear, to climb. [*anxiously.*

*Giul.* Fear not : a lover's legs ——  
Hark ! I hear something.

*Gism.* Speak more softly then :  
'T may be some other.

*Giul.* How fearfully you tremble !  
Courage, Madonna ! — Hark now ! There goes St.  
Mark !

One — two — three — four !

*As the sound of the last stroke dies away, something light is  
thrown against the casement.*

*Gism.* [*eagerly, but in an under tone.*

And there 's the signal-stone!

Quick, Giulietta!

GISMONDA *lets down the cord, while GIULIETTA holds it.*

*Giul.* See you yet, Madonna?

*Gism.* Yes, though but dimly. — Now, he shakes the cord!

Draw up.

*They pull on the cord together. The head of the ladder becomes visible. They secure it to the balustrade.*

*Giul.* 'T is fasten'd now. 'T is quite secure.

*Gism.* He pulls upon 't to try. — He 's on it now! —

He mounts! — He 's half-way up! — He 's — Aloise!

*[with deep tenderness, and stretching out her arms over the balustrade.*

*Alo.* *[within — as just under the balcony.*

Gismonda!

*Immediately, the ladder appears to be jerked violently; and there is an ill-defined dull noise.*

*Gism.* O God! he has fallen! he is dead!

*Giul.* Hush, hush!<sup>20</sup>

Look, dear Madonna! he moves! he is but hurt.

He holds both hands to his head. Your eyes now us'd

To peer in the darkness, you may see him plain.

He is going off! — O why so still, Madonna?

You frighten me. Do speak to me!

*Gism.* *[who, the whole time Giul. has been speaking in a suppressed voice, has been leaning over the balustrade, now looking up, and in a tone of relief, yet low.*

Thank God!

He is gone! he was able to get home. Why, why  
Gave I consent to this! If it should kill him!

My God! my God! have pity on his youth!

*Giul.* Why fear the worst, Madonna? Was he able  
To move alone, he is not nigh to death.

*Gism.* Thou knowest him not, Giulietta. 'T was in longing  
To reach, wo 's me! my outstretch'd arms, he fell.  
I saw him — dost thou hear me?

*[grasping Giulietta's arm, and drawing closer  
to her, while her whole body seems to shrink  
together with horror and grief.]*

— clutch three times

At the accursed ropes, ere — ere, sheer down —

*Giul.* Oh horror! — Dear my lady, how thou tremblest!

*Gism.* Tremble, girl! — Ere he fell, I say, sheer down,  
To the stone pavement. Would the stones have feeling  
For his green youth and manly beauty? *[gasping.]* Thou  
Saw'st him, as I did, holding his poor head  
Press'd 'twixt his hands. Know'st thou what *that*  
was for?

*Pausing, then solemnly and deeply.*

That his blood might not drip upon the marble  
Beneath his lady's window, and defame her.

Had he but five minutes left of life and strength,  
He had dragg'd himself away, to die elsewhere.

*She buries her face in her hands  
and sobs — though low.*

*After a brief moment, during which GIULIETTA is seen,  
by the dim light of the scene, to gaze on her*

*with looks of deep sympathy.*

Let not his noble effort for my honor  
Be thwarted. Draw the ladder up.

*Giul. Yet hope. [begins  
to draw the ladder into the chamber.*

*Gism. Hope? Ay, but pray. Until thou bring'st, to-  
morrow,  
Assurance of his safety, shall no pillow  
Receive my head, while his — while Aloise's —  
Covers her face again, weeping silently ; and  
Scene closes.*

---

SCENE III.

*A Street. The houses of ANSELMO and  
GIROLAMO, adjoining each other.*

*The portal in the basement of one of them is partially open.*

*Enter,*

*dragging himself painfully along,*

ALOISE.

*Alo. I can no further. Here as well to die*  
VOL. IV.—9



As farther off — thy honor sav'd — Gismonda.

[*Swoons between the two doors*]

*Enter*

A CAPTAIN of the Signors of the Night  
with twelve Sbirri, and their LIEUTENANT: three  
of the men bearing torches.

*Capt.* What have we here? — Ho, lights!

[*They hold the torches over Aloise*]

*Lieut.* The Procurator

Marco Foscari's son!

*Capt.* The Doge's nephew!

*Lieut.* Bleeding

And — dead, I think.

*Capt.* Who can have done this deed

Go, three of you, and bear him to the Church.

[*pointing off the scene*]

*Two of the Sbirri take up ALOISE, and,  
another leading with a torch,*

*Exeunt.*

Whose houses are these, Lieutenant?

*Lieut.* The Messeri

Bembo and Barbadico's. Neither door —

See, Captain, there! [*pushing one back, and opening  
the other.*] is fasten'd.

*Capt.* That is strange!

And Messer Foscaro bleeding on the ground! —  
Divide yourselves. Watch two of you this side,  
Two upon that. [*indicating the doors.*]

Two others go around  
To the back wall. And thou, patrol the street. —  
Let nothing out or in. — Arrest thou [*to the patrol.*  
any one

Found lurking. — If ye [*to the front watch.*  
hear him sound for help,  
One from each side go to him. — Take one torch,  
Lieutenant, and search that house. I, with the other,  
Will enter this. Quick, fellows, to your posts!

*The watch disperse as distributed.*

*As the CAPTAIN, followed by one of the torchbearers,  
enters one of the doors, and the LIEUTENANT, similarly  
attended, the other, the*

*Scene closes.*

## SCENE IV.

*The Garden — As in Act I., Sc. I., &c.*

*The Stage is nearly dark.*

*Enter*

*on the upper side of the hedge, ISOTTA, —  
on the lower, LUTIA ;  
both hurriedly.*

*Isot.* [*suppressed tone, but eagerly.*

Lutia, is 't thou?

*Lut.* Isotta, yes.

*Isot.* Make haste.

Give me thy hand. Here. Over.

[*They cross the hedge, changing places.*

*Lut.* What 's the matter?

What noise was that in the house?

*Isot.* The Devil perhaps.

Did it also come to thine — to mine, that is?

*Lut.* Tramp, tramp, on the stair. The door was suddenly open'd.

An arm, I think Cassandra's, drew me out.

I saw the light of torches, as I fled,

Flash through the court. I think we are beset.

*Isot.* And so do I. Our husbands will be caught.

What will they say, when found each in the chamber  
Of his sworn foe?

*Lut.* And knowing it, as they will!

'T will drive them mad.

*Isot.* I cannot help but laugh.

*Lut.* I had rather cry. But now is time for neither.

See! Lights in both houses! [*looking to the right.*

*Isot.* [*turning to left.*] And footsteps in the rear!

Good night, good night. The Devil, if devil it be,

May catch thy husband, but he sha'n't catch me.

[*Exeunt hurriedly*

*at their respective sides of the hedge.*

*The Drop falls.*

## ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I. *A Cell in the Prisons.*

*A sound of bolts and chains withdrawn.*

*The vaulted door is flung open, and, the Jailer standing by it,*

*Enter*

ANSELMO and GIROLAMO

*led by the CAPTAIN and the LIEUTENANT of the Watch,  
and followed by six of the Sbirri,  
two of them with torches.*

*Ansel. [haughtily.]*

Now we are where thou 'dst have us, it may be  
Thou 'lt answer us at last, why are we here.

*Girol.* Come, Captain, this is surely some mistake.

That gentleman, I will vouch, is, as he told thee,  
Messer Anselmo Barbadico ; he

Will say for me, that I am nothing less  
Nor worse than I have claim'd to be. Come, come ;  
We are no night-thieves.

*Capt.* I might, Messeri both,  
Reply, by simply asking you in turn,  
Why you, who, all the world of Venice knows,  
Are enemies, are found each one by night  
In the chamber of the other, and confus'd —



I will not say, in terror, — nor could give  
Any account of yourselves why you were there?  
This might suffice for Messer Barbadico,  
Who I see winces at it.

*Ansel.* Hold thy peace;  
And know thy place.

*Capt.* [*still gravely.*] I know it well enough,  
And what the law allows your rank.

*Ansel.* Then, peace!  
Why we were found where thou hast said, concerns  
Ourselves alone. Ourselves alone will answer it,  
Each to the other. [*looking significantly at Girol.*

What is that to thee?

*Capt.* [*turning to Girol. without further notice of Anselmo.*

But since you have better feeling, Messer Bembo,  
And know the difference 'twixt a dog and me, [*said*  
*with the same imperturbable gravity.*

I will answer *you*, why I have brought you here.  
The Doge's nephew, Aloise Foscario,  
This night was found bath'd in his blood and dead,  
On the foundation just before your doors.

*Both start — ANSELMO less perceptibly.*

You both betray surprise. It may be real,  
It may be feign'd. That will appear elsewhere.  
Seeing both your doors were open, I had right  
To think, perchance involv'd in some amour,  
Young Foscario met his deathwound at the hands  
Of some one in your houses. What we found

On entering, I will not offend again,  
Messer Girolamo, by repeating here.

*Girol.* But sir, I do protest —

*Capt.* I must be pardon'd,  
If I refuse your Excellence to hold  
Further discourse. My duty here is done.

*Ansel.* And thou shalt answer for it.

*Capt.* And I will.  
I go now to the Signor of the Night  
To make report. Until the *Quarantía*  
Otherwise order, I shall leave you both  
Together and without a special guard. —

[*bowing gravely.*

To the right about; in file; and forward, march!

*The Sbirri defile from the cell,  
one of the torches leading; and during this movement*

*Scene shifts to*

## SCENE II.

*The Interior of a Church.*

*ALOISE lying on a bier before the Chancel.*

*A small torch at the head, and another at the foot of the bier,  
give the only light to the scene.*

*The CHAPLAIN*

*is seen in the act of closing one of the church-doors.*

*He comes forward.*

*Chapl.* Now they are gone, I'll get me to my bed —

'T will yet be warm — and mend my broken sleep.

Giesu! 't is not a trifle to be rous'd

Out of one's dreams at midnight, dreaming too,

Mary forgive us! one of Jerom's dreams,

To enter a cold church. Ugh! Why not let

The dead inter their dead? as Christ's self said.

Midnight? Those torches haply will not burn

Till morning. Should the relatives come in,

And find them out! —

*Takes two larger torches which are standing*

*by one of the pillars, and substitutes them. As he is lighting*

*the one at the head by the one*

*he has thence removed:*

Now, Messer Aloise,

I know not if thou wilt see better now —

Giesu Maria! St. Fantin! [*dropping the small link in terror.*] Did he move? [*looking on the face.*]

Oh horror! and all saints! his eyelids open!  
*Runs off toward the door, then stops, and, coming slowly back.*

This is child's terror: if he be alive,  
 Better for him perhaps, and well for me.  
 If he be dead, I have seen dead men before,  
 And bloody ones. [*Lays his hand on Aloise's chest.*  
 God's holy Cross! he lives!

[*Exit hastily.*]

*While he is gone, ALOISE gives certain feeble signs of coming to.*

*After a few moments,*

*Enter*

*the CHAPLAIN,*  
*with another PRIEST and a LAY-BROTHER.*

*Alo. [without raising his head, and feebly.*

Gismonda! — [*Again lapses into insensibility.*]

*Chapl. There! I thought I heard him speak.*

*Priest. 'T was but thy fancy, brother; and I wish*

*Thou hadst kept it to thyself: my bed was ready.*

*Chapl. But here is what will quite<sup>21</sup> thee, were it warm.*

*As mine was. Beats his heart, or not?*

*Priest. It beats!*

*Let us be quick. Giuseppe, [to Lay-brother.*

*raise the feet. —*

---

He has swoon'd from loss of blood.

*Chapl.* Or pain. So.

*[carrying him off.*

Bear him

Unto my cell. I am glad my bed is warm.

*[Exeunt with Aloise.*

---

SCENE III.

*The Prison — As in Scene I. of the Act.*

*The scene is lighted by a lantern on an oaken table.*

ANSELMO. GIROLAMO.

GIROLAMO is seated on a bench near the table, kicking his heels together, and looking up now and then with an air of drollery at ANSELMO, who, with folded arms and head depressed, paces gloomily, at moments fiercely, the cell.

*Ansel.* *[suddenly stopping, and, after looking fixedly for a moment or two on Girolamo.*

Messer Girolamo Bembo —



*Girol.* [*carelessly.*] Well?

*Ansel.* Our sires  
Were as our grandsires, and their sires far back,  
Great enemies. I am thinking that they were ——  
[*pauses.*]

*Girol.* Great fools, perhaps.

*Ansel.* Even so. And since you think ——  
What were you doing, Messerè, in my chamber?

*Girol.* What were you doing in mine? It is all one.

*Ansel.* My lady is a —— Hum! [*clenching his hand fiercely,*  
*and resuming his walk.*]

*Girol.* And so is mine. [*kicking*  
*his heels together—but not carelessly; then spring-*  
*ing passionately up and coming forward.*]

*Ansel.* You seem to take it easily.

*Girol.* Take the devil!  
How can I help it? Any more than this,  
That we are thrust together in one cell,  
Who hate each other? Shall we fight it out?  
We have no arms. But there are solid walls,  
And here our hands: Your head or mine. What say  
you?

*Ansel.* Either you trifle, or you yet not know  
Why I now speak who never once before  
Open'd my lips to you, and never thought  
I ever should. How look you on our fate?

*Girol.* As a most damn'd one, take it at the best.

*Ansel.* And take it at the worst, as we must do,  
'T is this. To-morrow all of Venice knows

We both are —— Need I breathe the accursed name?

*Girol.* No, 't is not very amiable.<sup>22</sup> What then?

How can I help it?

*Ansel.* But what makes it worse,  
All Venice knows we are enemies; and, so knowing,  
What will it think of what must seem in each  
Covert design to wound the other's honor?  
We shall become the laughingstock —

*Girol.* [*beginning to show uneasiness.*] And scorn —

*Ansel.* The detestation, and the mere contempt  
Of every Pantaloon.<sup>23</sup>

*Girol.* [*somewhat passionately.*]

Ay. But again

I say, How can I help it?

*He begins to stride across the stage in the manner ANSELMO  
had first done.*

ANSELMO watches him a moment in  
the dim light, standing with folded arms. Then,  
slowly, and with depth of tone.

*Ansel.* Help it? Thus.

We are taken up suspected of the murder  
Of Aloise Foscarò. Let us own it.

*Girol.* [*stopping short.*]

Art thou in earnest?

*Ansel.* Earnest? Am I one

Was ever known to utter words in jest?

*Girol.* No, by St. Jerom! Monna Lutia took  
Your sober earnest seriously to heart.

*Ansel.* That is an ill-tim'd pleasantry, Messerè.

*Girol.* It cost me dear then. It was devilish bitter,  
Like John's book, in my belly.<sup>24</sup> Thou may'st cap it  
With one on me and Isotta, if thou like.

*Ansel.* [*with clenched hand, and stamping the floor.*  
Damn her!

*Girol.* Ay, damn them both, loose jades!

*Ansel.* Amen!

From the bottom of my soul! But were they damn'd  
Effectually by our wish, that saves us not  
From the deep hell of infamy wherein  
Their known incontinence plunges, for all time,  
The body of our honor: for all time!  
A moral stench and fire to which the gulf  
Of Dante's horridest Circle were mild Eden.  
Think'st thou not so?

*Girol.* [*with much feeling.*]

Peace! name it not, Anselmo.

*Ansel.* [*at first shrinking.*

Anselmo? — [*brief hesitation.*

But 't is well. For thou art hearty;  
And I believe our grandsires were great fools.  
Girolamo Bembo, — 't is thy enemy speaks,  
Thy enemy that was, but who will be  
Truly thy friend a few brief hours of life,  
If so thou wilt, — thou wouldst not live to bear  
The slur of obloquy, the pitying shrug,  
The mocking smile, the whisper and the joke:  
"That 's he! Lucretia-Lutia's merry keeper."  
"Messer Girolamo, how 's thy enemy's rib?"

*Girol.* [*who has been patting the floor with his foot, his lips sternly compressed.*]

Anselmo Barbadico —

*Ansel.* [*purposely disregarding him.*]

—— Wouldst not bear

To know thou own'dst a wife who —

*more quickly.*] Wouldst thou bear

To be so damn'd, and daily?

*Girol.* Would I live

To lose the all for which life 's worth the living;

Decent opinion and a happy heart?

Better a thousand deaths!

*Ansel.* It is but one.

I 'll share it with thee. Touch my hand.

*Girol.* [*at first shrinking as Ansel. had done —*

*then, with great frankness and putting*

*his whole hand into Anselmo's.*

I will.

This morning I had clasp'd the Devil's as soon.

*Ansel.* We meant to wrong each other, and, so meaning,

Did wrong each other. Let us now each other

Right, and that nobly. One thing is resolv'd:

Young Foscari died by our joint hands, detected

In infamous commerce with our strumpet wives.

The how and when, and wherefore we were found —

Where we were found, — that must we now revolve;

That not the horrors of the Question force

One word from our parch'd throats, to give the lie

To each other's story.

*Girol.* Let them wrench our limbs :  
Our heart's pang has a bloodier sweat. — But hark :  
Is 't right to blacken Foscaro, that ourselves  
May be made whiter ?

*Ansel.* Wherefore not ? He sleeps :  
He will not hear it ; and he fell, no doubt,  
By some avenger's hand ; while our damn'd wives  
Get but their due.

*Girol.* Ay, damn them ! Venice too,  
That breeds such vermin !

*Ansel.* Rather damn ourselves,  
Who fancied each his footing solid ground,  
While grinning at his neighbor's floor of glass.<sup>25</sup>

*They walk up to the table, and GIROLAMO appears to arrange  
the lantern on it so that they may sit on either  
side ; and Scene closes.*



## SCENE IV.

*The Sleeping-Chamber of the Chaplain.*

ALOISE *lying back in an easy chair; two SURGEONS on either side him, one holding his wrist. His head is bandaged.*  
*He is deadly pale, and his eyes are closed.*

M. DOMENICO MARIPETRO, *Signor of the Night.* —  
The CHAPLAIN.—*His fellow* PRIEST. — *The* LAY-BROTHER.

*All but the* LAY-BROTHER  
*come forward, leaving ALOISE a little in the background.*

1st Sur. You now may question him, Messer Maripetro.

2d Sur. [*who had held Aloise's wrist.*

So it be gently, and at no great length.

Marip. I understand you truly then, Messeri,  
These wounds are come of accident, — from a fall,  
Not from premeditated violence?

1st Sur. No.

Even without the bruises and abrasions  
Which mark the patient's body and his palms,  
We should not deem him wounded by assault. —

2d Sur. Although it is not impossible.

1st Sur. Although —

As thinks my learned brother — presupposing  
Certain conditions of weapon and attack,  
It yet might be. But doubt is put at rest,

By the distinguish'd patient's own avowal.

*[turning to the Chapl.]*

*Chapl.* 'T is so. His Excellence has avow'd he fell

From a balcony of the Casa Mora.

*Marip.* Seem'd he to have his senses when he spoke?

*Chapl.* It might be; and again, it might be not.

'T was waking from his swoon. The avowal made,  
He gave a cry of pain and swoon'd again.

*1st Sur.* With pardon of his Reverence be it said,

The cry was more of terror or despair,

As though in the flutter of returning sense

He had utter'd what was perilous to reveal.<sup>26</sup>

*Chapl.* 'Tis very likely: I am growing old.

Messer Aloise! — *[going up to Alo.]*

*Marip.* Hush! — *[goes up also. The rest follow.]*

Messerè, *[to Alo. — Aloise opens his eyes, and again closes them.]*

You fell, you have said, from Messer Moro's window.

*Alo.* *[leaning forward.]*

I did. — O fatal slip! *[to himself. — He strikes his hands together, and falls back, and groans.]*

*1st Sur.* *[to Marip.]* There! Said I right?<sup>27</sup>

*Marip.* *[waving his hand to impose silence.]*

Know you me, Messer Aloise Foscari?

I am one of the Signori of the Night,

Doménico Maripetro. Two young nobles

Were seiz'd on mere suspicion of your murder,

And are detain'd to answer for the attempt.

Will you absolve them? Whence had you these wounds?

*ALOISE turns uneasily in the chair.*

*A pause.*

What took you to the Casa Mora windows,  
Since it must be you were in secret there?

*Another pause.*

*Alo. [heavily sighing.*

Let not the innocent suffer. I must die,  
And will not keep this secret on my breast  
Which is half utter'd. Ser Giovanni Moro,  
Whose wealth is known, keeps constantly in his house  
Large sums of money, and has hoarded jewels  
Of vast amount, whose storing-place I knew.

*A pause. The attendants, &c.,  
gaze on him with intense interest. He keeps his eyes  
still closed.*

Observing that the windows in the rear,  
Which light the corridors, were night and day  
In the warm season open, I resolv'd  
This night to scale them.

*Again a pause — the company  
gazing on him with an expression of increasing interest, which  
now partakes of alarm and even horror.*

At the fourth hour then,  
With a mask'd lantern arm'd and certain keys  
Whose master wards would open every lock,  
I threw a rope-ladder to the mid balcony  
Of the mid floor, where stood a casement open,  
And mounted. [*He pauses.*

*Chapl.* O ye saints, and San Fantino!  
O horror, and Jesus-Mary! And a noble!

*The other PRIEST and the LAY-BROTHER  
cross themselves. The Surgeons exchange looks  
of dismay, 1st Surgeon's mingled with an expression  
of doubt. MARIPETRO keeps his eyes on ALOISE, giving no  
other sign of emotion than the knitting of his brows.  
He waves, however, his hand again, to impose  
silence on the CHAPLAIN.*

*Alo.* The claws were not well grappled to the rails :  
My weight drew down the ladder ; and I fell.  
Wounded and bleeding, half-wild with fear and shame,  
I had the strength to sink in the Canal  
My implements, and staggering sought my home.  
But overcome with pain and loss of blood,  
I soon lay down to die. I know no more.

*Chapl.* The Doge's nephew robbing! Holy Cross!

*MARIPETRO, gazing a moment fixedly on  
ALOISE (who keeps always his eyes shut), turns round and  
looks upon the bystanders. 1ST SURGEON betrays  
strong incredulity.*

*Marip.* 'T is a strange story, Messer Aloise ;  
And be it not disprov'd 't will cost you dear.  
Robbery has of late been fearful-rife,  
And the strong hand of law must put it down.  
Your uncle will not shield you.

*Alo.* Let him not.

I can but die, and shall perhaps even here.

*Chapl.* The Lord vouchsafe your Excellence better thoughts!

*As this is said, 1ST SURGEON draws*

*MARIPETRO forward.*

*1st Sur.* I think his senses wander.

*Marip.* Yet the tale

Was congruous and coherent. And his wounds?

*1st Sur.* I have never doubted came from some such fall.

I doubt his motives.

*Marip.* These the law will search.

*[Returning to Alo.]*

My painful duty, Messer Aloise,

Must be discharg'd. —

*Alo.* Discharge it. I complain not.

*Marip.* Your father sent for will be shortly here.

Meantime I leave you with a single guard,

Who shall await without. *[going.]*

*Alo.* Receive my thanks.

*Enter, MARCO FOSCARI.*

*Marip.* The Procurator is already come.

*Alo.* Father! *[painfully.]*

*Fosc.* My son! How is it with thee now?

*Alo.* Poorly in mind and body. I have made *[faintly.]*

Confession of my guilt.

*Fosc.* Thy guilt! He raves!

Speak, Maripetro!

*Marip.* 'T is indeed too true.

Your Excellency's son admits to have fallen



In an attempt — I am sorry so to speak —  
To rob the Casa Mora.

*Fosc.* He is mad! [*gazing anxiously*  
*on Alo. who keeps his eyes closed.*]

*1st Sur.* For the moment — partially. He should have rest.  
Bewilderment of the cerebral functions  
Has follow'd the concussion, as did syncope  
The blood's congestion.

*Fosc.* [*motioning to the company to go.*]  
Give me leave, good friends.

Thou dost not fear to leave me, Maripetro,  
Alone with Aloise?

MARIPETRO *bows,*  
*and Exit with the others by a door.*  
Aloise!

Art in thy senses?

*Alo.* Never more so, father.

*Fosc.* What hast thou done then? Whence and how this  
fall?

What took thee to Giovanni Moro's house?

*Alo.* Attempting to ascend a high balcony;  
With what intention, spare me to repeat.

*Fosc.* Degenerate boy! Art thou so lost to shame?  
Open thine eyes, and look me in the face.  
Thou cast'st them down! Is 't guilt? This is some  
cheat!

The tenor of thy past life shows it so.

Thou hast been noble, generous, from a child,  
Oblivious of thyself for others' good.

Incapable of avarice: thou art Foscaro.

The tears are gushing from thy clos'd eyes fast!

My own begin to trickle. O my son!

What is thy trouble? Fear not! Come; confess.

Thou didst not fall; thou wast hurl'd down perhaps

From some high window, caught in some amour.

Make me thy friend: I will not judge thee harshly.

*Alo.* [*much moved*

My father! ——

*Fosc.* [*caressingly.*

Yes, yes; that is it.

*Alo.* [*despairingly.*

No, no!

It is in vain. Let justice have its course.

Ask me no more.

*Fosc.* Let justice have its course?

Art thou a villain then? And wilt thou hang?

*Alo.* No, I shall die before the cord be ready.

*Fosc.* But, dying so, thou wilt not save our shame.

Thou art the Doge's nephew, and my son.

Thou art no villain. Either thou art mad,

With thy wounds' fever, or there lies here hid

Some mystery, perhaps of love-intrigue,

Which I shall know to fathom. Rest in peace.

I go to the Ducal Palace straight.

[*Exit by the door.*

*Alo.* Gismonda!

I have stripp'd my honor bare, to cover thine.

[*Siroons.*

*Enter, from the door,*  
MARIPETRO, CHAPLAIN, and SURGEONS.

*The PRIEST and LAY-BROTHER*  
*behind.*

*Chapl. [as he crosses the sill.*

O horror! and St. Job! he is gone again!

*1st Sur.* It has been too much for him.

*2d Sur.* As I foresaw.

*The SURGEONS and CHAPLAIN hastily, MARIPETRO*  
*slowly, move towards ALOISE. The*  
*PRIEST and LAY-BROTHER press*  
*through the door.*

*And during this movement the*

*Drop falls.*

## ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I. *In the Ducal Palace. The Hall of the  
Council of Ten.*

LOREDANO, MOCENIGO  
*and others of the Council assembled.*  
*The DOGE presiding.*

*Doge.* Illustrious Signors! Now the affairs of state  
Which call'd you hither are over, ere we part  
Give me your sufferance. If we call your hearing  
From the deep thunder of the Milan war  
To meaner trouble and scarce audible sound  
Whose near reverberations startle rarely  
The far-removed sphere of your high functions,  
It is not idly. In the affair we indicate  
There is a mystery, and a double plot  
Darkly inwoven, and so close-perplex'd,  
As needs to unravel it your graver judgment  
And your supreme authority to resolve, —  
The honor of three noble houses being  
Therein involv'd. Vouchsafe us then your patience.  
Have we your high permission to proceed.

*The COUNCIL exchange looks of inquiry, then  
gravely nod assent.*

'T is known in Venice, Aloise Foscario,  
VOL. IV.—10

Many weeks since, was taken up for dead  
 Between the open portals of two houses ;  
 Girolamo Bembo's being one, the other  
 Anselmo Barbadico's. Search being made,  
 These nobles — foes, observe ! were found in the dark  
 Each in the other's house, at dead of night.  
 Charg'd with the seeming murder, each apart  
 Avow'd for himself, seeing Aloise pass  
 At certain hours often by their doors,  
 And knowing their wives were faithless, they had lain  
 That night in wait for him, unknown to each other,  
 And, rushing out together, between them slain him.  
 Hearing then the tramp and seeing from afar  
 The torches of the night-guard, scar'd, bewilder'd,  
 Having chang'd their places in the assault, they fled  
 Each through the other's portal unawares, —  
 Their houses being similar. That the wounded  
 Died not, makes not their story false. But lo !  
 Being question'd, Aloise avers he fell  
 From a balcony of the Casa Mora,  
 Attempting — who will credit such a tale ?  
 To rob the house !

*Loredano.* Why not ? What 's in a Foscario,  
 Should save him from the crimes of vulgar men ?

*Doge.* Nothing : but much to keep him from their mean-  
 ness.

*Lored.* What 's that ? the Ducal Bonnet ?

*Doge.* No ; but that  
 Which we might say a Loredano wants



Since the brave Admiral, Pietro of that name,  
Stoops to offend the feelings of an uncle  
To gratify the malice of his hate.

*Mocenigo.* [*hastily.*

What said they to this strange avowal?

*Doge.* [*bowing to Mocen. and then around the Council.*

Pardon :

The trodden worm will turn ; I cannot kiss  
My enemy's heel. — They affirm'd it was delusion ;  
Delirium from the fever of his wounds. —  
By order of the Criminal Quarantía,  
Search being made in the Canal from Moro's —  
To Barbadico's house, was nothing found,  
Though Aloise said therein he threw  
A ladder, keys, and lantern. He avers  
Still to have fallen ; still the two maintain  
Their story of assault.

*Mocen.* With what design ?

*Doge.* To find in death a refuge from dishonor.

Disgusted with their wives, and sick of life,  
Made friends by common suffering, they plann'd,  
In their deep passion and shame, what now for shame  
They scruple to retract.

*Mocen.* And Aloise ?

*Doge.* Doubtless did fall ; but from what house and how,  
Lies yet in darkness.

*Lored.* Give them to the rack.

All three will render up their secrets straight.  
Their folly or guilt needs not this high tribunal

To sift or punish it.

*Doge.* 'T is because the rack  
Threatens now needlessly their youthful limbs,  
We crave in their behalf the Council's favor —  
To us, not them. Our Procurator brother  
Has found a clue to Aloise's part,  
In certain feeble hints Giovanni Moro,  
Close-question'd, gave him. Grant us ample power  
To search this matter, we pledge our faith to make it  
Clear as noon-day, the issue leaving wholly  
To your high verdict. [*he speaks still to the rest of the*  
*Council, without regarding Loredano.*

*Lored.* As is simply fit.

The Doge would seek immunity for his nephew  
And brother's son.

*Doge.* The Doge before the Ten  
Knows not his brother nor his brother's son.  
Francesco Foscari is servant of the State.  
When was he ever known to scant his duty?  
When to refuse a sacrifice of self?  
Not only his nephew, does the law demand him,  
But his own children; he surrenders all;  
Even dead will ye have it so.

*Lored.* [*muttered.*] It yet may be.<sup>23</sup>

*Mocen.* I see no power that may not well be granted  
Unto his Highness in this strange affair.  
Why should the noble Admiral refuse  
To do his enemy justice?

*Lored.* I refuse not.

Is it the pleasure of the rest, 't is mine.

*Mocen.* Is it agreed then? [*looking round upon the Council.*]

*All the members nod affirmatively except*

*Lored., who remains motionless.*

It is granted. [*to the Doge.*]

*Doge.* [*bowing acknowledgment.*] Thanks. —

Associates, the Council stands adjourn'd.

COUNCIL, *rising, prepare to separate as*

*Scene closes.*

---

SCENE II.

*A room in the house of Anselmo.*

ISOTTA. LUTIA.

*Lut.* Is there to be no end to this suspense?

*Isot.* Why soon, I think. Now Aloise Foscari  
Is well enough to stand before a court,  
The trial must come on.

*Lut.* And then?

*Isot.* Why then,  
 What but our lords' release? Has Foscaro been  
 Too noble to avow the rightful source  
 Of his disaster — which I think was hardly  
 Our friend Gismonda's jewels, — will he seek  
 For safety in our husbands' wild invention?  
 Its falsehood obvious, they are free.

*Lut.* To vent  
 The vengeance of their prisonment on us.

*Isot.* We soon will turn the tables on them. What!  
 Did they not bring it on themselves? 'T is little  
 Indeed atonement for their sins! And we?  
 Have we gone scathless? Not the humblest soul  
 Of all our husbands' lineage, scarce a friend  
 Or relative of our own, to touch our hands  
 Or hold communion with us! Both set down,  
 In a vile city, as the vilest vile!

*Enter,*  
 CASSANDRA, *precipitately,*  
*with looks of dismay.*

What now? What is it, girl?

*Cass.* O God! Madonna!

*Isot.* Why dost thou wring thy hands? What hast thou  
 heard?

What seen?

*Cass.* Seen nothing — not as yet. But see  
 The town will soon. — O dear! O dear! my master!

*Isot.* What of him? Speak!

*Lut.* And of my lord?

*Cass.* They are both  
Condemn'd to lose their heads between the pillars. —

*Isot.* [*jocosely, and sustaining Lutia, who appears dumb  
with horror.*]

Don't faint, my Lutia!

*Cass.* [*looking on Isotta with surprise.*]

Really though, Madonna! —

*Isot.* I do not doubt it. They 're to lose their heads;  
And? —

*Cass.* Messer Aloise to be hung.

*Isot.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Cass.* But it is true.

*Lut.* Isotta! —

*Isot.* Now, don't give way! Here comes Giovanna too.

*Enter,*

*with like discomposure,*

GIOVANNA.

We will hear her first. Well! didst thou see them die?

*Giov.* [*in extremity of surprise.*]

Madama!

*Lut.* Mind her not, Giovanna! Speak!

What is this horrid story?

*Giov.* 'T is too true.

I had it from the porter. And I came

Straightway to tell you. And I found the men



In the court below were talking of it too.

*Isot.* [*making a gesture to restrain Lutia, who looks wildly from Giov. to Isot.*]

Talking of what? — Now, Lutia, do be still!

*Giov.* 'T is talk'd all over Venice — so they say.

Madonna Lutia's, and your lord, Madonna,  
Will be beheaded in the Piazzetta,  
And the Duke's nephew hung.

*Isot.* Right wisely done!

Hail Francis Foscara, the new Solomon!

*Lut.* God keep us sane! This horror drives her wild!

*Isot.* No, joy. — Thou hast heard how Solomon the Jew,  
To find the mother, where two claim'd a child,  
Order'd the little bantling cut in two.

So Solomon the Venetian, to discover  
The entangled secret of our *Double Deceit*,  
Proposes to behead each *Husband-Lover*,  
And hang his nephew in the public street.  
Nay, never stare! 'T is so, and wisely done.  
Hail Francis Foscara, the new Solomon!

*Lut.* Do leave thy rhymes, Isotta; and disclose  
Thy meaning plainly.

*Isot.* Plainly, in plain prose:  
Come with me to Gismouda.

*Lut.* With what view?  
Hop'st thou she would admit us *now*?

*Isot.* I do.  
Cassandra shall prepare the way.

*Lut.* Her sire

Will shut the door in our faces.

*Isot.* He sha'n't see them.

We will go mask'd. Now, not a word, my dear!

'T is time for action now, not speech. Go bid

The gondola be prepar'd, Cassandra.

*Lut.* No.

'T is but a step. We had better walk.

*Isot.* The barge

Will screen us better while we wait without.

[*Exit Cass.*

Come to my closet. I have masks for both.

*They move towards a door.*

I hardly think, my dear, the Doge will care

To chop two heads off 'twixt the two stone pillars,

Because they wish'd to choose 'twixt two down  
pillows.

*Lut.* No; Venice would have nought but bodies then.

*Isot.* Save a few heads — of children and old men.

*Lut.* O monstrous libel! Would no women keep

Their heads then on their shoulders?

*Isot.* Some — asleep.

*Lut.* What then do we awake in this Lot's town?

*Isot.* O, we are friends, and spare each other's down.

[*Opens the door, and in the act*

*Scene changes.*

## SCENE III.

*In the house of Giovanni Moro,*

*As in Act II., Sc. III.*

MORO. GISMONDA.

*Moro.* I will have nought to do with it, I say.

Thou hast disobey'd me; and, by thy connivance,  
Young Foscari would have forc'd his way by night  
Into my house — I do believe, Gismonda,  
From thy own nobleness, not to thy dishonor —

*GISMONDA raises his hand  
to her lips. MORO draws it away with  
affected roughness.*

Now, none of that! unless it be in token  
Of penitence for the past. I say, Gismonda.  
If Aloise did not enter here,  
It was by his misfortune, not thy fault;  
And though thou 'scap'st the forfeit, he shall not;  
Not by my movement.

*Gism.* And his self-denial?  
Father, thou call'dst it noble. Canst thou wish  
To punish him through the very merit which won  
But now thy favor?

*Moro.* I punish not. I own,  
The youth is brave, is noble, is magnanimous,

Is worthy of his name: but is 't my fault  
He lost his balance? I would have pitch'd him down,  
Had I been near him. Let him pay the cost  
Of his mad passions, as all men must do  
Sometime or other.

*Gism.* It is done, my father.  
Frightful atonement! He has barely 'scap'd  
Alas! with life.

*Moro.* So let his broken bones  
Teach him a lesson. I will not intercede  
With his stern uncle. I have done enough,  
Avowing to his father that he knew thee.  
Hang him or not, I wash my hands of all.

*Gism.* Yet, for my sake, for mine! dear father, pity!

*Moro.* Thou art a fool — or feign'st to be. Thou knowest,  
As well as I do, Foscari will not hang.  
He has risk'd his neck to save thy honor; and thou,  
I doubt it not, wilt risk thy honor in turn  
To save his neck. But if thou do, remember,  
I have no part in it! And ——— What is this?

*Enter GIULIETTA.*

*Giul.* May it please Madonna, a girl without craves leave  
Of speech with her.

*Moro.* Admit her: I have done.

*[Exit Giul.]*

Now bear in mind, Gismonda! I'll not stir  
A hand to save him, let him hang or not.

*[Exit Moro — in opposite direction.]*

*Re-enter GIULIETTA with CASSANDRA.*

GISMONDA, *on seeing the latter, turns indignantly on*  
GIULIETTA.

*Cass.* Madonna, pardon me: you have no cause  
To look displeas'd. I have indeed been sent ——

*Gism.* [*gravely.*

What does thy mistress want with me, Cassandra?

*Cass.* It is a matter that concerns you both.

GISMONDA *draws herself up,*  
*but with more displeasure than disdain.*

Nay, you do wrong her, Madam. On my word,  
She is innocent, and as virtuous as yourself.

*Gism.* Girl! — Come. [*to Giul., and moving off.*

*Cass.* Do hear me! Do be just!

*Giul.* Do hear!

Appearances, Madonna, may deceive.

*Cass.* [*significantly.*

Madonna Mora's self might be misjudg'd.

*Gism.* Ah! say'st thou? Well; be brief.

*Cass.* Then briefly, thus:

My master and Madonna Bembo's lord  
Made love to each other's spouse. The ladies told  
Immediately each the other, and contriv'd  
To assume each other's place.

*Gism.* Ah! truly?

*Cass.* Madam,

I and Madonna Lutia's maid, Giovanna,  
Were cognizant of all and help'd in all.



*Gism.* Could I believe thee !

*Cass.* That needs not. My lady  
Brings her own proof.

*Gism.* What mean'st thou ?

*Cass.* They are come,  
She and Madonna Lutia, to concert  
Measures with you to rescue all the three,  
Their husbands and the nephew of the Doge.  
Will you not see them ?

*Giul.* [*Gismonda hesitating.*

See them, dear my lady :  
The Devil is not so black as he is drawn.

*Cass.* They are no devils at all.

*Giul.* That 's true ; being come  
Upon an errand of mercy.

*Gism.* Thou distract'st me :  
Peace ! — [*A pause. Considering.*

*To Cass.]* I will see them. —

Go thou with Cassandra.

[*Exit Giul. and Cass.*

*GISMONDA walks thoughtfully to and fro  
a few moments.*

'T is very true. Myself might be misjudg'd.  
I have but Giulietta to maintain  
My plea of honor. Why should I distrust  
Isotta, still more Lutia ? If the world  
Traduce them for their husbands' fault, may 't not,  
When I relate for Aloise's sake  
My story of the rendezvous, believe

Me too impure? The trial will come hard.  
But thou didst venture all, thou gallant spirit!  
Why should not I? Albeit the risk for me  
Is more than death.

*Enter*

ISOTTA and LUTIA,

*wearing masks, which they immediately remove,*

CASSANDRA, GIULIETTA, and GIOVANNA.

*These three retire to the background, and, during the colloquy  
between their mistresses, GIULIETTA, in dumb-show,  
appears by her gesticulations (pointing to  
the window, &c.) to be recounting  
the misfortune of ALOISE.*

*Isot.* Salute us not, Gismonda.

Spare us a welcome that must needs be cold.

*Lut.* And yet it should not. Why shouldst thou accept,  
Who knowest us, all a lying world puts forth?

*Gism.* Your husbands did. [*Gism. speaks, though gravely  
and with sufficient firmness, yet with diffidence.*

*Isot.* Our husbands were deceiv'd.

Has not Cassandra told thee?

*Gism.* [*same manner.*] But in brief.

'T was a strange tale. She said thou hadst the proofs.

*Isot.* Which we shall lay before the Duke himself.

Thou she - St. Thomas! thou shalt put thy fingers  
Upon the very marks.

*Lut.* O dear Gismonda!

What better proof than that our coming brings?

Were we so guilty, wouldst thou see us here?  
Look in our faces.

*Isot.* It is aptly urg'd.

But I may claim to add: What, did we say  
Young Foscario ——

*Gism.* No, no! do not say it! no!  
Forgive me! We will not distrust each other; not  
On the world's showing only. [*Gives a hand to each.*

*Isot.* Now then, hear

Why we are come. What think'st thou means the  
Doge?

It were preposterous, tyranny unmatch'd,  
To put to death, even on their own confession,  
Two men of standing, for a night-assault,  
When the pretended victim swears himself  
'T was never made. The Doge then would discover,  
Why this self-accusation; why two foes  
Were found at midnight each in the other's chamber;  
Why his own nephew, hitherto unstain'd,  
Takes on himself a crime not less degrading  
Than heinous. In a word, the Doge, my dear,  
Would bring us out, sagaciously divining  
We three could solve this mystery if we would.  
The Doge must have his will.

*Gism.* But how, Isotta?

*Isot.* We must appeal to him — appear before him,  
If he desire. There is no other way,  
Especially for thee. But tell us frankly:  
Thou art the jewel young Foscari came to rob?

Fie! never blush; the world must know it soon.

*Gism.* My father had forbidden him the house.

*Isot.* Ah? — But the why concerns not us. — Thy sire  
Knows then of all, and knowing can explain.

*Gism.* But that he will not do: he swears it roundly.

His stubborn humor — if I must call it so —

Thou knowest.

*Lut.* But hast thou not some friend, Gismonda,  
Will speak for thee, and us? our cause being one.  
For this we are come. For we are stripp'd of friends  
By our misfortune.

*Isot.* Nor will stoop to plead  
Through any advocate for that mere justice  
That should be meted us on our own asking,  
And the bare statement of the naked facts.

*Gism.* So it becomes you best. — [*Considering.*] I know  
of one.

There is Stef'ano Moceni'go, of the Ten.

*Isot.* Who better? 'T is the Doge's single friend

In a malignant and opposing Council.

Let us prepare a letter to the Prince,

Requesting in the names of all the three

An instant hearing. This, dispatch'd forthwith,

The Minister will bear him. Let us haste.

The College sits to-day: there is bare time

To find the Doge alone.

*Lut.* And not an hour,  
For the three prisoners' sake and for our own,  
To throw away: the town is in a ferment.

*Gism.* Come to my oratory then ; for here

My father might break in and interrupt us.

*Isot.* And catch without our masks us, wicked pair,  
And wonder how the devil we got here.

*GISMONDA leads them to the door of a cabinet,  
which opening, she shows them in.*

*Cass.* Be not concern'd, fair ladies : if 't will do,  
I and Giovanna here will mask for you.

*[Exit Lulia.*

*Isot.* *[looking back.*

Thou 'dst better it, thou jade ! — Here wait ye two  
Our coming back. And keep your faces bare.

*[Exit, followed by  
Gismonda, who, in character, has looked  
rather surprised ; and door closes.*

*Giul.* — For Master's eyes.

*To Cass.]* Charm'd with that modest air,  
He 'll think it better pastime here to sue,  
Than join the ladies yonder at their prayer.

*GIULIETTA and CASSANDRA put on the masks  
and begin to caricature the airs of fine ladies to the  
amusement of GIOVANNA ; and*

*Scene closes.*



## SCENE IV.

## THE PIAZZETTA.

*The same concourse as in Act I., Sc. II.; but the groups are earnestly conversing and gesticulating, and a knot of people stands in apparent expectation about the portal of the Palace.*

*In the foreground, an OLD WOMAN coming down the stage, and a GONDOLIER going up from the left.*

*Enter,*

*from the right, ISOTTA and LUTIA,  
attended by CASSANDRA and GIOVANNA.*

*Old Wom.* [*observing them.*]

Hoot, the bold hussies!

*Gondol.* [*facing about at the cry.*]

Give them a wide berth;

They 've got men's blood on them.

*Old Wom.* Or soon will have.

*Isot.* [*firmly, yet in an under tone.*]

Fear them not, Lutia; we shall soon be through. —  
Keep close to us, girls.

*Enter*

*the two SURGEONS.*

*1st Sur.* [*to Gondol.*] What is this all about?

*Gondol.* [*crying out to Isot., &c.*]

*Take care of the columns!*<sup>29</sup> Ye have brought already

Two gallant men betwixt them, ye foul jades!

*2d Sur. [to 1st Sur.*

'T is the two wives of the condemn'd young nobles,  
Bembo and Barbadico. One I know.

*Gondol. [who has turned about to the Surgeons, after the  
above obloquy.*

Then you 've a bad acquaintance.

*Old Wom. [hobbling after Isot.,  
&c., and gesticulating.]* Stone the jades!

*Gondol. [who has given attention to this cry, now half-  
turning again to the Surgeons.*

I wish I had them bound upon a plank  
Well-charg'd with stones, between two gondolas!  
Would n't the boats part quickly!<sup>30</sup>

*Old Wom. [still pursuing.*

Stone the jades!

*[And the crowd in the background  
take up the cry : "Stone them!"*

*The ladies are seen to cower.*

*Gondol. [running up.*

I 'll see the muss.

*1st Sur. [seriously to 2d Sur.*

They are in great danger.

*Enter a body of SBIRRI  
with CAPTAIN.*

*Capt. Halt! —*

Back, ye mad fools! Disperse, ye hags! — Left wheel!  
Forward!

*The Archers march up the stage, and, the mob sullenly retiring, the ladies, &c., continue on their way to the Ducal Palace, which presently (in the course of the Scene) they enter.*

1st Sur. [in tone of relief.

In time!

Gondol. The Devil take the Sbirri!

They 're always in the way, those fellows! — Who 's this?

*Enter from the left*

GISMONDA and GIOVANNI MORO  
and GIULIETTA.

*They pass slowly up the stage towards the Palace (which they enter before the close of the Scene.)*

*Directly after them, also from the left,  
the CHAPLAIN.*

Chapl. [to Gondol.

Hush, my brave Barcarole! that 's Messer Moro.  
And the young lady, my brave Barcarole,  
Is Messer Moro's daughter, Monna Mora.  
They are going before the Doge. —

Gondol. O yes, I know,  
To inform against his brigand, cut-throat nephew.  
She 's a brave lady! He 's a villain!

1st Sur. What for?

Gondol. What for, my citizen? If seven big murders.  
For a young fellow, like Aloise Foscario,  
Be not enough to make a villain! —

*Chapl.* Seven!

O horror! and St. Moses! Why, my son,  
He ne'er committed one!

*Gondol.* So much thou knowest,  
Good Father! I say, seven.

*Old Wom.* Nay, 't was eight!  
Did n't he stick Madonna Mora's maid?

*Gondol.* St. Peter! no! I 'll tell ye about that.

He got up by a ladder with a torch,—

Meaning to fire the house, to rob it safely.

But, by good luck, Madonna Mora's maid,—

That 's she behind her — a right buxom lass! ——

*Old Wom.* She walks like a crab.

*Gondol.* Thou 'rt crabb'd thyself, old wench:

A soft crab!

*Old Wom.* Am I! thou salt-water hog!

I 'll let thee feel my claws!

*Gondol.* Keep off, old mermaid!

I 'll put my oar to thy flippers, an' thou don't. —

Well, by good luck, Messeri, as I said,

The maid lay with a toothache wide-awake,

And, seeing the light, awoke her sleeping lady.

They stole to the balcony. Then the maid

Dashing the blazing pine in 's face, the lady

Tripp'd-up the ladder. Wa'n't it bravely done?

And so we shall see this Princes-nephew hung.

Come on, old crab! Three cheers for Monna Mora!

*Goes up the stage,*

OLD WOMAN hobbling after him threateningly.

*1st Sur.* And, Down with the Prince's nephew! if he durst.

*Chapl.* Giesu! was ever! — But I 'm growing old!

Seven murders!

*1st Sur.* "Nay, 't was eight." For, "didn't he stick  
Madonna Mora's maid?"

*2d Sur.* With lighted torch.

*Chapl.* Ah! popular rumor! popular rumor, sons!

*1st Sur.* Is a soft-shell crab, of our Gondolier's description.

It climbs too high sometimes our mansion-walls:

Then ebbs the tide, and the oozy crawler 's left

Out of his element. — For the Palace, Father?

*Chapl.* Ay, gentle son. Perhaps I may be needed

Before the College, in Foscari's behalf.

I heard him mutter some things much like love

And Monna Mora's name in his fever once.

But I am growing old now.

*1st Sur.* So are we.

*2d Sur.* And bound for the Palace too, with similar views.

*Chapl.* Come then, my sons. St. Fantin, and all saints!

'T were a great shame, to hang a Doge's nephew.

*1st Sur.* Slight fear of that, good Chaplain. 'T is a sham:

A plummet let down in the well of Truth.

*Chapl.* Think'st thou? 'T is likely. But I 'm getting old.

St. Christopher! they must not hang him yet,

If we can help it. Come away, fair sons.

*They move up the stage, and*

*Scene closes.*



## SCENE V., AND THE LAST.

*In the Ducal Palace. The Hall of the College.*

*On the right, in his robes of state, and crowned with the Ducal Corno, the DOGE on his throne between his SIX COUNSELORS of the College, — having before him LOREDANO, MOCENIGO, and others of the COUNCIL OF TEN. In the background, the CRIMINAL QUARANTI'A, and others of the COLLEGE. In front of them, standing, the AVVOGADORE MOROSINI. — In the centre of the stage, somewhat back, stands ALOISE, with two SBIRRI behind him leaning on their pikes, MARCO FOSCARO on his right hand, and MARIPETRO, a little behind him, on his left. — More forward, and somewhat to the left of ALOISE, BEMBO and BARBADICO, with four SBIRRI and the CAPTAIN OF THE NIGHT. Near the left wing, far down in the foreground, the CHAPLAIN and the two SURGEONS (who enter however during the DOGE's speech).*

*Doge.* By your advice, most learn'd and noble Counselors,  
 The other members of this potent College  
 Giving consent — our brothers of the Ten  
 Therein conjoin'd, by whose illustrious sanction  
 This strange affair ( which from its private nature,  
 Affecting individuals not the State,  
 Concerns a portion rather of your body,  
 The Criminal Forty, than the exalted whole )<sup>31</sup>

Was given to us to manage at our will  
 For the great ends of justice and the good  
 Of the aggriev'd concern'd, — by your joint order  
 And liberal sufferance, shall we now proceed  
 To loose the tangles of this intricate plot,  
 For whose unravelment all Venice waits  
 Impatiently. The prisoners stand before you.  
 Two parties, who profess to hold the key  
 To unlock this mystery, attend without.  
 Is it your pleasure they be summon'd in  
 And questioned?

*The DOGE looks around the assembly,  
 which gravely bowing,  
 he motions with his hand, and*

*Enter*

ISOTTA and LUTIA, attended by CASSANDRA and GIOVANNA;  
 then, after a brief interval, GISMONDA,  
 leaning on MORO's arm, and followed by GIULIETTA.

*As ISOTTA passes before ANSELMO, she throws at him a side-long look of malicious pleasure, which ANSELMO returns with one of concentrated indignation. GIROLAMO glances with a half-impatient half-careless look at LUTIA, who however keeps down her head. He then exchanges looks with ANSELMO, who clenches passionately his hand, — without however lifting it.*

Ye, who answer for the Ser  
 Anselmo Barbadico and the Ser

Girolamo Bembo, stand befor our throne.

The other dame be seated.

*GISMONDA, after mutely endeavoring to persuade MORO to remain by her (pressing his hand in both of hers, &c.), takes a seat which is offered, first exchanging a timid and anxious look with ALOISE, who appears deeply moved. GIULIETTA stands up behind her chair. MORO has retired close to the left wing of the scene, before GISMONDA sits, and stands near the CHAPLAIN and SURGEONS.*

Now, fair ladies,

Why challenge ye our hearing? And what plea

Put forward, that the sentence of our will

And the Ten's mandate should not be enforc'd?

*Isot.* Illustrious Prince! And ye, exalted Signors!

'T were hard, even in a presence less august,

To speak of matters, which to merely intimate

Throws doubt upon our virtue: but the safety

Of our lov'd husbands, and our own dear honor,

Therewith involv'd, allow of no reserve.

I know not by what influence, certainly not

Through her enticement, who was ever grave

And decorous in her carriage, my staid lord

Made love to Monna Lutia, while to me

Her gayer mate paid, almost at one time,

A similar compliment. How this should chance

I cannot say. Perhaps being learn'd, they had read,

Like pairs with like, and birds will flock together

Who find a semblance in each other's feather.

*The assembly smile, while ANSELMO  
(on whom ISOTTA glances maliciously) and GIROLAMO mutter  
together and exchange looks of rage and shame.*

Lutia and I from childhood have been friends,  
Having had one foster-mother. From the love  
We bore our husbands — how reciprocated,  
Your Highness has just heard,— we never pass'd,  
After our marriage, through each other's door,  
Contented o'er a hedge, which parts in two  
The garden of our homes, from time to time  
To hold communion. Thus it was, one day,  
We told each other of our Christian lords,  
Who, hating one another unto death,  
Kept all their charity for each other's wives:  
*Again the glance by ISOTTA; and again ANSELMO and  
GIROLAMO appear excited.*

And who had grown so curious to explore  
Their neighbor's dwelling, that they could not wait  
Till Time should open them the common gate,  
But sought to creep in by a private door.

*This time ANSELMO and GIROLAMO —  
especially the latter — are so far mastered by  
their passion, that the CAPTAIN of the Guard is obliged  
to restrain them. MOCENIGO, observing the com-  
motion, exchanges glances with the Coun-  
cil, and then looks up to the DOGE,  
who thereupon.*

*Doge.* The prisoners will have patience till their hour

To give response. Else bear them to their cells. —  
Proceed, fair lady; nor restrain your wit.

*Isot.* To know them better, and to make them know  
Us better, and to punish each her spouse,  
We plotted to encourage them, and made  
Appointments, feigning unto each our lords  
Were gone from home; and ere the appointed hour  
Each by assistance of the other's maid  
Stole to the other's chamber, there awhile  
Study'd, and for a purpose, all it held,  
Then waited, in the dark as was agreed,  
Our husband-lovers. These had been prepar'd,  
For reasons obvious, not to hear us speak.  
Our ears however open, while we listen  
Each to the worship paid her rival friend,  
Sudden there is a tramp upon the stair,  
The door is open'd, the attending maid  
Warns us of danger, and, still in the dark,  
We flee through the garden and regain our homes.  
Here stand our maids, the witnesses of all,  
And aidant in the plot from first to last. —  
What follows need I tell? The Husband-Lovers,  
Detected ignominiously, assum'd  
The guilt of a murder which they knew not yet  
Had never been committed and had never  
Been even attempted, eager to escape  
Contempt and laughter in the unconscious grave.

Thus ends our story. If I have been long,  
Weighing on solemn hours, already heavy



With burdens of the State, I pray my Prince  
And all your Excellencies, for my sex's weakness,  
To escape your censure.

*Doge.* Nay, receive our praise.  
Lady, you have well spoken. What have ye,  
Messerì, to respond.

*Ansel.* But briefly this:  
The story is collusion.

*Isot.* And our maids?

*Ansel.* Are purchas'd.

*Isot.* Whence this ring? — Illustrious Prince,  
I took it from his finger, in the chamber.

*Ansel.* 'T was Lutia took it; and thou hadst it thence.

*Isot.* Here is the copy of the note thou hadst.  
I wrote it first for Lutia.

*Girol.* 'T is a copy  
Perhaps taken after.

*Isot.* Say'st thou, Messer Bembo?  
My maid will find the woman, an' thou list,  
Who took from her the copy, which she bore  
From Lutia to Anselmo.

*Ansel.* That is nought.  
Who cannot buy such women, when thy maid  
Herself is purchas'd?

*Doge.* Messer Barbadico,  
Ourself can urge thee. Seest thou nothing, then,  
In the dark chamber and the silent lips?  
*Ansel.* Pardon, my liege, — I see no proof therein  
Of more than simple shyness, or, be 't said

With greater aptness, merely simple shame.

*Girol.* [*who has been absorbed in thought — suddenly.*

But I, magnanimous Prince, begging pardon too  
Of all that hear me, plead now for our wives,  
Advancing this strong proof. When she I thought  
Was Monna Isotta heard me call her thus,  
She drew her hand away, and fell to weeping.  
Even then, before I well could think, the alarm  
Was given, and the dame escap'd. But now,  
I know 't was Lutia; and I ask forgiveness.

*Doge.* She is weeping now; but not, I think, from grief.—  
And thou, Anselmo, hast thou nought to say?

*A pause, ANSELMO appearing to consider.*

*Chapl.* [*low to Surgeons.*

St. Zachary! is he dumb before the Duke!

Wait till I 'm asked: I will not hold my tongue.

*Ansel.* A light breaks on me too; and I avow,  
With penitence, great Duke, we both have sinn'd;  
Sinn'd in false censure, as in bad intent.  
I do remember now, that I was shock'd,  
When fancied Lutia slily laugh'd to hear  
My whisper'd vows. Isotta so had done.

*Isot.* Yea verily, and did. And is that all  
Thy memory owns? Thou hast forgot to speak  
Of one thing more. How when I fled away,  
I lent thee with my fingers on thy cheek  
A compliment which Lutia would not pay.

*Ansel.* I own the debt, and that 't was well incurr'd.

*Doge.* These noble ladies' honor is now purg'd

Before all Venice. But not yet absolv'd  
Stand their two lords. Rise up, Madonna Mora,  
And what thou knowest deliver unreserv'd.

*GISMONDA rises with an effort, seems to struggle with herself, then sits down again—or rather sinks into the chair.*

*Chapl. [in under tone to 1st Sur.*

St. Lazarus! poor thing, how scar'd she is!

I should be too. But I am getting old.

*Doge.* Be not dishearten'd, noble and gentle lady!

*Giul. [low to Gism.*

For Messer Aloise's sake. Madonna,  
He would have died for you.

*GISMONDA, rising instantly, casts one look on ALOISE, then seeming to gather courage, speaks, with a voice which gradually strengthens in its tone of modest firmness, but with eyes cast down.*

*Gism.* It is most true:

He would have died for me. — Illustrious Prince,

Were it my honor, as it is but pride

And womanly shame that are involv'd, — for him,

Who ventur'd life and honor both for me,

Should I not offer it? [*Lifts her eyes with an expression of deep gratitude to Alo., then casts them down again. Brief pause.*

Aloise Foscari

Lov'd me — and woo'd me. But his sire had chosen  
Another partner for him. For this cause,

And being of kindred to the Loredani,  
My sire forbade me to receive his visits,  
Under the certain pain of being shut out  
From his heart alike and home. What could I do?  
That very day, Aloise was to come. —  
Intercepted by my maid, not knowing why  
My father had forbid him, in despair  
He urg'd me through the girl to give him hearing  
In secret and by night. As 't was to be  
In a balcony, and my maid beside,  
The eloquence of his passionate distress,  
Repeated by the girl, o'ercame all fear,  
And womanly shame, and prudence, and, oh me!  
All filial reverence. — At midnight then,  
A cord let down drew up to the balcony  
A ladder, which we fasten'd to the rail. —  
Young Foscaro ascended. [*Her voice breaks.*

In his haste

To reach — to reach my outstretch'd arms — he fell.

*Overcome. Brief pause.*

*Chapl. [low.*

Oh horror! and all saints! he was no robber.  
The Duke won't need my evidence after all!

*Gism. [recovering — and with energy.*

My lord, he is the noblest of all men!  
Lest found beneath the window he should stain  
Her honor whom he lov'd, he dragg'd away  
His body, all broken and bleeding, from the door,  
To die elsewhere.

*Pause of brief agitation — looking tenderly and gratefully on ALOISE. The assembly, with exception of LOREDANO, evince deep interest, and turn their eyes on ALOISE, who casts down his own.*

We saw him, by the moonlight,  
Holding his head between his uprais'd hands.  
For fear his innocent blood should spot the stones  
And be for evidence. — Here is my maid,  
Who witness'd all. The ladder is at home. —  
To be produc'd, if this be not enough.

*The DOGE bends toward the COUNSELORS and the TEN.  
They appear to nod assent.*

*Doge.* It is enough. The prisoner is free.

But did it rest with us, thou noble Gismonda,  
He should be bound again with other chains —  
Thy heart his prison.

*Morosini.* Rests it then with me?  
My daughter Lisa shall not marry now,  
My lord, your nephew. He has clomb too high,  
And fallen too low.

*Fosc.* So be it. — Aloise, [*with tender reproach.*]  
Couldst thou not trust me? — Take him, gentle lady;  
The gallant boy hast won thee like a hero;  
And thou, redeeming him, has shown the prize  
Was worth the conquest.



*Gism.* [*Alo. about to take her hand—  
looking round to Moro.*

But my father ——

*Moro.* [*approaching.*] Nay,  
I have said, I have no other thought than honor  
For Aloise Foscario; and since  
His Procurator sire and Ducal uncle  
Sanction the union, I might give my blessing;  
But —— [*stops, looking full on Loredano.*

*Lored.* What 's 't to me? I stand not in thy way.  
Marry thy daughter, man, to whom thou wilt,  
Or let her marry herself in thy despite;  
That makes me not fourth cousin to the Foscari.

*Moro.* But it may make thee less of kin to me.

Come hither, children. I have stepp'd between you,  
Partly in honor, partly in that, a fool,  
I set more by old friendships than new loves.

[*Glancing at Loredano.*

I have taught me better now. God bless you both!  
Foscario may be, as thou didst say, Gismonda,  
One day the prop of my declining years.

*He puts their hands together. GISMONDA  
raises his to her lips.*

Tush, tush! keep all such dainties for thy spouse:  
He has better earn'd them.

*While this takes place, the Husband-Lovers  
and their wives have embraced. ISOTTA first extends her hand  
to ANSELMO, which he lifts very gravely to kiss;*

*but she draws it away, laughing lightly, and  
falls on his neck.*

*Doge.* All thus endeth well.  
And you, Messeri, [*to Ansel. and Girol.*  
we are joy'd to find  
Are no more foes. I would your noble example  
Might influence others [*glancing at Loredano.*  
to consider friendship  
More blest than enmity.

*Lored.* [*disdainfully.*] For whom it suits.  
*Isot.* [*low to Ansel., &c.*

I thought it did for every one but brutes.  
*Doge.* Friends, Colleagues, I would thank you one and all.  
To your kind sufferance wholly is it owing  
This matter is well ended. It is said,  
A shrewd mechanic, somewhere in the North,  
Has just devis'd a singular mode to copy  
All written labor: so that at one time  
A many hundred transcripts may be taken,  
In clean fair characters, of a single book. —

*A pause ; for the assembly exchange  
looks of pleased surprise, or appear to speak briefly together  
of the matter ; during which*

*Chapl.* [*apart to Sur.*

Giesu-Maria! it is the Devil's invention!  
*1st Sur.* [*maliciously.*

They 'll stamp the Bible.

*Chapl.* And render all men wise!

1st Sur. The biggest pippin from the tree of knowledge  
Since Adam.

Chapl. Had it from the sire of lies.

1st Sur. No, from the mother, — as I 've heard it told.

Chapl. 'T is very likely. But I 'm getting old.

Doge. Nothing shall now be lost to future time.

This curious story, with its double plot  
And startling mystery, should thus go down  
To entertain posterity like us.

Fosc. Perhaps it may. And in some far-off time  
Some bard may put the adventures into verse,  
And make a playhouse happy with the scene.

Doge. Then let me tack a moral to the tale.

To Isot. and Lut.] Deceits are always dangerous, nor  
good ends

Can ever justify unworthy means.

To Aloise.] To tell untruth to shield a woman's fame  
May well be generous, as to venture life  
Is at all times heroic; but 't is never

<sup>32</sup>Either just or virtuous, and is rarely wise.

The lips may close at will; but, when they open,  
See that they open only for the truth.

Chapl. St. Paul! Our Doge is quite a sage, 't is clear!

Isot. [to Lut.] I told you he was Solomon, my dear.

Doge. The College is adjourn'd.

*The whole assembly rise, and soon after them the DOGE,  
and remain standing.*

*The main characters, who have already grouped*

*together, along with the CHAPLAIN, &c., come now to the extreme front of the scene.*

*Moro.* And we, — to meet  
Together at my house. [*bowing, though with his rough and ungenial manner, to the group.*

*Girol.* To gossip over

The short-liv'd madness of each HUSBAND-LOVER.

*Isot.* And happy issue of the DOUBLE DECEIT.

*Gism.* Come with us, Chaplain: you, Messeri, too. [*to Sur.*

*Fosc.* [*to Chapl.*

To-morrow thou shalt have some work to do.

*Chapl.* St. Fantin! 't is to make one hand of two.

*Fosc.* 'T will make at least two happy hearts I pray.

*Isot.* And so a wedding meetly ends our play.<sup>33</sup>

*The Characters draw back, and the  
Curtain begins to fall.*

*Giul.* [*advancing, and putting up her hand, as if to stop it.*

Pardon; there should be two. I claim to see  
The brave young spouse your Excellence promis'd me.  
[*to Aloise.*

*Cass.* [*advancing to Girol.*

And I, your Excellence, my triple fee.

*Girol.* It shall be paid, with interest.

*Alo.* And some day

My debt to thee, Giulietta.

*Giul.* Be it now.

'T is time I kept to Giuliet my vow.

Her chaplet fades: 't is long since first I wore

---

The separate parts.

*Chapl.* St. Jude! What can that be?

*Giul.* A something, Father, which you ne'er before  
I think have seen, and something — to be bold —  
You never, in its parts, I think will see.

*Chapl.* [*thoughtfully*.

'T is very likely, child; I 'm getting old.

*Gism.* Peace, Giulietta: thou art much too free.

*Moro.* And let the curtain fall; our drama 's o'er.<sup>34</sup>

*Curtain falls.*

---





NOTES

TO

THE DOUBLE DECEIT

---

1.—P. 139. THE DOUBLE DECEIT, &c.] The story is founded on the XVth Novel of Bandello.

2.—P. 140. ALOÏSE.] I very much fear that this name would be of but three syllables with an Italian, not merely because *oi* is one of Buommattei's Tuscan diphthongs, but because the Latin form is *Aloysius*, in which the vowels would hardly be separated. In my incertitude, I must beg the favor of the reader to let the diphthong, if it be such in this proper name, remain divided and thus softened (*i* sounded as *e*) into two pure vowel sounds, and ascribe the diæresis to a poetic license which is not unusual in other instances with even the Italians themselves.—In fact, it is little more than anglicizing the name, as is done with *Bianca* (in “*Bianca Capello*”), which in Italian enunciation would have but two distinct syllables, but with English writers is everywhere of three.\*

---

\* I take this occasion to observe that perhaps an equal liberty has been taken with *Lutia*, where the accent is laid on the first syllable, although it is

3.—P. 155. —*Cassy*!] Or, “Cassa!” which is more in costume, though not so much in character in the part, in English.

4.—P. 163. ’*Drina* — ] Contraction of *Cassandrina* (*i* as *e*), the diminutive of familiarity or affection. For the Stage, as more distinctly intelligible, “Wanton”, or, as above, “Cassa”, or “Candra,” both of which are in costume and of the time, in the same way as is *Monna*, contracted from *Madonna*.

5.—P. 164. *I have not*, etc.] Or, “I have not repented that I then gave way” (—“that I gave thee way”); or, “I have not repented to have given thee way.”

6.—P. 166. —*to me?*] —“to thee?” if preferred.

7.—P. 166. *As lofty*, etc.] Omit, for the Stage.

8.—P. 166. *Were it*, etc.] Otherwise:

“Were it the Duke’s own son, I might relent,  
But being his brother Marco’s, I will not.”

Or:

“Were it the Doge’s son, I might relent,  
But being the Procurator’s, I will not.”

9.—P. 166. *Thy bed is yet a widow’s. Make thy choice. So he be not*, etc.] Otherwise:

“Thy bed is yet a widow’s. Take thy choice.  
Out of a thousand noble youths, not many  
Would slight Gismonda Mora or her dower.”

---

apparently but another form for *Lucia*, which, notwithstanding its Latin derivation, compels in Italian the stress of the voice to fall on *i*. That it is a matter of choice will be evident, from the fact that *An’na*, *Ber’ta*, *Ghet’ta* (contr. of *Arrighetta*, *Henrietta*), *Le’lia*, *Liv’ia*, *Paul’a*, and some others, would any of them suit the rhythm and the verse.

And in the text, for the last line, may be redd (but the variation is trivial): "Giovanni Moro will not say thee nay," or "John Moro will not say his daughter nay."

10.—P. 167. *If Procurator, etc.*] Otherwise:

"If Aloise, Marco's son, comes in,  
Gismonda, Niccolo's widow, shall go out."

Or, the three lines may read simply:

"Do as beseems thee. But of this rest sure;  
If Aloise enter, thou goest out."

11.—P. 168. *Giulietta!*] The name is properly of three syllables. The reader will please allow the diæresis occasionally, to favor the verse, (although it is really an oversight). In the present instance, might be redd: "What ho, Giulietta." But that were too maseuline for *Gismonda*.— See, in Note 2, the remark on *Bianca*.

12.—P. 171. *The women's rooms are in the hinder part, Divided from the men's.*] See SCAMOZZI. *L'Idea dell' Architett. Univ.* P. I. L. III. c. 6. p. 243. (*Venet.* in fol. 1615.) Established in Venice, where or in whose environs his chief works were executed, the famous arehiteet took pleasure in comparing, in his elaborate work, this domestic arrangement with that of the ancient Greeks.

13.—P. 173. —*balcónies*—] Throughout the piece, I have, against my will, adopted for the word *balcony* the aceentuation of Walker; which is that used by Byron, and by the older poets. I have done this, because I do not know but that it still obtains in England, and therefore is the received aceentuation of the Stage. Yet in this country, I have never heard it (except from the lips of a South-Ameriean Spaniard) pronounced otherwise than *bal'cony*, which is the pronunciation that must eventually prevail, even on

the Stage, because *balco'ny* is contrary to the genius of our language and therefore difficult of enunciation when in connection with purely English words.— *January 23, 1856.*

14.—P. 173. — *Cà* —] Familiar Venetian contraction for *Casa*, indicating the mansion or palace of families of distinction. *Casa Veniero* is merely the mansion of the Venieri family, which for the sake of costume, that is of better localizing the scene and adding to its semblance of verity, is feigned to be in the immediate neighborhood of the “*Casa Mora*.” *Cà Ziani* — *Cà Priuli* — *Cà Micheli* are all varieties of reading in the MS.

15.—P. 173. — *when St. Mark tolls four* —] The reader will allow me to remind him here of the peculiarity in the notation of Italian time, which is counted, for the twenty-four hours, from sunset to sunset. “About the fourth. ’T will then be midnight,” as above, places of course the scene in midsummer, like the mention of San Vito’s day in the beginning of the next *Act*.

16.—P. 181. *St. Teddy’s* —] Or, “*St. Theodore’s*.” The pillar is one of the famous two (See scene-description, *Act I., Sc. 2*) which have the ominous *Intercolonnio* alluded to in *Act V., Sc. 4*; where See Note 29.

17.—P. 184. *St. Moses!*] The Venetians canonize *Moses*, *Job*, and other sanctities of the Old Testament, and have churches erected to them, while the theatres in the neighborhood take their names from the churches; so that there is, or was, a *Theatre of St. Moses*, of *St. Samuel*, etc., as well as of *St. Luke*. See WRIGHT’S *Observations in Travelling*, &c., 2d ed. (Lond. 1764, in 4to.) pp. 61, 84.

18.—P. 184. *I’ll strip the other off*, etc.] Otherwise, to avoid the double accentuation in “*St. Giu’liet*’”, which is but a metrical license (though only too common a one in English):



"I'll strip its fellow off, and make the pair  
A chaplet for my patron-saint to wear."

And above :

—————"Never mind;  
As well a leg-band as another kind,  
To noose [snare — ensnare] a husband."——

19.—P. 185. — 'T is Holy Vito's day.] When a solemn procession, which included the Doge himself, was always made to the Church of the Saint, in acknowledgment of the defeat of Bajamonte Tiepolo's conspiracy, which occurred on that day (*June 15, 1310*), or on the previous night. See MARIN SANUTO. *Vit. Duc. Venet.* ap. MURATOR. *Rer. Ital. Script.* XXII. (*Mediol.* 1733, *in fol.*) col. 585, 6.— It was on the occasion of this conspiracy that the formidable *Council of the Ten* was instituted. *ib.* 586.— The anniversary was still observed in Edw. Wright's day (four hundred years afterward). *Obs. &c.*, as above, p. 58.

20.—P. 191. *Gismonda!* Gism. *O God! he has fallen! he is dead!* Giul. *Hush, hush!*] This verse is not redundant. The *a* of "*Gismonda*", being unaccented, slides easily into the succeeding unemphatic *O*, without combining with it, a not ungraceful and a convenient usage frequent enough in English poetry, especially with Milton; and "*has*" and "*is*" are slurred, as is common at all times with these auxiliaries where not emphasized.

Gismon' | da O God' | he has fall'n | he is dead' | hush, hush

The variation does not arise from necessity. Besides the alterations that obviously might be made in the verse itself, the whole passage as originally written stood thus:

*Gism.* He pulls upon it to try.— He is on it now!

He mounts! — He is half way up! — O God! he has fallen!

[*with anguish, yet in a suppressed tone.*

*She retreats from the window.*

He is dead!

*Giul.* Hush, hush, Madonna! 't may not be.

[*Beckons her to the balcony, over which  
Giulietta is looking.*]

Look! he is moving; he is not hurt. He holds

Both hands to his head. Look; now your eyes are us'd, *etc.*

21.—P. 202. — *quite* —] I take pleasure in repeating here this word (or form of a word), which I would gladly revive. (See, on p. 135, Note 1.) If it be objected to, it is easy for the Stage to substitute “pay,” or, for that matter, “quit.”

22.—P. 205. No, 't is not very amiable.—] Or, “No, 't is more strong than amiable.” Or, again, “No, 't is more pertinent than nice.” The choice is with the Stage.

23.—P. 205. *Of every Pantaloon.*] That is, *Venetian gentleman*. The origin of the word, whence our *Pantaloon* (WEBSTER, with his absurdly-mongrel conjectural derivation, to the contrary notwithstanding,) is said, with great plausibility, to be *Piantar leone* (*plant* (fix) *the lion*), in allusion to the arms of Venice. In Italian, *Pantalone* is a masque representing a Venetian (“*spezie di maschera rappresentante il Veneziano.*”) The Academy cites Michelangelo Buonaroti (the Younger) in *La Fiera*.

24.—P. 206. *It cost me dear then. It was devilish bitter, etc.*] Or, “Pleasantry in my mouth — but devilish bitter, *etc.*”

25.—P. 208. — *Rather damn ourselves, etc.*] Or, if preferred, though it is not so characteristic in the situation:

“Rather our own folly,  
To fancy that we trod on solid ground,  
While grinning at our neighbor's floor of glass.”

The Stage sometimes strains at gnats, and *damn* in such a place (since thrice repeated) might be one of them.

26.—P. 210. —*what was perilous to reveal.*] Perhaps, considering the reason why *Aloise* uttered the cry, as indicated by the exclamation below, “O fatal slip!” (i. e. of the lips, as respected *Gismonda’s* secret,) it might be better to read, —“what he gladly would conceal.”

27.—P. 210. *I did.* —*O fatal slip!* etc.] Otherwise, and more directly intelligible, but not so characteristic, nor so elevated in language:

“Did I? — Unhappy error!

1st Sur. Said I right?”

28.—P. 220. Lored. (muttered.) *It yet may be.*] The misfortunes of the Foscari and the implacable hatred of the Loredani are well known to the readers of Byron. — It may be of interest to subjoin the following news-item cut from one of our journals a year after the composition of this drama. The *Double Deceit* was written, 1855–6, (*Dec.* 4, 1855—*Jan.* 21, 1856); the scrap is marked in the margin simply 1856–7.

“In one of his letters from Venice, M. von Hacklander says that the illustrious family of the Foscari is extinct. A few years ago two old ladies of the name inhabited a small room in the family palace, and the last male scion of the Foscari not long since died as an inferior member of a traveling histrionic company.”

29.—P. 234. Take care of the columns!] A Venetian proverb and local superstition. *Guardatevi del intercolonnio!* “Beware of the space between the columns!”—because of the purpose to which anciently the place was put, viz. the beheading of criminals. Marin Faliero, when elected Doge, being unable to land at the usual place because of the tide, was forced to pass between the pillars. And the people remembered the omen, when he was afterwards beheaded.

---

30.—P. 235. *I wish I had them bound upon a plank, etc.]* Said to be the mode of drowning criminals.

31.—P. 239. (*which from its private nature, etc.])* The whole of this parenthesis to be omitted on the Stage.

32.—P. 251. *Either just or, etc.]* The present received pronunciation of *either* may make it advisable to substitute "Or just or, etc."

33.—P. 252. *And so a wedding meetly ends our play.]* Here the Curtain may fall. All that follows is an addition made subsequently (January 22) to this, the original conclusion of the piece, and may by a caviling disposition be considered impertinent. It was made, to give *Giulietta* and *Cassandra*, who are really important and pleasant characters in the drama, an opportunity to say their say. The most serious objection to it (to me, but not to the Stage, which scarcely knows what verisimilitude or what nature is in our English drama) is on the score of probability. The parties would hardly remain in presence of the Senate, to gratify two saucy waiting-maids, even if these were likely to retain their smartness on such an occasion. The option, to admit or to reject, is with the Theatre.

34.—P. 253. *'Tis very likely, child; etc.]* Or, omitting *Gismonda's* part:

*Chapl.* 'T is very likely, child; I am getting old.

*Moro.* Come, drop the baize; our business here is o'er.

---

THE MONTANINI<sup>1</sup>

MDCCCLVI



## CHARACTERS, ETC.

CARLO DI TOMMA'SO MONTANINO,<sup>2</sup> } *Young nobles*  
IPPOL'ITO DE' SALIMBENI,<sup>3</sup> } *of rival families.*  
GAS'PARO BECCARI, *one of the Nine Magistrates of the City.*  
GIAC'OMO GRADENATA, *a citizen of honorable but decayed family.*

GIANNI, *aged servant of Carlo.*  
ANTONELLO, *servant of Ippolito.*  
*Captain of Sbirri.*

ANGELICA, *Carlo's sister.*  
CORNELIA, *Ippolito's sister.*  
DOMICILLA, *his maiden aunt.*  
CAMILLA VOLPICINA<sup>4</sup>, *a widow, sister of Giacomo.*  
BARBARA, *Angelica's maid.*

### *Mute Persons.*

SBIRRI. A JAILER.

---

SCENE. *In Siena, in the Y. 1322.*

# THE MONTANINI

---

## ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I. *In the Palazzo Montanini.*

CARLO. ANGELICA. BECCARI.

*Carlo.* I have said enough, Ser Gasparo Beccari.<sup>5</sup>

You cannot have the farm.

*Becc.* Well, make it ten.

A thousand golden florins is a price

None but myself would offer. Need I say,

'Tis solely that our two estates adjoin,

I bid so largely?

*Carlo.* But you bid in vain:

It is my sole possession, save this house.

And knowing this much I wonder you should **strive**

To oust me from it.

*Becc.* Messer Montanino,

You will perhaps not easily lend belief,  
That I, of the vulgar people who have driven  
Your overbearing order from the State,  
And who, being of the people, have been made  
One of their magistrates, thus bound to see  
That such of you as we suffer to remain  
Lift not their heads in the city, to o'erride it  
And bring again the rule of noble blood  
And servile vassalage of poor to rich.—  
You 'll not believe that I, being such, should feel ——  
I weary you perhaps, or chafe?

*Carlo.* Not either.

My humble fortune teaches me to bear;  
Nor was I born impatient.

*Becc.* That, I say,  
Being what I am, I have charity for you  
A noble of old blood, you will not credit.  
But I am Christian more than in my faith,  
And hold all men my brothers. When I think  
How great your sires, how wealthy, and how proud,  
Whose arms are everywhere — on palace-gate  
And castle-tower, yet all of which have pass'd  
To other, and to mostly meaner hands,  
As you would deem them ——

*Carlo.* 'Twas my sires' own fault.

*Becc.* Truly. They wasted upon private feuds  
The blood and treasure should have serv'd the State.

*Carlo.* Pass over that. You do not keep me here  
To tell me that my ancestors were fools?

*Becc.* I do not keep you here, I hope, at all.  
That I am come, is even for what I said.  
Shall I have license to explain myself?  
When I consider all your glorious past,  
And see what you are now: these palace-walls,  
Wherein might dwell a hundred cavaliers  
Nor yet be crowded, cheerless now and bare,  
Without perhaps one chamber meetly furnish'd  
For such a presence as your lady-sister's ——

*[his eyes, which have glanced around the room with  
half-covert mockery, now resting with open admira-  
tion on Angelica.]*

*Carlo.* Messer Beccari! does your Christian heart  
Bid you insult my ——

*Becc.* Poverty? Now Heaven  
Give you more insight, and make known your friends!  
My Christian heart, Messere Montanino,  
Bids me have pity both of you and yours.  
I find you living in this stately house  
Straighten'd by indigence, with means sufficient  
Scarcely to keep yourselves, and one small maid,  
And an old porter, safe from winter's cold.  
I offer for your farm a liberal price,  
Which properly invested would enlarge  
Your narrow income: and to show I act  
With a pure sympathy for you, and yours,

*[looking again at Angelica.]*

Make now the ten twelve hundred. If the farm  
Is pretty, it is small.

*Carlo.* But large enough,  
To give me here that living which, if mean,  
I not complain of, certainly not to you.  
Messer Beccari, it may be — I hope  
Truly it is — that you are well my friend.  
So rest: but give me leave to plainly tell you,  
My enemy Salimbene would not speak  
With such disparagement. If my fallen estate  
Touch you with sympathy, keep it in your breast.  
'T is friendship to alleviate distress;  
But to remind the sufferer of his wo  
Looks more like malice.

*Becc.* Heaven is my judge,  
I meant it well. I pray you be not blind.  
For your sweet sister's sake, subdue this pride.  
Will you not make provision for a future  
So rich in promise, as hers must be whose present  
Is full of grace? [*again looking admiringly on Angelica.*]

*Carlo.* [*with some asperity, but without passion.*]

Ser Gasparo Beccari,  
You can, I think, find out your way alone.  
I have but one male servant, as you said,  
And he is old.

*With a slight and distant inclination, but without  
disdain, CARLO, putting through his own the  
arm of ANGELICA, who, for the greater  
part of the dialogue, has stood lean-  
ing with her left hand on Carlo's  
right shoulder, leads her out.*



---

*Becc.* [*with a low, but deep utterance.*

The devil take thy pride,  
Thou last green scion of a blasted tree! —  
But she! How dark this desolate house appears  
Now she is vanish'd! With what grace she lean'd  
On her stiff brother! Not the fairest form  
Of all the yellow marbles of old Greece,  
Not the most delicate of the dainty Three  
Men call the Graces, which my father's day  
Saw disinterr'd where stand the Duomo's walls,<sup>6</sup>  
Has such an attitude. Ah! could I gain her!  
And ruin-him! — Perhaps, to ruin him  
Would be to gain her. She adores the beggar,  
And would do aught to save him. — Let me think.  
*[Exit—pensively.]*

---

SCENE II.

*In the house of Giacomo.*

GIACOMO. CAMILLA.

*Giac.* Yes, that I do! By Paul! I doubt him much.  
Beccari is but fooling thee.

*Camil.* Fooling me?

*Giac.* Yea, thee, Camilla Widow Volpicina.

Is that impossible, I should like to know ?

*Camil.* Giacomo Bachelor Gradenata, ay ;

If that thou mean'st that Gasparo Beccari,  
Were he twice the man he is, could cozen me,  
And I not know it. But thou dost him wrong.  
He loves me, and ——

*Giac.* Why don't he wed thee then ?

Since he first woo'd thee, it is now two years.

He does not wait for either to grow old.

*Camil.* No, nor grow young : we both are young enough,  
And can afford to dally. 'Tis so sweet  
The hour of courtship that I wonder not  
Men should prolong it ; and for me, I care not  
To hasten on the time when I must cease  
To rule as mistress and be rul'd as slave.

*Giac.* That 's talk for a widow, now ! By holy Paul !

I don't believe a word of it ! Tell me truly ;  
Dost thou love Gasparo then ?

*Camil.* My brother, yes.

Else would I wed him ?

*Giac.* [*laughing harshly.*

What a fox thou art !

But I am not a goose. A loving widow,  
And like long courtships ! Thou 'rt a jet-black swan.  
Dost thou forget, my sentimental sister,  
That we are poor, and Gasparo the rich  
May fancy some one who is more his mate ?  
He 's a republican, and upholds, thou knowest,  
A pure equality.

*Camil.* Sorrow on thy jests !

They are like the eye of a serpent : and thy laugh  
Is pleasant as its hiss.

*Giac.* Meek-thoughted sister !

*Camil.* Thou art a friend of Gasparo's. —

*Giac.* Ay, his friend.

And he is mine : I use him. But I do

Distrust him damnably. I wish he 'd wed thee.

*Camil.* And so he will. What is the match to thee ?

*Giac.* 'Twould leave one weight the less upon my mind,  
And make at least one Gradenata rich.

Thou knowest thy charms : it is not I, that bill

And coo with Gasparo : but he 'll jilt thee, see !

For thou art poor.

*Camil.* And he is rich for both.

Besides, I bring him what he lacks.

*Giac.* What 's that ?

Long hair and beardless lips ?

*Camil.* What most he prizes :

Good birth and stainless lineage. If I stoop'd

To wed the notary Batto Volpicina,

I shall not raise the Gradenate high

By looking on a butcher's son.

*Giac.* He 's here.

*Enter BECCARI.*

*Becc.* What, my fair Volscian, though not Dian's nymph.?

*He takes her hand, though somewhat constrainedly.*

*Camil.* [*As he holds her hands,*  
*looking intently in his eyes.* (*He looks aside.*)

I am glad to see thee, Gasparo; but I fear,  
 Thou art not well to-day.

*Becc.* Why so? Not well?

*Camil.* Or art not glad to see me in thy turn.

*Becc.* Poh, child! that is but fancy. Yet I am  
 In sooth disturb'd: a slight affair gone wrong —  
 The business of the State —

[*looks at Giacomo significantly, then at Camilla,*  
*and at the door (not unobserved by Camilla).*

Thy brother and I

Will talk it over.

*Giac.* Camilla, for awhile,  
 Leave us alone.

*Camil.* I hope thy brow will clear  
 By my return, dear Gasparo; but methinks  
 Thou'lt find poor help for business of the State  
 In Giacomo's unus'd brain. [*going up.*

*Becc.* O, 'tis not much —  
 A small affair, I said. [*Exit Camil. by a door above — turn-*  
*ing round and smiling on Becc. as she disappears.*

BECCARI and GIACOMO bring down chairs.

[*First looking round at the door.*] How goes it with thee?  
 Has thy luck turn'd, my friend?

*Giac.* By Bacchus! no!  
 I'm devilishly us'd up. I hope, Beccari,  
 Thou wilt not soon be asking for thy gold?

*Becc.* No, I would rather lend thee twice as much,  
So thou might'st win that back. But truly, Giacomo,  
Thou 'rt a sad spendthrift; and I dread to think,  
What with thy dice and women, thou mayst come  
One day to ruin.

*Giac.* No, I know my verge:  
I shall stop short of it. But 'tis not spending  
Too fast or much, but little, keeps me down.  
Just when my luck is turning, lo, I stop!  
For want of more to venture. Cursed fate!

*Becc.* What was thy last loss?

*Giac.* Five and twenty florins.

Pio Birban'te offer'd me revenge.

I could not take it; and he laugh'd, pest on him!

*Becc.* Thou think'st thou couldst have won again?

*Giac.* Am sure.

Thus stood the game: I'll show thee how. —

*Becc.* No matter.

Thou'dst like again to venture? <sup>8</sup>

*Giac.* But I shame  
Again to ask thee, Gasparo.

*Becc.* Poh! shame not.  
Shall we not soon be brothers? Let me see.  
Now, I will venture four times twenty-five,  
And double that, so thou wilt do for me  
Something in turn.

*Giac.* [*suspiciously.*

Eh! 'T is some mischief.

*Becc.* Fi!



Thy old distrust! How prompt thou art to borrow,  
But slow to lend!

*Giac.* [*starting up.*<sup>9</sup>

Come, Gasparo Beccari,

This is too much! I am not, man, thy slave.

*Becc.* No, but thou art thy passions'. Look thou now!

What a poor wayward, tetchy thing thou art!

Suspecting me; but, when I in return

Tax thee with scanty kindness —

*Giac.* By St. John!

Thou didst reproach me — Blisters on my tongue!

I shame to mention it.

*Becc.* Thou hast no cause.

Come, set thee down. I say — thou hast no cause.<sup>10</sup>

I had no thought of money. And if I had,

Are we not brothers? Thou wouldst do for me

As much, were my lot thine. I wish it were.<sup>11</sup>

*Giac.* Well, that is kindly. I will take thy offer.

I'll try my luck once more, and then leave off

When I have won enough.

*Becc.* Why, that is wise.

*Giac.* [*again suspiciously.*

Thou mockest.

*Becc.* On my soul! — But only try

Largely. I'll back thee, till thou hast made thyself.

*Giac.* Wilt thou? [*seizing his hand.*

That's brave! But what is to be done?

By Jupiter! this much will call for much,

Or I mistake thee. 'T is the state-affair;

Eh, my Beccari ?

*Becc.* Psha ! that was a blind.

Camilla has sharp eyes.<sup>12</sup>

Thou knowest, I think,  
How I have long'd to buy that little farm  
In the sweet vale of Strove, next my own.  
The beggar Montanino —

*Giac.* Speak more low ;  
Camilla has quick ears.<sup>13</sup>

*Becc.* 'T is well reminded.  
What was that noise ? Come out, to the open air.  
Close walls are not for secrets. [*Exit, leading out Giac.*

*Camil.* [*coming in from the door.*

Say'st thou so ?

Why so it is then. Thou hast stopp'd my ears.  
I hardly think thou 'lt put out both my eyes.  
One is for Giacomo. — [*Pondering.*] Montanino, eh ? —  
And thou hast long'd to buy his little farm ? —  
He 'll not then sell it. — And my brother brib'd  
Through his pernicious vice. — Here is some plot.  
Ah ha ! And thou a magistrate ! 'T is well.  
I 'll be at the bottom of this before thou knowest.  
Then try to shake me from thee, an' thou dare !  
Thou think'st I love thee. I should love to be  
The mistress of thy household. And I will.

*Goes up the stage again, towards the door :  
and Scene closes.*

## SCENE III.

*The Piazza del Campo  
with the Fonte Gaja.*

BARBARA

*is seen dipping a terra-cotta pitcher of antique form into  
the Fountain. She raises it to her head, when*

*Enter, from the left,*

ANTONELLO.

*Barbara going off to the right as Antonello crosses the stage,  
she looks half-aside, and pretends to hurry from  
him. He arrests her.*

*Anton.* Eh, barbarous Barbara ! whither off so fast ?

Don't our ways lie together ? Stop a little !

Nobody 's looking. There. [*looking about him,  
snatches a kiss.*]

Thou 'rt quite a blossom !

*Barb.* If our ways lie together, saucy Nello,

Yet our two houses, please, stand quite apart.

The Montanini [*affecting grandeur*] have no consort with  
The Salimbeni.

*Anton.* Better if they had.

*Barb.* Come, that's a deal too impudent. Dost think,

Because we are poor, we 're not as proud as you ?

I have seen thy master look prodigious sweet

On my sweet mistress.

*Anton.* Hast thou? So have I.

Would n't it be a blessing, eh! My lord —

Thy lady — eh? The Palace in a blaze —

*Barb.* A blessing that! — There's little though to burn.

*[shrugging her shoulders.]*

*Anton.* I meant a blaze of lights, and not of fire.

They two made one, my little maid and I

Might hunt in couples. Eh, my dainty rib! *[pinching her.]*

*Barb.* Ouf! Don't now! Get away! thou 'lt make me spill

My water. And — *[looking off the scene.]*

St. Domenic! get thee gone!

There's Gianni coming! Do go, Nello dear!

*Anton.* Kiss me then, first.

*Barb.* Not I!

*Anton.* I sha' n't go then;

Nor shalt thou either.

*Barb.* *[struggling and looking  
off the scene.]*

Patience! — There! *[kissing him.]*

And there!

*[striking him on the ear.]*

*Anton.* *[laughing and rubbing his ear.]*

I'll pay thee, Monna Barbara!

*Exit, at the right,*

*while Enter from the same, passing him, GIANNI.*

*Gian.* *[looking at him discontentedly  
and shaking his head.]*

So — so — so!

Always with Antonello. I 'm a-thinking,  
Thou 'dst best have nought to do with Master's foes.  
That 's my idea!

*Barb.* He is n't Master's foe.  
Nor is his master either.

*Gian.* I say he is.  
They have been foes for twice a hundred years.  
Now! And I 'm thinking, thou hadst best come home  
At once. That 's my idea.

*Barb.* And my idea  
Is, thou hadst better mind thy own affairs.  
*Gian.* I am a-minding of my own affairs.  
The Mistress sent for thee.

*Barb.* Why couldst thou not  
Say that at once? [*hurrying off to right.*]

*Enter BECCARI, from left,  
and stops her.*

*Becc.* My pretty Barbara! What!  
Both out together! How will the old house  
Do without one of you?

*Gian.* 'T is n't an old house;  
And 't will do very well without, I 'm thinking,  
If Master will it. Come away. [*to Barb.*] Thou 'dst best  
Have nought to do with magistrates, I 'm thinking.  
That 's my idea. [*Exit, with Barb., at right.*]

*Becc.* And so 't is mine, old fellow.  
*Pointing after them*  
*scoffingly.*] A goodly retinue for a noble house!



Thou 'lt manage, though, to do without even these,  
I'm thinking [*mimicking Gianni*], Messer Carlo.

All is ready.

In a few minutes! — 'T was a hard ado  
To bring my would-be brother to the mark.  
I bad him high. He 'd sell his soul to the Devil  
For means to game with. Even such fools does vice,  
When grown a habit, make of men! — I'll walk  
About this place, until the work be done,  
And glut my soul with that proud beggar's shame.

*He looks down the street where Barbara, &c.,  
had disappeared, and  
Scene closes.*

---

SCENE IV.

*In the Palazzo Montanini. Angelica's Apartment.*

ANGELICA seated embroidering.

CARLO stands behind her, looking abstractedly on her work.

*After a few moments,*

Carlo. Angelica — I cannot drive from mind  
That man's presumption. And it wakens now —  
What memory, think'st thou? — Salimbene's looks  
Bent on my sister with such fond regard.

*Angel.* [confused, and bending low over her work,  
which she discontinues.

Oh Carlo! thou wouldst not compare the two?

*Carlo.* Now God forbid! I would not be unjust  
Even to an enemy. Leave thy work awhile.

*They come forward.*

*He puts his right arm round her waist, and  
takes her left hand in his left.*

Now tell me, sweet: has Salimbene ever  
Given token of a wish to come more near?

*Angel.* [with eyes cast down.

Never, my brother, more than thou hast seen.  
When from my way to church with Barbara sole  
He meets me passing, bowing reverent-low,  
With head unbonneted, he yields the path  
As any noble cavalier might do  
To noble damsel of a neighboring house.<sup>14</sup> —

*Carlo.* Even though an enemy's. And that is all?

*Angel.* And that is all.

*Carlo.* And tak'st thou not, sweet sister,  
More pleasure in his homage than in that  
Of other noble cavalier? — Forgive me;  
I have no right to call this color here. [*pressing his lips to  
her cheek.*

But oh, forget not, that we stand alone,  
And should be all in all to one another.

*Angel.* [*throwing both her arms about him.*

And we are all in all to one another.

*Carlo.* [*after pressing her a moment to  
his breast, lifts her off, and resumes.*

And being alone should watch with double care  
That not a stain come on our father's name.  
Be charier of thy smiles to Salimbene.

*Angel.* I have not been more than courteous that I know ;  
At least, I have never thought to be. Oh why,  
Why, brother, lend thy bosom to distrust ?  
Ippolito Salimbene, all men say,  
Is open in heart as visage, and high-soul'd.

*Carlo.* Yet he is wealthy : we are very poor.

*Angel.* Does wealth exclude all virtue ?

*Carlo.* No. But men

Magnify into virtue in the rich  
All that is not bare vice ; as in the poor  
The smallest spot of error swells to sin  
That is enormous. Salimbene's heart  
Has never felt misfortune. What should cloud  
His happy visage ? Plac'd above dependance,  
He needs not feel distrust. So, says the world,  
" Behold a frank and generous-minded man ! "  
Perhaps he is. But I, being poor, if sad  
Am call'd morose ; and if, for I have found  
In my adversity men cold and false,  
Slothful to help and eager to betray,  
I doubt and stand aloof, I am thought suspicious,  
And my reserve set down to gloomy pride.

*Angel.* Oh how they wrong thee, brother ! Let them come  
And ask of me. Thou art not proud, not gloomy ;

Thou art thyself too generous and true,  
To be suspicious of another's faith.

*Carlo.* Thou little flatterer! What canst thou know?  
Art thou then of the kind which men suspect?  
And to be gloomy under thy sweet smiles,  
Why that, my sister, were as one should shiver  
In the glad vernal sunshine. Thou art right:  
I have no ague; not o' the heart at least.

*Enter BARBARA.*

But here is Barbara. Give her now her task,  
And let us go.

*ANGELICA passes up the stage with BARBARA, and appears  
to give directions about another piece of  
embroidery, not her own.*

The air of this dull house  
Even here, where it seems lightest, weighs us down.  
What a rough nest for such a dainty bird! [*glancing  
round him, and then fondly on  
his sister's figure.*]

I could for her sake almost see it chang'd  
Even for an enemy's bower.

*ANGELICA, leaving BARBARA at the frame,  
comes down.*

*Angel.* What dost say,  
Carlino?

*Carlo.* I was murmuring at Heaven,

Which, when it made thee all an angel, sweet,  
Forgot thy wings.

*Angel.* So I should fly away,  
And leave thee lonely? Earth is good enough  
With only thee, dear Carlo.

*Carlo.* Come then out.  
The open air is better for us birds.  
The heavens shall be our canopy; the turf  
A more elastic footing than these boards;  
The sunshine and the mottled shadows yield  
All that we need to decorate our rooms,  
Nor twit our poverty.

*Noise heard within, like the measured  
tramp of an armed band.*

What means that noise?

*Enter GIANNI in dismay.*

*Gian.* O my dear master! here's the guard broke in.

*Carlo.* What are they come for?

*Gian.* For no good, I'm thinking.  
I could not keep them off. Make haste! They're here!  
Fly, Messer Carlo! hide yourself! O do!

*Carlo.* Not so. I must be found.

*ANGELICA clings to her brother's arm.*

*BARBARA, who has already left her work, comes forward, as*

*Enter*

*a party of SBIRRI, headed by their CAPTAIN.*

Whom seek ye here?



By whose command?

*Capt.* By order of the Nine,  
I come to arrest Ser Carlo Montanino,  
Son of Messer' Tomma'so Montanino.  
You are he, I think.

*Carlo.* I am. 'T is some mistake.

*Gian.* 'T is some mean villany : that 's my idea.

*Carlo.* Hush, good old man ! — On what grounds is this done ?

*Capt.* 'T is not my part to answer. Lo, Messere,  
You have my warrant.

*Unfolding it, and, bowing over the seal,  
he hands the parchment to CARLO, who looks over it.*

*Carlo.* I own it, and obey.

*[returning the warrant.*

*Angel.* Oh no ! he has done no wrong ! It cannot be !

O let him stay : you can confine him here.

*Capt.* Lady, it grieves me —

*Carlo.* Sister, be assur'd.

Do not cling to me so ! All will be well.

Once found their error, I shall soon be back.

Now there ! Now there !

*Angel.* One moment ! *[still clinging.*

*Carlo.* Oh my heart !

'T is my sole terror, that I leave thee here,

Afflicted and alone. Come then, bear up !

Wilt thou not for a little, for my sake ?

There ! *[kissing her].* Take her, Barbara. So.

Now, Captain, quickly.

*[hurrying off.*

---

*Angel.* Oh God! My brother! — Take me! take me too!  
[*half-fainting in Carlo's arms.*

CARLO, *kissing her on the forehead, puts  
her into the arms of BARBARA, and is led off, bending  
his eyes continually on his sister.*

*Drop falls.*

## ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I. *In the Palazzo Salimbeni.*

DOMICILLA. CORNELIA.

*Cornel.* No, Aunt, I cannot think it. To be glad,  
Ippolito should be spiteful. Yet he is one  
Of the best good-natur'd men in all Siena.

*Domicil.* And so he may be, yet be not ill pleas'd  
His enemy is in prison. In my day,  
Men were good haters. But the times are chang'd.

*Cornel.* Not in good hating, Aunt. I am sure, if that  
Be a sign of progress, manhood in our day  
Is not degenerate. The Tolome'i  
And Salimbeni hate like Christians still.

*Domicil.* They are the heads of two great factions, child.  
Why wilt thou contradict me? In my day,  
I say, men were not so.

*Cornel.* I had no thought  
To contradict thee, Aunt.

*Domicil.* Now there, Cornelia!  
Again thou contradictest. In my day,  
Men did not easily forget a wrong.  
Thy brother, thou wilt see, despite his mirth,  
Will find a serious pleasure in the shame

Of Carlo Montanino.

*Cornel.* Poor young man !

What harm did he do my brother ?

*Domicil.* How thou talk'st !

Are they not enemies ?

*Cornel.* Their foresires were,  
Some generations back.

*Domicil.* Then so are they.  
That is inevitable.

*Cornel.* O dear Aunt !

*Domicil.* Why, is he not a friend of the Tolomei ?

*Cornel.* But then he is so poor ! what can he do ?

Think of his desolation, all alone  
With one young sister ; not another left  
Of all his father's house !

*Domicil.* Whose fault is that ?  
The sins of the fathers, child, are punish'd down  
To their fourth generation. 'T is the law  
Given out in thunder from the Mount of God.

*Cornel.* And writ in the code of Nature, but annull'd  
By later dispensation, in so far  
At least as mortal hands are made to wield  
The rod of Heaven's vengeance. We are told  
Not to take eye for eye and tooth for tooth,  
But lend two cheeks to the striker, and to him  
Who steals our cloak to give the mantle also.

*Domicil.* That may be preaching, child, but 'tis not practice.  
At least it was not so, when I was young.

*Cornel.* No, then it was taking all. Who filch'd your cloak,

Was sure to get the mantle, if he could.

*Domicil.* And does so now. And so men will, I think,  
Till the end of time.

*Cornel.* Why yes; for so 't is said,  
To him, who much hath, shall be given much,  
And, who hath little, from him shall be reft  
The little that he hath. Poor Montanino,  
Being brought to the verge of ruin by the sin  
Of his wrong-headed ancestors, must now  
Be penn'd up in a dungeon!

*Domicil.* For his own.  
'T is eoat and eloak most truly. But I doubt  
He has deserv'd to lose them.

*Cornel.* O my Aunt!  
With that good heart of thine, how eanst thou judge  
So harshly? And such eause of family feud!  
'T is but a dog and a wild boar after all!

*Domicil.* No, 't was a man's life taken, Massimino,  
One of the best of the Salimbeni, slain  
By Nieceolò Montanino, a wild youth  
Whose heart's blood altogether was not worth  
One drop of Massimino's! That one drop  
Has bled two hundred years, and still will bleed  
While beats a heart with Montanini's pulse.

*Cornel.* Now Heaven forefend! But tell me, dear my aunt,  
How this fell out. I eannot keep the eount  
For twice a hundred years.

*Domicil.* Ah, times are chang'd!  
In my day, damsels of a noble house



Knew all their lineage, and could trace their blood  
Back to Rome's consuls, were the race so long.

*Cornel.* It must have run a stream as long as the Arbia,<sup>15</sup>  
And not so pure as what supplies our fountains.

*Domicil.* Thou art degenerate ! no true Salimbene.

*Cornel.* Forgive me, Aunt ; I needs must be amus'd,  
To hear of families whose noble blood  
Bubbled before the she-wolf had a lair.<sup>16</sup>

I thought we were of the oldest and the best.

*Domicil.* And so we are, as ancient and as good  
As the Tolomei. Then come Saracini,  
And Piccolo'mini, and Malavolti.  
The Montanini are behind all these. —  
But to my tale.

Two hundred years ago,  
Soon after the great Countess<sup>17</sup> quit the world,  
Bequeathing to the Pope what was not hers  
To give away, and the Sane'si<sup>18</sup> freed  
Had not yet driven out their bravest and best,  
And us'd their footcloth for a diadem —

*Cornel.* That means, while yet the nobles rul'd.

*Domicil.* What else ?

Upon a certain day, a numerous party  
Of high-born youth rode out to hunt the boar.  
On the return, discoursing of their feats,  
Whose hounds were foremost, strongest, and most bold,  
The Salimbeni claim'd the day as theirs,  
The Montanini theirs. The strife wax'd hot.  
From words it came to blows : and swords were drawn :

And Niccolò Montanino, mad with rage,  
Smote Massimino of the Salimbeni  
Dead on the field. Thence vengeance. Thence the feud;  
Which rag'd, at intervals, twice eightscore years;  
Till, stript of all their castles, and their race  
Almost exhausted, (for the Salimbeni,  
The richest and most widely branching house  
In all Siena, greatly overmatch'd them,)  
The Montanini quench'd, the fire burn'd out.  
But there the cinders are, and smoulder still.

*Cornel.* And who would stir them? Not my brother, sure.  
Poor Montanino! if thy sires were bloody,  
Thy beggar'd fortunes and thy dwindled race  
Have made atonement!

*Domicil.* Why, Cornelia, child!  
Thou hadst better fall in love with Messer Carlo,  
And build the house up!

*Cornel.* Not so far as that:  
I am no mason. But I tell thee, Aunt,  
Light as I am, I have reason strong enough,  
And heart I hope, to hold these feuds in horror.  
And more, I dare avow, young Montanino,  
Last of his race and with his ruin'd fortune,  
Alone with that sweet sister, both so sad,  
And both so noble in their gentle mien,  
Has for my heart and fancy more attraction  
Than any of my brother's happier friends.  
I think how I should like to draw him near  
And smile away his sadness, and to make

That dear Angelica my bosom's friend.

*Domicil.* Why, did I ever! — No, when I was young,  
A maiden had as soon bit off her tongue,  
As prais'd an enemy. And I suppose,  
Now that the youth is prison'd for some crime,  
Thou 'lt make a saint of him.

*Cornel.* That is to see.

Here Antonello comes. I bade him learn  
What had transpired.

*Domicil.* Thou didst? The girl is mad!  
Why, in my day! — Ah, times indeed are chang'd!  
I wonder how the world will get along!

*Enter ANTONELLO.*

*Cornel.* Why very much as though no Montanino  
Nor Salimbene were in 't! We are but bubbles  
Floating upon some portion of the flood,  
Which, whether we break at once or swim awhile,  
Rolls downward to the ocean, all the same. —  
Well, Antonello?

*Domicil.* Really! I did never! —

*Anton.* [*He speaks throughout, though still quickly, yet more deliberately, through respect, than when with Barbara.*]  
I met with Monna Gelica's<sup>19</sup> young maid,  
Who had told me of her master's taking up,  
Madonna, as you know.

*Cornel.* And what said she?

*Anton.* He has been charg'd before the Nine with practising  
With the Messeri of the Tolomei

To bring the exil'd nobles back again.

*Domicil.* Plotting with Deo of the Tolomei,

The banish'd Guelf! <sup>20</sup> What say'st thou, child, to that?

*Cornel.* 'T is, Aunt, a mere political offence, —

Rebellion, — even if the charge be prov'd.

*Domicil.* Don't contradict me, child: I say, 't is crime.

Leag'd with the Tolomei to expel

The Salimbeni! Said I not he was

Our house's foe! Is 't prov'd? [*to Anton.*

*Anton.* Madonna, yes.

*Domicil.* And what his punishment?

*Anton.* Condemn'd to pay

A thousand florins,<sup>21</sup> or to lose his head.

*Cornel.* 'T is tyranny! Ippolito so will say.

That poor Angelica! and her brother's life!

*Domicil.* Ippolito will say no such a thing.

And poor Angelica need not be concern'd:

Their friends will pay the fine and save his life. —

Plotting with Deo of the Tolomei,

The banish'd Guelf! I told thee that the cinders

Were smouldering still. But thou wouldst not believe.

Young folk were not so headstrong in my day.

[*Exit Domicil.*

*Cornel.* Is Messer Carlo really condemn'd? \*

*Anton.* I stood before the Palace of the Signory.

Men talk'd of nothing else. They say, he is given

Two weeks to pay the mulct in.

*Cornel.* Poor young lady!

How did she bear it?

*Anton.* As you may suppose,  
Knowing, Madonña, that her brother was  
A god in the lady's eyes. She swoon'd away.  
I wish my master were return'd!

*Cornel.* For what?

*Anton.* I don't know, Monna Nelia. But you see —  
Monna Angelica is the sweetest creature!  
My master is — I think — An angel quite!

*Cornel.* Thy master?

*Anton.* Monna Gelica, I mean.

*Cornel.* I think so too, good Nello. Say no more.  
Learn all thou canst. And, hark thou! if it be  
Thou hear'st the desolate lady is in need  
Of aught that I can furnish, let me know.  
I will supply it. Only, have a care  
She shall not know the true source whence it comes.

*Anton.* God's life! Madonna, thou 'rt an angel too!

*Cornel.* Thou knowest, Madonna Angelica and I  
Are neighbors, and good manners spread by contact.  
Go now, hear all, and see all; but thy mouth,  
For Salimbene's honor, keep thou close!

*[Exit, joyfully, but with marked respect, Anton.]*

I would too that Ippolito were back!  
What will he do? He loves that lovely lady  
Better than life. And say what will my aunt,  
He has no feeling of enmity for the brother,  
But thinks as I do of these silly feuds.  
I would I durst inform her of his love!  
But her kind heart is so o'ergrown with weeds



Of genealogy and family pride,  
They choke the wheat of sense and Christian grace.  
To think of fighting for a pack of hounds!  
And a whole family spent for one boar's blood!  
I wonder not the people are sick of rank  
And shut ancestral honors from their gates.  
If Carlo Montanino sought to open them,  
His head is not so solid as it looks,  
And might, for all its use, as well be off.

[*Turns to make her Exit, in same direction as Domicilla,  
and Scene closes.*]

## SCENE II.

*A cell in the public prison.*

CARLO,

*seated on a bench apparently of stone, and leaning pensively on a small table of seemingly similar material, his forehead on his hand.*

\* *A noise within, as of bolts withdrawn, and a narrow vaulted door, at the right, opens. A JAILER gives admittance to BECCARI, and then, at a sign from the latter, shuts in the two together.*

*Becc. [after a moment — Carlo not rising.*

*You sent for me, Messere. I have come.*

CARLO, *dropping his hand, looks at him steadily, but does not rise.*

*Will it please you speak? 'T is not a thing most usual  
For a high Signor of the State to wait  
On a convicted culprit.*

CARLO *rises with dignity, and comes forward with an air of tranquil yet melancholy majesty, and speaks in a tone corresponding to his mien.*

*Carlo. I am not —*

*Neither culprit, nor convicted; though condemn'd,  
I feel, most truly, and condemn'd unjustly.  
I had no thought, Messer', to wound your pride.*

You were not of the bench which took away  
My liberty on a perjur'd charge, sustain'd  
By no clear evidence, and against whose substance  
I was not suffer'd even to protest.

*Becc.* I was not on the bench ; but being of those  
Who judg'd and who condemn'd you, must not hear  
Their justice call'd in question. Not for me  
To sentence you unheard ; nor will you credit,  
That I, whom 't not concerns, should greatly care  
Whether you be or innocent or not.  
But all men are my brothers, and as man  
My heart can throb with sympathy for those  
Whom as a magistrate my tongue must censure.  
For this, and for your noble sister's sake —

*Carlo.* [*quietly, yet with slight severity.*]

My sister leave alone, and speak of me.

*Becc.* Why hinder that an angel come between  
Our earthy natures, and make smooth a path  
That either may without her find too rough ?

*Carlo.* [*with increased severity, yet without passion.*]

Messer', Messere' ! this is to abuse  
Our several positions. What you mean  
I know not, but between yourself and me  
Is no affair wherein my sister mingles.

*Becc.* Well, Messer Carlo Montanino, well.

I thought you had found need of me, and came  
To offer help. Why sent you for me then ?

*Carlo.* Ser Gasparo Beccari, oftentimes

You have sued to me to have my only farm

Down in the vale of Strovè, and late offer'd  
Up to twelve hundred florins, which I refus'd,  
Not willing then to sell at any price.

My need now is ascendant. Take the farm.

*Becc.* No, Messer Montanino ; times are chang'd.

To tempt you, I made offers far above  
The actual value. These you chose, from pride,  
Or fancy, or whatever cause you will,  
Flatly to set at nought. 'T is now my turn.  
You ask to sell. I will not give you now  
Twelve hundred florins.

*Carlo.* I had not suppos'd  
You wish'd to chaffer.

*Becc.* Then you quite forgot  
I am a merchant, as your foresires were,  
And were, 't is not yet threescore years gone by,  
The great destroyers of your lesser race,  
The wealthy Salimbeni ; wiser they,  
And better patriots, who could lend the State  
For one emergence twenty thousand florins  
Out of their private coffers.

*Carlo.* But well secur'd.<sup>22</sup>  
What boots this reminiscence ? That my sires  
Were not of the dominant faction, let my need,  
And that I am now imprison'd on a charge  
Utterly false, untried, without a word  
Permitted in defence, and doom'd to lose  
My life, or pay a fine beyond my means,  
Let this attest, and plead for your forbearance ;

Nor seek to wound who casts no stone at you.

*Becc.* I might reply, Messerc, that you have,  
Though it fell short. But let us pass that over.  
Our talk is now of money. He who bids  
For what is not on sale must offer largely.  
I did so. Who would sell where is no bid,  
Must tempt with easy prices. You do not.  
I dropp'd the magistrate at your desire;  
I can resume it, so please you, and withdraw. [*turns to go.*  
*Carlo.* Yet stay.

*He walks up the stage. BECCARI watches him with a look of  
exultant malignity, which he instantly suppresses, when  
CARLO, returning, raises his head and resumes.*

'T is hard. But I have no resource.  
Give me a thousand florins, and take the farm.  
*Becc.* 'T was my first offer, truly. But remember,  
I bade you note 't was much beyond its worth.  
'T is you that wish to sell, not I to buy.  
The case is alter'd.

*Carlo.* Do I hear aright?  
Is this your charity?

*Becc.* 'T is my common sense.  
I wonder you not sec it.

*Carlo.* 'T is because  
You sought to blind me with your Christian love  
And human sympathy.

*Becc.* That was no blind.  
I hold all men my brothers, and I sorrow  
For you as for all others, but no more.



I do to you what you would do to me  
Under like circumstances.

*Carlo.* [*loftily, and with more of passion  
than he has hitherto betrayed.*

Never! No,

Not were you my worst enemy.

*Becc.* So you think.

It is but your opinion. I have mine.

I am a stranger to your class as blood,

A man of the people: why do you appeal

To me, when you have friends of your own rank?

Your father's blood is lessen'd to the veins

Of only two: but yet your mother's flows

In a fair stream. Not wholly are you spent,

Nor quite alone. There are who boast your kin

Who are rich, though happily for the public peace

And common weal they are no more of note.

Why in your urgency not solicit them?

*Carlo.* You ask to mock me, knowing well ere this

They had freed me, were 't their will. They haply dread,

Being of a faction hated by your rule,

To fall into suspicion, lend they aid

To a suspected rebel.

*Becc.* Lo you now!

Your mother's blood grows niggard, and the friends

Of your own faction pale before the terror

Of charg'd complicity, yet you call on me

A Ghibeline and an alien to your race,

A ruler in the city which condemns you,

To lend you aid, and venture my good name  
With my associate rulers and the people  
Whose interests by so doing I may betray !  
Well, I will venture ; I have come for that ;  
And let your conscience after bid you blush,  
That you have cast a slur upon my charity  
And Christian love. Messer Carlo Montanino,  
I will take your land in Strove at its worth.  
The residue to make up your amercement  
May easily be found : so much your friends  
May lend, nor give suspicion to the State.

*Carlo.* What is your offer ?

*Becc.* What the farm would bring  
To-morrow were it set to public sale :  
Seven hundred florins.

*Carlo.* Let our parle here cease.  
The o'erstrain'd tyranny which has sent me hither,  
An innocent man, to ruin or to death,  
Is not more odious than the skulking malice  
Which flouts my poverty and the rampant avarice  
Which drives a bargain with my mortal need,  
Usurping blasphemously the pure name  
Of Christian charity. There is the door.

*[said loftily, but with a melancholy  
majesty that is above passion.]*

*While BECCARI replies, the cell door is again  
thrown open, and the JAILER admits  
ANGELICA and BARBARA.*

BARBARA remains in the background. ANGELICA without a word throws herself upon CARLO'S breast, who presses her there in silence until BECCARI, whom he does not from this time regard, has made his *Exit*.

*Becc.* Since I am here invited, Messer Carlo,  
You should have left me to depart unbidden.  
Your insult on the magistral authority  
I shall not to your detriment report.  
Your obloquy of me, and most ungrateful  
Perversion of my meaning, I shall strive,  
More for that noble lady's sake than yours,  
To not remember, and for her sweet sake  
Will do you service yet despite yourself.  
Meanwhile, peace with you! — Jailer, let me forth.  
[knocks at the door, which is open'd.  
*Exit Beccari.*

*Angel.* Oh Carlo! is all hopeless? Oh my brother!

*Carlo.* [raising her from his breast  
and kissing her on the forehead.

Why ask, Angelica? Was thy quest in vain?  
Bertuccio Arrigucci will not aid me?

*Angel.* Alas! he listen'd kindly, seem'd surpris'd  
To hear of thy embarrassment, and distress'd  
To think he must refuse; because, he said,  
His known attachment to the banish'd side,  
And his affinity, through his son Rugiero,  
With Messer Sozzo Deï, made it for him

More dangerous than for others to lend thee aid.  
He wonder'd that you did not sell your farm,  
Which must he thought bring full a thousand florins.

*Carlo.* Thus all of them prepare to see me die !

I was unjust to accuse this butcher's son,  
The associate of a tyrannous popular rule,  
Of want of charity and malicious will,  
When my own kindred and best-trusted friends,  
To escape suspicion and a possible fine,  
Selfishly give me over to the axe.  
What though they should affront even risk of exile,  
Or sequestration of all worldly goods,  
Is not my blood in the scale ? And were theirs balanc'd,  
Would not I venture more ? even life as well ?  
But no ! that is for me to exact too much.  
Nor do I do it, Angelica. Yet — and yet —  
Why did not my rich cousin advance the means  
To others less obnoxious, and through *them*  
Have got me clear ?

*Angel.* 'T is like he did not think it.

I will to him instantly and urge the plan.

*Carlo.* No ; he will tell thee that the State would trace  
The ransom to its source and make him answer.  
Thou shalt not blush, nor for thyself nor me,  
At his renew'd refusal.

*Angel.* In such a case

There can be nought to blush for. Rather shame  
Is his who, in an hour of mortal need,  
Denies a kinsman aid, than his who asks it.

Oh let me back, my brother! if not to him,  
Yet to some other. Do not shake thy head!  
Where life is hope is, and it cannot be  
All will repel us.

*Carlo.* I do fear it will.

There is none to us allied, remote or near,  
That is not fallen into some suspect  
With the malignant Nine, or will not plead  
Their jealous fears, to avoid the doing of what  
Might haply move suspicion. No, believe me,  
He who would aid me will not need be ask'd.

*Angel.* Then must we sell our pretty place in Strovè.  
Do it, dear Carlo, and quit this fearful den.

*Carlo.* Poor child! And wilt thou tell me how to sell?  
Didst thou not mark Beccari's mood in parting?

*Angel.* Something I noted in his tone: not much.  
He seem'd to have been repuls'd. He came to buy?

*Carlo.* Doubtful, since others fail'd me, that Bertuccio  
Would listen even to thee, I sent to speak  
With Ser Beccari, and had from him a lesson  
Was hardly needed.

*Angel.* What was that, my brother?

*Carlo.* Thou hast mark'd, among the gentlest even of birds,  
How when one sickens, or is broken-wing'd,  
The rest will peck at him, nay oftentimes  
The male at the wounded female. So with men.  
The strong, who need no help, have help in plenty.  
'T is press'd upon them even against their will.  
The feeble cry in vain; their happier brothers



- Pluck at their feathers and worry them to death.

*Angel.* No, Carlo, not with all. [*embracing him.*

*Carlo.* No, Earth were Hell,  
Were there no angels in it. But thou, my cherub,  
Thy wing is broken too.

*Angel.* Thou dost not mean,  
We cling together only that we both  
Are poor and helpless?

*Carlo.* No; thought I that,  
The headsman's axe were welcome. Said I not,  
Thou art an angel? While thou tread'st its walks  
Earth still has Paradise, and therefore only,  
For thy sweet sake, I struggle yet to live. —  
But to the means of life — which yet I see not.  
Beccari offer'd for the farm, thou knowest,  
Twelve hundred florins. Then, I could refuse.  
Now I must offer, he will not give me more  
Than seven hundred. 'T is the law of trade.  
So he would teach me. But I rather think it  
The law of common nature. I am down:  
Why lift me up? My body stops the way.  
Let the proud trample on it, or step over,  
Nor stop to ask if yet its heart beats warm.

*Angel.* O do not talk so desperately, dear brother!  
See! through thy prison-bars the setting sun  
Darts even now a line of level gold.  
It has been hidden all the livelong day.  
Accept the omen, Carlo: trust in God,  
Who will not leave thy virtue unrepaid.

*Carlo.* No, thine, sweet saint: mine has no note in Heaven:  
This ray of sunset fortune shines for thee.  
Be it! I shall die happy.

*Angel.* Carlo! Carlo!

This doubt tempts Providence: and this despair,  
Is it for me to listen?

*Carlo.* No, forgive me.

I will for thy sake think what may be done.

*Angel.* Think not, but act! Command the farm be sold!  
Bertuccio valued it a thousand florins.

*Carlo.* Well, I will ponder. Sleep thou undisturb'd.

*[stooping to kiss her.]*

*Angel.* *[throwing herself on his neck.]*

Sleep undisturb'd! while thou art pillow'd here?

*Carlo.* Fi, fi! is this thy trust in Heaven? See now!

Thou art making good Barbara herself to cry!

Cheer up, my sister! — So! — Knock, Barba, now.

*[Barb. knocks on the portal, which is  
opened by the Jailer.]*

Good even, Angelica. *[embracing her.]*

*Angel.* Do sell the farm!

Do, do, my brother! *[kisses him fondly and repeatedly,  
then, going out, suddenly comes back, and  
embraces him silently, and Exit,  
followed by Barbara.]*

*The door is closed, and the  
bolts are heard within.*

*Carlo.* And what wouldst thou then do?

Must I give thee to beggary? thee? I will

Indeed well ponder it. — The ray is fled.

[*looking off the scene.*]

It came with thee, and would not stay, thou gone.  
And now, without that double light, these walls  
Are blacker than before. — O guard her, Heaven!  
With me do even as befits Thy Will,  
But have, I pray, have mercy upon her!

*He walks up the stage, and Scene closes.*

---

SCENE III.

*The Entrance of the Palazzo Montanini within.*

*The Background presents the Great Gate  
closed. On the Right, the lower  
steps of a winding staircase.*

*On the Left, the Por-  
ter's Lodge.*

*Knocking without.*

*Enter GIANNI from the Lodge.*

*Gianni.* Now, who can that be, knocking at the gate?

You 'll not get in, I 'm thinking! now! — St. John!

You 're in a hurry!

*Moving slowly to the gate.*] But there takes one more  
To give you speed; and that 's not I. I 'll see,  
However, who you be: it is n't safe,  
Now everybody 's out — Ay, ay, I hear!

*[draws a slide covering a latticed loophole and looks out.*  
Hum! Ser Beccari! What wants he, I wonder.

*[Opens partially a postern in the great door and,  
looking out,*

The mistress 's out; and Barbara is out;  
The master 's where nobody better knows  
Than you, I 'm thinking. So you can't come in,  
Messer Beccari. *[offering to shut the postern.*

*It is pushed back, and, brushing by him,*

*Enter BECCARI.*

*Becc.* Never mind, my friend,  
I 'll wait thy mistress.

*Gian.* Mistress is n't us'd  
To be awaited. She is where she ought,  
Consoling my poor master, Messer Carlo,  
Who 's where he ought not; greater shame to those  
Who put him there! and won't be home till dark.

*Becc.* That won't be long; the sun is setting now.  
Come, my good Gianni; thou 'rt a brave old fellow,  
Plain, downright, honest stuff, such as I like;  
And —

*Gian.* No, I a'n't; nor plain, nor honest more

Than other folk, I 'm thinking; but I know  
Just what I like and what I don't like, and  
I show it.

*Becc.* And that 's downright.

*Gian.* No, it is n't;

It 's natural: that 's my idea.

*Becc.* Well, be it.

It is thy nature, Gianni, and 't is mine,  
To show our likings. And I do so now.

Come, there is money. [*Gianni looks at it wistfully, but  
turns away.*]

Nay, my frank old man;

'T is frankly offer'd; and I know thou need'st it;

Ye are not over well provided here.

*Gian.* I say we are: who told you we were not?

And I can take no pay but from the master.

Put up your money: you are tempting me  
To nothing good, I 'm thinking; but you won't  
Succeed: that 's my idea.

*Becc.* If I had thought to,

I had not try'd to tempt thee, as thou call'st it.

No, good old man, I am thy master's friend,  
Although he does not know it; would gladly aid him,  
As I would all the unhappy of mankind.

*Gian.* [*who has shook his head distrustfully while*

*Becc. spoke.*]

But I am not unhappy.

*Becc.* Peace! — It is

Because I know thee loyal to thy lord



I seek to do thee kindness. Take it! [*offering again the money. Gianni looks wistfully and sidelong at it, as before, but struggles with his desire, and shakes his head.*]

No?

Well then, some other time. And 't is for this,  
My wish to serve thy master spite himself,  
I 'd speak with thy young mistress. Tell me now —  
Thou knowest, good Gianni — of what mood is she?

*Gian.* Eh?

*Becc.* Of what temper, disposition?

*Gian.* Oh!

The same as Master's.

*Becc.* So? I should have thought

They hardly were alike. And what is his?

*Gian.* The same as mine: he don't like strangers. So,  
Please to go out, Messer Beccari.

*Becc.* Come!

Please to remember what I am.

*Gian.* I do.

You are one of our rulers, the more shame for you.  
The people do not like you any more  
Than do the nobles; only, these dare not  
Speak out their minds, as dare the people, and I,  
Because you cannot hurt me, since I am  
Not worth the hurting. But you are a set  
Of shabby tyrants, and you know it; and  
The sooner we are rid of you, the better.<sup>23</sup>  
That 's my idea.

*Becc.* Plain, downright, honest Gianni!

Dost recollect, though I may not hurt *thee*,  
These sentiments, reported as thy master's,  
May hurt him?

*Gian.* Well; he is in prison, is n't he?

And I don't know but that you put him there.

*Becc.* I? No! I should be glad to get him out.

*Gian.* Well, do it then: that 's better than to say it:

And I shall think the better of you. But

You cannot do it here: and, as Madonna

Is not at home, I wish you would go out.

That 's my idea.

*Becc.* [*turning to go.*

It 's my idea, my friend,

Thou dost not know thy right foot from thy left.

But I shall come to-morrow; and thou 'lt see

I am thy lady's right hand in this strait.

Commend me to her, and tell her I so said.

*Gian.* [*opening the postern.*

I 'll tell her that a magistrate was here,

And recommend her not to have to do

With any of that sort. That 's my idea.

[*Exit Beccari.*

Good even, Ser Beccari. —

*Shutting the door.]* And the Devil

Go with you, and the like of you! — I 'm glad

He 's gone. Madonna will come home

Quite sad enough from poor dear Master's prison,

Without this beast to make her cry, I 'm thinking.

He 's got long claws, I 'll warrant, though he purs.

I've seen the kind before ; you rub the fur  
A little rough, and out the nails come sharp. --  
'T is time she was a-coming. I'll look out.

*[opening again the postern.]*

O Messer Carlo, it will break her heart  
If they should kill you ! and I think 't will mine.

*He puts his head out at the opening, and*

*Scene closes.*

## ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I. *As in Act I. Scene I.*

ANGELICA

*coming slowly forward to BECCARI, who, bowing profoundly, appears to have just entered; BARBARA also advancing, but keeping behind her mistress, a little in the background.*

*Becc.* Madonna, does this moment find you free?

*Angel.* As free as at a time of such distress

I can be. What is Ser Beccari's pleasure?

*Becc.* To do away, Madonna, that distress,

If so it please you. In your own hand lies

Your brother's destiny.

*Angel.* In mine? In mine?

And I not know it? But you are of the Nine.

Speak, speak, Messer'! Why has he languish'd then

Ten days in prison? I do not understand you.

In my hand? Speak!

*Becc.* In thine, most truly, lady.

Had I obey'd my feelings, I had come

Five days ago to see you, as I promis'd

That evening when you loiter'd at the prison

And your rude porter would not let me wait.

*Angel.* O do not call him rude, that good old man!

He is but loyal; 't is our house's sorrow  
Has fill'd him with distrust.

*Becc.* I do not blame him;  
He follows but the master's gloomy lead.  
And 't is for this alone his captious humor  
Deserves my mention. Pride and cold disdain  
Meet, on your brother's part, my Christian offers,  
And my best efforts are thwarted by distrust.

*Angel.* [*losing her animation, and resuming the air of dignity and reserve with which she had met Beccari.*]

You do remind me. 'T is that you yourself  
Have given him cause to judge you harshly.

*Becc.* How?

I came to him to offer for his farm;  
And did so largely. He refus'd, and haughtily.

*Angel.* I think not: haughtiness is not his vice.

*Becc.* No, 't is his weakness.

[*Angel. evinces pain and displeasure.*]

Pardon! I meant not  
To ruffle feelings which I most revere.

He did refuse: Madonna, you were by.

*Angel.* He wish'd not then to sell. But, chang'd the case,  
He sent for you; and then you did reject  
The terms you had offer'd.

*Becc.* 'T was, the case was chang'd.

*Angel.* What! do you drive a traffic with distress,  
And in the emergence of a mortal need  
Find pretext to enhance the means of aid?



*Becc.* Why not, young lady? Do not all men so?  
I ask'd your brother, and I ask you now,  
Why do not his own friends, your mother's kin,  
Assist him?

*Angel.* Wo is us! they dare not do it.  
But you, Messere, dare.

*Becc.* No more than they.  
Might I not be suspected too? No, lady,  
Your brother, Messer Carlo, has not had  
That deference for me he should have had.  
I would befriend him. Will you let me so?  
Look at the Salimbeni, his destroyers —

*Angel.* Wrong not the innocent!

*Becc.* Pardon! I should say,  
Destroyers of his race. What gave them power?  
They owe it not to their enormous wealth,<sup>24</sup>  
But to their influence with the popular party,  
Their union with the dominant cause, through which  
They drove their sole great rivals from the State.

*Angel.* To what tends this? I own, Messer Beccari,  
You are of the Nine; and therefore more I wonder,  
That having the power, and the will professing,  
To aid my hapless brother in this strait,  
You but parade it, and not use it.

*Becc.* Lady,  
I only bid you mark it, in the hope  
You now will bid me use it; for on you,  
And you alone, depends it that I do.

*Angel.* What mean you?

*Becc.* Said I not, that in your hands  
Lies your lov'd brother's destiny ?

*Angel.* Explain.

Keep me not anxious !

*Becc.* Bid your servant then,  
I pray you of your courtesy, for my sake,  
Withdraw a brief while.

*Angel.* Backward a few steps,  
Out of all hearing, if that will suffice.

*Becc.* If so it must be.

*Angel.* Barbara, retire ;  
But keep in sight.

*BARBARA goes up the stage, but very soon, when*

*BECCARI has ceased to observe her, moves  
nearer by degrees, and listens.*

Now briefly.

*Becc.* [*looking back, then in a  
lower tone.*

Were, Madonna,

Your brother my ally ; in other words,  
Our interests made one ——

*Angel.* That cannot be.  
Not for his life would Carlo change his faction,  
Were not his sentiments first chang'd.

*Becc.* Dear lady,

You do misapprehend me. Not through him  
The alliance I propose, but — dare I say 't ?

Through you.

*Angel.* Speak more conceivably, Messere.

*Becc.* I see around in these disfurnish'd rooms  
No mirror hung, or I would bid you look,  
And there receive my answer.

*Angel.* Barbara!

*Becc.* Nay,  
Call her not to you. Think! in five days more,  
Your brother's life is forfeit. Will you not  
Reach out a hand to save him?

*Angel.* By what means?

*Becc.* By lifting up the fortune I would lay  
At your fair feet, and with it lifting me.

*Angel.* Never! I trust in Heaven; nor will I stoop  
To even listen to what is shame from one  
Who builds his hopes of winning me — since so  
I needs must understand you — on the ruin  
Of my own brother. Come, Barbara.

*Becc.* Lady, no!

By your own gentle self, I pray! one word!  
Think not so meanly of me, deem me not  
So senseless-daring, had I even the heart,  
To offer in exchange your brother's life  
For the high honor of your hand. Believing  
I am too humble, having in myself  
No claim to do you homage —

*Angel.* Cease, Messere.

In any way I would not listen; but this  
I may advise: — to win the right to plead,

You should have set my innocent brother free,  
Then come to me.

*Becc.* And would you then have listen'd?  
May I then hope, dear lady, if I give  
Your brother to your arms again? ——

*Angel.* Hope nothing,  
Messer Beccari, that is not in truth  
And reason. If indeed you use the power  
You seem now to avow, nay, if you keep  
Simply your proffer'd terms, and for the farm  
Pay down my brother's ransom, then, sir, then,  
Come to his sister, and you shall receive  
All that a truly grateful heart can pay,  
My first of benefactors and my friend.

*Becc.* And nothing more but this?

*Angel.* And nothing more:  
Since nothing more can be. What would you more?  
O Ser Beccari! give again to life  
My father's son, and thou shalt be to me  
A second father!

*Becc.* You mistake, Madonna;  
I am but one of Nine, and have no power  
To free your brother, though Heaven knows my wish  
Leans heartily that way. To purge him clear  
Of the strong charge of treason to the State,  
Nay more, to give him influence in the State,  
Build up his ruin'd fortunes, and his head,  
Which the axe threatens, lift as high as the best  
Of the Salimbeni, this was in my will.

But the sole means to compass it you would not,  
Scorning my honest love. —

*Angel.* I have said, Messere !  
In any way I will not listen that.  
Cease then to urge it. Not to build his fortune  
Thought I to accept your proffer'd aid, for *that*  
My brother would disdain from any man.  
He has offer'd you, upon your own urg'd terms,  
The estate in Strove. Was it ten days since  
A thousand florins worth, 't is not less now.  
Bertuccio Arragucci counts it that.  
Take it, and for the urgency of our need  
Become our benefactor. Said I more ?  
Thou shalt be, truly shalt thou be, my friend,  
My second father.

*Becc.* If the Ser Bertuccio,  
Your mother's cousin, lends not, why should I,  
My risk is greater, brave the State's suspect ?  
Lady, I am a merchant ; I can give  
Nothing for nothing ; and my profits vary  
According to the need which makes my ware  
Rise in the mart or fall. I would not be  
Your second father ; I would rather be,  
That which your beauty and excelling virtue  
Make foremost of my wishes, your first spouse.  
Hear me then. —

*Angel.* Barbara, come. The Ser Beccari  
Can as before alone find out his way.

[*Exeunt Angel. and Barb.*]



*Becc.* Distraction! 'T is the same accursed pride  
Deep-set in both, though putting forth diversely,  
According to the soil wherein 't is grown.  
I 'll pluck it up by the roots, or I will die for 't!  
*[turning to go.]*

*Enter GIANNI.*

*Gian.* Well, you have seen at last Madonna Gelica.  
I hope you are satisfied, Messer' Beccari?  
You 've found she don't like magistrates, I 'm thinking.  
You 'd best not come again, that 's my idea.  
And so, I 'll show you out, if so you 're done.

*Becc.* Silence, old fool! And lead the way. I am done  
For the present — *here.*

*Gian.* Come. *[leading off.]* Better an old fool,  
Than be a sinner at any age, I 'm thinking.

*[Stops at the Exit, to give the advance to Becc.]*

*Exit Becc.*

And so you 'll find one day — that 's my idea.

*[Exit Gianni.]*

## SCENE II.

*As in Act II. Scene I.*

IPPOLITO. CORNELIA. DOMICILLA.

*Ippol.* Now, Aunt Docilla, now, Cornelia dear,  
Ippolito has told you all his fortunes  
By stream and horsepath, forest, dell, and hill,  
Since his prodigious absence of ten days, —  
And, 'sooth, it has seem'd wondrous long indeed,  
Parted from your dear loves! —

*Cornel.* O fi, Ippol'to!  
Parted from *our* dear loves? And is that *all*  
[*looking at him archly.*

That weigh'd upon the sluggish wing of Time?

*Domicil.* And what beside should load the hours for him?  
Thou dost injustice to thy brother's love.

*Cornel.* No, I do perfect justice to his love.  
Don't I, Ippolito? [*same manner.*

*Domicil.* Child, don't contradict.  
Thou interrupt'st him. Do as thou seest me.  
When I was young, a damsel would have blush'd  
To cut the thread short of her brother's tale.  
But times are chang'd.

*Cornel.* 'T is well they are, dear Aunt,

Since it may do a pleasure to one's brother  
To cut his thread off or make short his tale.  
I am sure I have done so now.

*Domicil.* Go on, my son.  
Don't mind her: in her joy to have thee back,  
She talks a deal of nonsense.

*Ippol.* Let her, Aunt!  
I like it well: it helps digestion. Then,  
My thread was well nigh spent. I meant to say,  
Now I have made you merry with my journey  
And scenes abroad, lift you the curtain here,  
And show what 's new since I left Vito's gate.  
Say thou, Cornelia.

*Cornel.* Hast thou not then heard?

*Ippol.* Nothing that 's strange. Siena is, I take it,  
Not any sager being ten days older,  
But the same seething pot of faction still.  
The Devil can find none hotter, save what boils  
On our near neighbors' fires; Arezzo, Pisa,  
Florence, all help to keep each other little;  
And so Italia's states will do, I suppose,  
To the end of time, with foreign greater powers  
To egg them on, who find in their dissensions  
The means to keep them separate and thus weak.  
But Aunt, I see, don't think *me* ten days wiser,  
Who 've come back harping on the same old string.  
Come, what 's to tell, Cornelia? Is it jocund?

*Cornel.* So Aunt thinks: but I say, 't will make thee sad.

*Domicil.* I say, 't will not. Though, times are greatly chang'd

Since I was young.

*Ippol.* Not quite: tastes differ still.

But let us hear.

*Cornel.* Poor Carlo Montanino —

*Ippol.* Not dead?

*Cornel.* No, but condemn'd to die, within  
Five days, unless —

*Ippol.* Good Heaven! what has he done?

*Domicil.* What might be thought of him: conspir'd, my child,  
Against the State.

*Ippol.* Conspir'd against the State?

What might be thought of him? Why, Aunt Docilla,  
Almost as soon I had thought it of myself!

*Cornel.* There, Aunt!

*Ippol.* Why surely, you would not rejoice  
To have him dead?

*Domicil.* Giesu forbid! But dead  
He is not like to be: a thousand florins,  
Cost what they will, may sometime be replac'd;  
Never a head.

*Ippol.* A thousand florins? [*in perplexity.*

*Cornel.* Aunt

Is not quite right. The poor young man stands charg'd  
With leaguings to bring back the banish'd nobles.

*Domicil.* And is n't that the same? Child, thou art rude!

*Ippol.* Not quite the same. I could not think him guilty  
Of plotting against his country; but conspiring  
To unseat the powers that be is lighter guilt,  
And not unlikely.

*Domicil.* How thou talk'st, Ippol'to!

Why, it is Carlo Montanino plotting

The restoration of our deadliest foe,

The puissant Tolomei! Hear'st thou that?

*Ippol.* Puissant enough: but *he* is weak, and humbled,

Forget it not! through us. A thousand florins

Will ruin him.

*Domicil.* Is 't my brother's son that speaks?

The blood of Massimino Salimbene —

*Ippol.* Shed now two hundred years is all too dry

To fructify mischief, if there lie one seed

Of such in my breast for Carlo Montanino.

*Domicil.* And thou canst pity him! Times indeed are chang'd!

*Ippol.* The last male scion of an ancient house

Reduc'd to poverty by his foresire's fault!

I would my foresires had no hand in it!

He is a fine young fellow: I wish him well.

*Domicil.* Thy father had not thought this. In my day —

*Ippol.* In thy day, Aunt, my father's self had shudder'd

To tread upon a corpse. Was 't not an ass

That kick'd at the dead lion? Wouldst thou have *me*

Even such a brute? thy pet Ippolito

Whom thy dear lips have flatter'd into pride?

*Domicil.* No, no, my child! my boy! But yet —

*Ippol.* But yet,

Even if this be prov'd —

*Cornel.* It is not prov'd!

They would not let him answer in defence!

They hurried him to prison on the instant,



Doom'd to pay down the fine, or lose his head.

*Ippol.* The devil! Why this is tyranny unmask'd!

Be this the way the Nine abuse the laws,

I 'll join, myself, to drive the monsters out.

*Domicil.* Hush, hush! don't say it! thou 'rt mad!

*Ippol.* By Heaven, Aunt,

I believe we all in Italy are mad!

People against nobles, nobles 'gainst the people,

Cities all striving to cut each other's throat,

That foreign realms may rule us: all stark mad!

And have been ever since the Roman fall.

Is it so long since Dante Alighieri,

A man, beyond all computation, worth

Ten thousand Bondelmonti and Uberti,

And whose great voice shall thunder through all time,

Stirring the pulse of millions yet to be,

In climes where not a syllable shall sound

Of Salimbene's name, dead on the page

Of histories scarcely read, — unless some bard

Should rake our ashes for a playhouse-theme

And make them live an hour, — is 't many weeks

Since Dante, by a faction driven abroad,

Died mournfully in exile? Where 's to end

This tyranny of party? this upstirring

Of blood by brother's blood? I 'm sick of it all.

Thou look'st astonish'd, Aunt; but in thy ear

I only tell thee what is hourly thought

By some of our best men, and when the Nine

Begin to totter, as they must ere long,

Some ev'n of our own name will join the hunt,  
Not Piccolomini and Malavolti only,  
And, with the Tolomei, chase these wolves  
Out of Siena.<sup>25</sup>

*Domicil.* And with the Tolomei?  
I never thought to see this day!

*Ippol.* Why not?

Interest makes stranger matches; and we have seen  
The White and Black change colors in Firenze.  
This tyrant body, detested by the people  
Whose guardians they profess to be, shall they  
Be lov'd by us of the better class, whose rights  
They have dash'd to shivers? What they now have done  
To Carlo Montanino they might do  
To me some day, were I as poor as he.  
Fancy me, Aunt, as desolate as he,  
Then wrong'd as he. Thou wouldst not praise the act?

*Domicil.* O no, it was base! I do not love the Nine:  
They were not made in my day. But, my boy,  
Speak not so boldly! These vile, upstart men,  
Have now the power. For my sake ——

*Ippol.* Well, I won't.

But do have charity for poor Montanino!  
And his sweet sister —— [*checks himself, while Cornelia,  
stepping behind her aunt, makes  
him a signal of caution.*]

*Domicil.* Well, my love, I see,  
Thou and Cornelia still will contradict me,  
And so I 'll leave you for some dumb affairs

That claim my overlooking. [*looking off the scene.*

Coming, Lisa. —

I 'll give thee such a meal! [*going.*

*Ippol.* [*detaining her.*

But season it, do,

With charity for Carlo, and Angel' — [*checking himself.*

And his young sister!

*Domicil.* Ah! in my young day —

*Ippol.* In thy young day, young fellows lov'd their aunts

As well as they do now. At least, I 'm sure,

If they were such as thou art, Aunt Docilla,

They must have lov'd them spite of all their whims

Of olden days. [*hugging her.*

*Domicil.* Ippol'to! Ippoltino!

[*patting him on the cheek.*

Thou mak'st a fool of me. But in my day,

When I was young, why surely then the times

Were not the olden days. Well, well, I hope,

The Montanino will deserve thy pity.

I 'm sure I wish the young man no great harm.

[*Exit.*

*Cornel.* Thou hast mollified her hugely, artful brother! .

But had she got an inkling of thy love!

*Ippol.* I had not car'd. She must ere long.

*Cornel.* Have patience.

*Ippol.* Now tell me of Angelica. How is she?

What does, where is, how looks she? Speak, Cornelia!

*Cornel.* Were it a time to trifle, I would tease thee

By the hour on those questions: that I would!

I have seen her only twice. 'T was at the Duomo,  
At mass. Angelica look'd anxious, pale,  
But beautiful as usual, quite an angel,  
As thou and some more fools pretend to think her  
Only because her name imports as much.

*Ippol.* Oh yes! But thou 'rt an angel too, Cornelia,  
Without the name. [*embracing her.*

*Cornel.* No, I 'm the Roman matron :  
My jewel is my brother. Keep away !

[*as he again hugs her.*

*Ippol.* Well said. One day the gem shall be reset.

*Cornel.* Methought she look'd more lovely for her sorrow ;  
So touching-sad, it almost made me weep.

*Ippol.* Thou darling girl! [*embracing and kissing her repeatedly.*

*Cornel.* Nay, art thou getting mad ?  
Was Aunt then right, and wilt thou make thee gay  
Over thy enemy's ruin ? So, one's misfortune  
Makes others' happiness.

*Ippol.* No, rather, sister,  
'T is sunshine looking brighter for the clouds.

*Cornel.* She goes to the prison daily, sometimes twice :  
The Signory puts no restraint on that.  
Now thou must know our Nello has a fancy  
For Monna Angela's maid. —

*Ippol.* Aha, my general!

And so —

*Cornel.* I learn what happens in poor Carlo's cell.

*Ippol.* Is it for Carlo's sake ? Don't blush, Cornelia!

*Cornel.* I have no cause. It is for thine, believe me,

And pity only.

*Ippol.* Yes, I do believe thee.

But pity is a dangerous feeling too  
For a fine fellow in a woman's heart,  
A heart at least like thine; and oft we end  
By loving what has cost us pains to cherish.  
Take care!

*Cornel.* Nay, never fear: I will not throw  
My heart away, believe, without knowing where:  
One mad one in the family 's quite enough.  
Now Barbara and Nello do much better:  
They talk together, and quarrel I suppose.

*Ippol.* Ay! 't is well turn'd: but have a care, for all:

When least we think to slip, then most we fall.

*Cornel.* 'T is a fair rhyme. Thou hast had experience too.

*Ippol.* 'T is rhyme with reason then; and that will do.

But oh, my light heart! jesting at this time!

What of the prison? What keeps Carlo there?

*Cornel.* His friends refuse to aid him, in the dread  
Of being implicated.

*Ippol.* Coward souls!

How bitter-sharp the pang of such a wound!

*Cornel.* One of our precious Signors, Ser Beccari,  
Had offer'd for his pretty farm in Strove  
A thousand florins. Now he will not give  
But seven hundred.

*Ippol.* Oh the base-born cur!

One of his father's dogs had had more heart!

What will the doom'd man do?

*Cornel.* He still defers,  
Though daily by his sister urg'd to sell.

*Ippol.* And, so deferring, must embrace at last  
That hound Beccari's insolent offer, and beg  
A loan of the rest, perhaps too late!

*Cornel.* My brother,  
I hope I have not done wrong. Through Antonello,  
I caus'd her maid to lay upon her table  
A hundred florins. —

*Ippol.* Ah! [*taking her hand.*  
And she received them,  
Knowing from whom?

*Cornel.* No, Barbara was true,  
I know from the result. Her lady thinks  
Bertuccio Arrigucci sent the gold.

*Ippol.* Bertuccio Arrigucci would not give  
A single florin to save a score of lives!  
And never gave in the dark. — Go on.

*Cornel.* I had  
Two hundred left of my allowance, and thinking  
I but forestall'd thy wishes, yester eve,  
Ere the poor lady with her lonely maid  
Was come from their sad visit, closely veil'd  
I sought old Gianni, Montanino's porter. —

*Ippol.* Darling! [*pressing the hand he still holds.*  
But why thyself?

*Cornel.* I could not trust  
Any but Nello; and he had been known.  
Angelica had forbidden, under pain



Of sure dismissal, her woman to receive  
Anything further from an unknown source.

*Ippol.* Right! And old Gianni? —

*Cornel.* Hardly was persuaded,  
And put queer questions, scanning me all over  
As if he would remember me, and wanted  
To set his cross to some receipt. But finally  
His love for the house prevail'd, and shaking long  
His stubborn head, he took the "partial aid  
From unknown friends." Now brother, Carlo having  
Beccari's offer, his ransom is complete.

*Ippol.* [*embracing tenderly his sister.*

How I do love thee!

*Cornel.* Is 't but now found out?  
Love me, Ippol'to, only half so well  
As Carlo is said to love his beauteous sister,  
I am the first of women.

*Ippol.* I can but half,  
For half of my love already is that sister's.

*Cornel.* But half? That 's much for a lover! — Come away:  
Aunt looks for us.

*Ippol.* And time it is, I was rid  
Of all this dust. — I am happy and sad at once.  
My poor Angelica! But, ah dear Cornelia!

*His arm about her tenderly, they go up the stage,  
and Scene closes.*

SCENE III.

*The Place of the Fountain, as in Act I. Sc. III.*

BECCARI and GIACOMO.

*Giac.* Ay, but I say thou hast! cajol'd me vilely.

I am no butcher: [*Beccari scowls at him.*]  
for a thousand florins

I had not perill'd young Montanino's life.

Thou mad'st me think it was to get the farm.

*Becc.* And so it was. Why don't he sell it then?

I bid him fairly.

*Giac.* Seven hundred florins!

It is to ruin him.

*Becc.* [*coldly.*] That is not my fault.

*Giac.* Hast thou no bowels?

*Becc.* I have had for thee.

*Giac.* No, by St. John! but for thy niggard self.

Thou shalt not let the Montanino die.

I will report thee.

*Becc.* Wilt thou? And thyself?

Come, come, be less a fool. If for Camilla

Thou hast no care, have some for thy own sake.

*Report me!* ME! And if thy likely tale

Be credited, where wilt thou be? Besides,  
 I call upon thee then for reimbursement.  
 Five hundred golden florins: mark thou that!  
 And on the nail! five hundred golden Johns! <sup>26</sup>  
 Now go, report me. [*Exit.*

*Giac.* Cursed, cursed vice!  
 To make me thus a villain's senseless tool!  
 Me, gentle born, an unresisting slave!  
 The blood of innocence is on my soul;  
 And yet I dare not wipe it off. Dare not?  
 Let me but see. [*pondering.*

Some other means —— O devil!  
 Devil of gaming. From the hell whereto  
 Thou hast brought me, let me once but struggle out,  
 Once breathe again the fresher wholesome air  
 Of really human life! ——

*He has taken his hat off, in the heat and agitation of  
 the moment, to wipe his brow, — at the words, "Devil of  
 gaming," striking passionately his forehead with his clenched  
 fist, — and now thrusts out his arm at its full  
 length, the fist still folded, while  
 he walks rapidly to the  
 right, when*

*Enter from the right, with her pitcher,*

BARBARA.

*She sees the movement.*

*Barb.* Lord! what 's the matter?  
 Why, Messer Giacomo, thou 'rt rather worse

Than Messer Gasparo was, an hour ago,  
Before my lady.

*Giac.* [*starting.*

Hah! What 's that of Gasparo?  
Speak'st thou of Gasparo Beccari, dear?

[*chucking her under the chin.*

*Barb.* Come, you are all alike, you naughty men!  
That 's Messer Gasparo's way: he 's making love  
To everybody too, to me at once  
And to my lady!

*Giac.* And to thy lady too?  
But that's no wonder. Since he has a taste  
For such a tempting bit of flesh as thou, —  
And, 'faith, thou 'rt devilish pretty — [*kissing her.*

*Barb.* Go away!

*Giac.* And plump as a quail — [*hugging her. She affects to be  
angry, and beats him off.*

I say, I do not wonder  
He has an eye for thy mistress; ye are two  
Such buds of beauty. [*again kissing her.*

*Barb.* [*coquetting, to conceal her satisfaction.*

Come now, that 's too good!  
Me and my mistress! Why we 're no more like  
Than pinks and sunflowers!

*Giac.* Did I say, alike?  
Now that 's the very thing; since, devil take me,  
I 'd rather smell to a dainty pink like thee, [*attempting to  
kiss her again. She coyly repels him.*  
Than gaze at any sunflower like thy lady.

Though, tastes will differ! Yet, I can't believe  
Beccari ever did; thou 'rt such a puss!

*Barb.* Am I indeed! And don't you then believe!  
Well, I can tell you, he offer'd her his fortune,  
And talk'd of passion like any other man.  
What though he 's of the Signory, is he not  
A man of bones and blood? He try'd it hard,  
And offer'd to redeem my master's life —

*Giac.* Why dost thou stop?

*Barb.* Because I talk too fast.  
I had no right to tell you this.

*Giac.* No right?

\*

A pretty girl like thee may tell a lover  
Just what she likes: it 's all between the two.

*Barb.* Yes, but you 're not my lover, Messer Giac'mo.

*Giac.* A'n't I! I have been any time six months.

I 'll prove it, an' thou 'lt let me. [*arm about her.*

*Barb.* Get away!

You 're a Messere; and you make such love  
As I don't want. Besides, I don't love you.

*Giac.* Bah, now, that 's cruel! — Did Gasparo Beccari  
Offer to save thy master, for the hand  
Of Monna Angelica? I don't believe it! Thou hast  
Misheard; this pretty ear 's too small. [*toying with it.*

*Barb.* Let it alone! it serves me well enough.

Didn't I hear him offer at her feet  
To lay his fortune, if she would lift it up,  
And him with it?

*Giac.* That was pretty. And what said she?

*Barb.* Said? We are Montanini. [*affecting grandeur.*

Take up, she,

A butcher's son, although he be a Signor!

She walk'd away — we both of us walk'd away,

And bade him find the door out for himself.

There now. But — [*looking off, to the left.*

go away, you devil! — go! —

I must for my water. [*Goes up to the fountain.*

*GIACOMO turns off at the right, exclaiming exultingly, but  
in a smother'd voice, and with clenched hand,*

*Giac.* Aha! I have thee now!

[*Exit Giac., — while*

*Enter, simultaneously, from the left,*

ANTONELLO.

*Anton.* [*jerking Barb. by the elbow, while she affects to be busy  
dipping.*

Was n't that Messer Gradenata, with thee?

*Barb.* [*without turning.*

No, saucy! Say it was, what 's that to thee?

*Anton.* Much, if thou please; as little, an' thou like.

*Barb.* [*raising her pitcher to her head. He does not offer to  
help her.*

I suppose I may speak to just what folk I choose.

*Anton.* All 's one to Antonello! [*walking off whistling.*

Only then



Thou sha'n't choose me. I should n't like my wife  
To pick up such wild gentlemen, that 's all.

*Barb.* [*who has come forward* —

*setting down the pitcher and crying.*

O dear! O dear! And never offer'd either  
To lift for me my *brocca*.

*Anton.* [*who has come back.*] — Did n't know

Thou need'st it — put it on thyself, and down,  
As if 't was easy. Barba! Come, don't ery:  
Folks 'll be wondering. Kiss, and let 's forgive.

*Barb.* I do not want to kiss and to forgive.

There 's plenty of men to kiss without forgiving.  
Let me go, Nello: Monna Geliea 's gone  
Alone to the prison: I must go after her:  
'T is time I went.

*Anton.* A kiss won't take much time.

*Barb.* I 've had enough of kissing.

*Anton.* Hast thou so?

Your humble servant, Donna Gradenata!

Monna Cornelia gets no news to-day. [*Exit.*

*Barb.* [*looks after him a moment in surprise, drying her tears.*

*Then calling.*

Nello! — Anto! — No, I won't, won't call him!  
He ought to know I love him, and don't love  
That sauey gentleman. But I 'll plague his heart out!  
It 's a pretty thing a body can't have eyes  
And use them handsomely, without being huff'd!  
Won't he come back? [*looking anxiously to the left.*

O dear! O dear! I 'll go

Straight home and cry them out. I— No, I won't!  
He sha'n't see that I mind him, if I burst.

*Takes up the vessel again and Exit, looking  
back and wiping her eyes.*

---

SCENE IV.

*The Prison.*

CARLO. ANGELICA.

*Carlo.* And now, dear Angela, for this happy news.

*Angel.* Thou know'st I told thee of the hundred florins. —

*Carlo.* Who can it be? Bertuccio, after all?

*Angel.* I went to him. He color'd, but said nothing,

And steadily refus'd to take them back.

Last night I found two hundred more, which Gianni

Had been seduc'd to receive as partial aid

From friends unknown ('t was thus the message ran.)

A lady closely veil'd, of noble form,

And seeming young, and of most gentle speech,

Deliver'd it, so he said.

VOL. IV.—15

*Carlo.* Perhaps Rugiero,  
Bertuccio's son's, young wife. She 's of the blood,  
Thou knowest, of Sozzo Deï.

*Angel.* It might well be:  
But Gianni's prying eyes had found her out.  
Some noble friend, more likely, of our cousin's,  
Whom he has chosen to mask his generous deed.

*Carlo.* 'T was nobly done. I can forgive his fears.

*Angel.* And now then, Carlo, thou canst leave this den.  
Take Ser Beccari's offer. For Bertuccio,  
We can repay him at our leisure.

*Carlo.* How?  
By utter ruin. Angelica, hear me. No!  
I will not so abuse my sacred trust.  
When our dead parents left thee in my hands,  
My dearest treasure, as my only joy,  
They did not mean, our father could not think,  
I should so far forget my honor and them  
As for a selfish end, in any way,  
To lessen the slender means their woes had left  
To keep thee in the state where thou wast born.  
'T is little enough as 't is, Heaven knows, to save  
That sweet head from depression, and that heart  
From disappointment and the natural pang  
Of wounded pride. I will not make it less.  
Sell we the farm, the money paid the State,  
The palace must be set to public sale.  
Forc'd on the mart, 't is little it will bring.  
Bertuccio takes three hundred, and the rest

To what land will it bear us? Stript of rank,  
An exile from thy father's home, reduc'd  
To a mere competence or vulgar toil,  
Is this the love I promis'd, this the care  
Our mother gave thee to? Thou shalt not suffer,  
Angelica, for my fault.

*Angel.* 'T is not thy fault;  
'T is Heaven's high will. What matters where we dwell?  
Art thou not with me? Am I not with thee?  
Come, Carlo! come, my brother! come, my love!  
Is there a place beneath the broad blue Heaven  
Shall not be Paradise, so thou art there?  
Is all Siena aught, while thou art here?

*Carlo.* O my soul's life! — But say not, Heaven's will:  
Heaven wills not crime. — I have not told thee. Pondering,

In my lone hours, these twelve days' dismal past,  
It struck me that that bold bad man Beccari,  
Having set his heart upon our pretty farm,  
Plotted this charge, to force me to his terms.  
Why start'st thou, and turn'st pale? So think'st thou too?  
Speak, my heart's darling!

*Angel.* So I thought but then.

I —

*Carlo.* What hast thou? Thou castest down thine eyes.  
There is some secret cause why thou so think'st.

*Angel.* Brother, I meant not to distress thee. Therefore only  
I would not speak. Be calm. The Ser Beccari  
Offer'd this day to give thee back to freedom

So I would — yield to him my maiden hand.

CARLO *stands for a moment as if thunderstruck —*

ANGELICA *gazing on him silently with a  
look of awe. Then :*

Carlo. This passes all the woes that I have borne.

*Another, but briefer pause.*

*Lifting solemnly his hands :]*

God, who o'errulest all ! canst thou look down  
And see this villain triumph, and his victims,  
His innocent victims stretch their hands in vain ?

*He pauses again briefly, looking earnestly on his  
sister. Then, solemnly, taking her hand .*

Angelica, thou canst not ask me now  
To traffic with that man on any terms ;  
Not did he offer me ten thousand down !  
I am resolv'd. I will not sell the farm.  
It is my duty ; and for thy dear sake  
Gladly I render up a useless life.  
Thou 'lt find with good Bertuccio an asylum.  
This he may yield thee easily without fear  
Of implication. Nor for aught beside  
Shalt thou be owing. The palace and the farm  
Will be for thee a dower ——

*Angel. Stop, Carlo, stop !*

Hast thou but thought of me, without thyself,  
As if I could be separated ? No !  
If thou wilt die — I too am ready, I.

The axe indeed will not destroy my life;  
But ——

*Carlo.* [*pressing her closely to his breast.*

Sister! — dearest sister! — Peace! O peace!  
Do not speak thus! I yet will think of means.  
Yet there is hope; yet, yet. Has not Bertuccio  
Provided secretly thus much? Perchance  
He will advance the rest a similar way,  
And save that sacrifice, which for thy sake,  
Thine only, have I shunn'd. — Dry up thy tears —  
*[kissing them from her eyes.*

Where now is Barbara? The night comes on.

*Angel.* I bade her come for me, and wait without.

*Carlo.* Adieu, now..

*[He taps at the door, which is opened as before.*

Waits the girl there?

*Jailer.* [*at the sill.*] Yes, Messere.

*Angel.* [*embracing Carlo passionately — and with broken voice.*

Adieu, my brother! — Wilt thou? —

*Carlo.* [*kissing her on the forehead.*] Yes, hope, hope.

*[Exit Angel. and door closes.*

Hope? And when hope is gone, which now fast lessens,  
Like the red light of the descended sun,  
What then? Shall I bring down that angel nature  
Unto a mean condition, to save a life  
Which has so little pleasure, and, her except,  
No real tie? She will die with me? So  
She firmly thinks; but her high moral sense  
And trust in God assure her from self-murder,



And the rack'd heart is tougher than she thinks.  
And better it is she should remember me  
With sorrow and sad love, than see through me  
Her scanty means of life made scantier still  
To extend my weary being. Yes! it shall cease.  
Forgive me, Heaven, the sin of this deceit;  
The sole, I hope, has ever stain'd these lips!

*He leans against the side-scene,  
as if looking sadly on the fading twilight, and*

*Scene closes.*

## ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I. *As in Act I. Sc. II.*

GIACOMO. CAMILLA.

*Giac.* Thou hast the story now. Why art thou dumb?

Did I not tell thee, Gasparo would jilt thee?

*Camil.* [*with deep expression.*

He has not done it, though.

*Giac.* No, by St. Paul!

And shall not! I have that will bring him straight,

Were he bent twice as crooked as he is.

*Camil.* Thou? What hast thou to do with it? Mind thou,

Wilt thou, thy own affairs.

*Giac.* I have. Beccari,

If he would make a fool of thee. has made

A ——— Hum! —

*Camil.* A rogue of thee, thou mean'st.

*Giac.* Thou art,

Deuse take thee! a shrewd guesser; but thy thoughts

Go not to the depth of this affair.

*Camil.* What then

Has Gasparo done to thee?

*Giac.* To me done nothing —

More than to thee; he has made of me a fool.

But through me has done — what, by St. Paul!  
He shall undo, if it should cost me —— [*checks himself.*

*Camil.* [*after regarding him*

*fixedly a moment.*] Come!

Giacomo dear, dost think Camilla blind,  
Because she can be dumb at times? Thou 'rt seldom  
Cheerful or complaisant ——

*Giac.* Don't mince it; say

I am moody and harsh-spoken; and I am.

God knows I have cause! My cursed luck —— What  
then?

*Camil.* These three days past, thou hast been much more than  
moody,

Savage in thy moroseness; thy fierce eyes,  
Sullen and bloodshot, dart at times strange fire,  
And thy clench'd hands keep motion with thy lips,  
Which fold on one another as thy teeth  
Gnash in thy passion, and thy lowering brows  
Are knit together. Often too by night ——

*Giac.* Wilt thou have done? curse on thee! Are my veins  
Swollen with water, that I should know thy wrongs,  
And feel I am too far bounden to Beccari  
To dare resent them; am I less, I say,  
Or more than man that I should brook this insult,  
And not be tortur'd?

*Camil.* Am I less than woman,  
That I may not be trusted to avenge  
My own hurt pride? If 't is not water swells  
Thy veins, good brother, mine are not of milk.

The same blood boils beneath my softer skin  
 As flushes thine ; and, credit me, my nerves  
 Give quite as keen perception. So, I say,  
 'T is not alone my wrongs, but something more  
 Rouses the tiger of thy savage mood.

" Done *through* thee ? — what he shall undo ? "

What 's that ?

Let the beast sleep again, or make me know,  
 Who was whelp'd with thee, what the blood thou snuff'st  
 In the tainted air ?

*Giac.* [*with his usual scoffing laugh.*]

Thy metaphors are choice.

It is the tiger, is it not, that lurks  
 For innocent blood ? Curse on the knave Beccari !

*He takes a step or two, to and fro,*

CAMILLA *watching him steadily from under her brows.*

I 'll tell thee thus much. Messer Provenzano  
 Salvani, who, some fifty years ago,  
 Was Governor in Siena, and himself  
 Did much what Messer Gasparo Beccari  
 As a ninth part of the government now would do,  
 Being told by the Devil his head should be the highest  
 Of all the host at the battle of Valdelsa,  
 \* Thought he should conquer, and ——— Thou hast heard  
 the tale.

*Camil.* The Florentines cut off his head and bore it

On a lance's point over all the field.<sup>27</sup> What next ?

*Giac.* Where is thy "keen perception ? " 'T is the Devil  
 Dupes the ninth fraction of the government now.

He may give his head for another's : that is all.

*Camil.* Thou hast said enough to damn thee, brother Giacomo,  
Say'st thou not more. Say on.

*Giac.* Could I but trust thee !

O ! it were such relief to uncloak this secret  
Which gnaws into my vitals ! to obtain  
The assistance of thy cunning to o'erreach him,  
And save the innocent blood !

*Camil.* The innocent blood ?  
Has he then tempted thee to do a murder ?  
Or does it through thee ?

*GIACOMO walks apart, with signs of violent emotion.*

— But it is thy secret.  
Thou need'st not tell it. I have heard enough.  
Only — *[affecting to go.*

*Giac.* 'T is better to tell all, or none :  
This thou wouldst say. 'T is right. Camilla, stop !  
Time presses : what I would do, must be done  
On the instant. *[Pauses and grasps her hand.*

Messer Carlo Montanino —

*GIACOMO stops. CAMILLA, gazing a moment on  
his working features, suddenly flings off his  
hand with horror.*

*Camil.* — This day must suffer on an unprov'd charge.  
I see it all ! Wast thou the accursed wretch  
That swore away his innocent life ? For what ?  
That from his ruin the fiend of Hell, Beccari,

Might put another in thy sister's place?  
Was it for money thou didst it? Doubly Judas!  
Go buy a cord, and hang thyself: thou art not  
Fit to live. [*Goes up the stage towards the door.*]

*Giac.* Camilla! — Woman! — Stop! <sup>28</sup>

Think'st thou to carry it thus? My heart 's as strong,  
Or stronger than thy own; my will shall be  
Quite as imperious, if thou mak'st me use  
The rights I have by nature and by justice.  
Justice, I say. What! darest thou to believe  
I sold the Montanino's blood? First, hear me;  
Then play the tyrant. The hell-knave, Beccari,  
Made me to think it was but Carlo's farm  
He coveted, and, pandering to my wants,  
Craftily brib'd me to that step should force him  
To sell 't. I had no thought — thou shalt not think it!  
To put his life in peril. And now I go  
To save it at the peril of my own.

*Camil.* Stop thou in turn. This is all true?

*Giac.* By Heaven!

Tak'st thou me for a villain unredeem'd,  
Like thy damn'd suitor, because I have given my soul  
To the hell-lust of gaming? Thou shalt see.

[*again turning to go.*]

*Camil.* What wilt thou do?

*Giac.* Go straightway to the tempter,  
And force him on the instant pay the fine,  
Or at once hand him over, and myself,  
To the tribunal.



*Camil.* And thus ruin both. —

What dost thou owe him ?

*Giac.* Five hundred florins.

*Camil.* The wretch !

He had set his heart indeed upon 't, to bribe  
So largely.

*Giac.* 'T is my debt entire.

*Camil.* No matter

How vilely 't was incurr'd, thou ow'st it; he  
His hand to me. Accuse him, and thou lovest  
Thy sister's husband, and thyself must pay —  
How wilt thou pay it ?

*Giac.* O devil ! there 's the chain  
Has bound me to his enginery !

*Camil.* I 'll file it,

And with the servant set the victim free.

*Giac.* Servant ? Thou 'rt bitter ! Let it pass. But him !  
How wilt thou do it ?

*Camil.* Leave that to me. Enough,  
Thou hast my word. I 'll do it.

*Giac.* But on the instant !

Goes the sun down, the penalty unpaid —  
There 's but an hour now left !

*Camil.* It is enough :

Gasparo will be here within ten minutes.

*Giac.* And thou wilt save young Montanino ? Swear it !

*Camil.* I swear it by high Heaven ! He shall not die.

*Giac.* [*exultingly.*

He shall not die ! — But work thou well, and quickly.

I go to the Place, to wait the fatal hour.  
If the bell toll and Carlo be led forth,  
I'll shout my guilt in public, and the axe,  
If fall it must, shall fall on me, not him.

*Camil.* It shall not need: nor his blood, nor thy own  
Shall fleck the sand. I swear it! Go in peace.

*Giac.* O what a load is off my breast! I breathe.  
I do not smell of blood now. Let me hug thee.  
'T is the first time I've done it since I was man.  
He shall not die! Thou'lt save him! Thou wilt save him!  
[*Exit Giac.*

*CAMILLA looks after him thoughtfully a moment, then,  
with brows knitted and hands clenched:*

*Camil.* Yes, I will save him. But not as thou dost think.  
I'll save him by the law. This villain Gasparo  
Shall not wrong *me*. — My brother is involv'd.  
What then? Shall I be balk'd of my revenge?  
Shall Justice too be thwarted in her right  
Because of kin? He has sown: so let him reap.  
It shall avail to mitigate his punishment  
That he has sought to save the Montanino,  
And had no thought to bring him unto death.

[*Goes rapidly up to the door,  
and Scene closes.*

## SCENE II.

*In the Palazzo Salimbeni.*

*Ippolito's Cabinet.*

IPPOLITO *before a table on which stands a  
casket, apparently of oak, richly  
carved in half-relief.*

*Ippol.* The hour approaches. There is left no time  
To think what should be, or of other plans  
Might stead him better, were there only time  
To shape and weigh them. It is wondrous strange  
Angelica's brother should set less by life  
Than fortune. Young, and capable, with life,  
He might redeem it; but — Why! none but fools,  
Grown desperate, fling away both end and means,  
And, in a sort of childish spite with fortune,  
Will none of life because they cannot hold it  
On their own terms! He is no wayward child,  
No moody lack-brain. They who know him best  
Make him high-minded, resolute, severe,  
With an exalted fancy that exaggerates  
The claims of love and duty, and a sense  
Of honor like a Roman's of old time,  
Ere Rome was yet an Emperor's or a Pope's.  
He has some serious aim. His known devotion  
To his young sister, — and even for that my heart,  
For that, yearns towards him — Ay! it must be so!

He means upon the altar of his love  
To offer his young life ! Thou self-bound Isaac !  
There shall not want a ram to take thy place !  
These idle ducats ——

*About to open the casket, pauses, and  
turns round again.*

But what will he think ?

What will the world think ? Think I mean to shame him,  
Bound with the fetters of a twofold debt,  
Of money and life, to his ancestral foe.  
Or haply —— No ! that were a villain's thought,  
Not Montanino's. No ! Think what he will,  
He shall not think me heartless, as his friends  
And mother's kin have prov'd. And thou, Angelica ! ——

*Unlocks and proceeds to open the casket  
as Scene closes.*

## SCENE III.

*The Prison.*

CARLO. ANGELICA.

BARBARA *near the door.**Angel.* No hope! no hope! The hour draws nigh! My brother!My brother, on my knees, [*kneeling and embracing his knees.*]

I pray have pity,

Have pity on thyself alike and me.

*Carlo.* [*endeavoring to raise her.*]

It is, Angelica, that I have pity,

Have pity on myself alike and thee,

I am thus stubborn. Wouldst thou have me live

To see thee less than Nature made thee be,

And Heaven ordain'd?

*Angel.* I never shall be less,

Be what I may, than Heaven did ordain.

Has thou not heard, that to the fleecelless lamb

The wind is temper'd?

*Carlo.* But the shepherd sees

A murrain thin his flock, nor does the wolf

Flesh his sharp tooth the less because his prey

Is undefended. In Bertuccio's fold,

Thy guarded fleece will keep its silky flocks

Safe from the wayside briers of the world.

Rise up, fair lamb.

*Angel.* No; here I rest. Is this,  
Carlo, is this thy promise? Thou didst say  
Thou 'dst think of other means. Thou bad'st me hope.  
Thou mad'st me think thou 'dst seek for other aid  
From good Bertuccio. But for this, myself,  
Myself had sought it, begg'd it on my knees.

*Carlo.* And begg'd in vain.

*Angel.* As I do now — for mercy;  
For mercy, cruel Carlo, for myself,  
From thee, my only brother, who I thought  
Once lov'd me only.

*Carlo.* Once? Once lov'd thee? Once?  
Is my blood — must I say it? — which I pour  
Freely — O never pagan priest yet pour'd  
From the bound victim's veins a freer stream,  
Than that I scatter gladly from my own  
For thy sole sake! —

*Angel.* It is not thy own blood;  
It is our father's. In thy single stem  
Flows all the sap of our three-hundred years.  
What right hast thou to let it out at once,  
And raze the Montanino to the ground?  
Last scion of the parent tree, stand up,  
And wave thy yet green boughs, and blossom still,  
As God commands!

*Carlo.* Angelica! cease! cease!  
Make not what I deem'd virtue seem a crime:  
Call not our father's spirit to the block;  
Name me not parricide of all my race.



Thou art my sister, and shouldst smooth that way  
I thought to tread so lightly, and must tread.

'T is now too late. See there! [*pointing off the scene as to  
the setting sun.*]

*Angel.* 'T is not too late! [*start-  
ing to her feet.*]

Let me go, brother! Do not hold me!

*Carlo.* Go?

Whither? Before thou reach—— [*Suddenly.*] Yes, go;  
go quickly. [*kissing her passionately, and straining  
her in his embrace.*]

*Angel.* [*takes both his hands in hers, and looking him steadily  
in the face, and with solemnity.*]

Carlo, my brother, thou hast deceiv'd me once:

'T was the sole falsehood ever stain'd thy lips.

Thou mean'st to spare me now the final pang,

And have no parting. Is it so?

*The bolts of the door are heard to be withdrawn.*

What 's that? [*wildly.*]

They are come! they are come to fetch thee! O my God!  
*hanging on him with both arms — but her eyes  
straining fixed upon the door,*

*which opens, and*

*Enter, unattended, the CAPTAIN of the Guard.*

*BARBARA comes forward.*

*Capt.* It is my happiness to inform Messere,

The penalty is paid, and he is free.

ANGELICA, *relaxing her hold,*  
*falls without a sound into the arms of BARBARA.*

Carlo. By whom? Who is it?

Capt. I know not. This is all.

*[pointing to the warrant  
which he holds open.*

Carlo. Bertuccio! How shall we? — Angelica! *[turning  
rapidly.*

Hear'st thou?

Capt. Messer', she has fainted from excess of joy.

CARLO *takes ANGELICA in his arms.*

BARBARA *goes hastily to a water-jug which stands on a table in  
the background, and is seen coming forward with it, —  
the JAILER advancing a step into the cell, and the CAPTAIN  
standing by ANGELICA'S feet with a look of respectful  
sympathy, — as  
the Drop falls.*

## ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I. *As in Act I. Scene IV.*

CARLO. ANGELICA.

BARBARA — *in the act of leaving:*ANGELICA *looking towards her, as waiting her departure;*CARLO, *with arms folded and eyes on the ground.* — *Exit BARBARA.*

Angel. And now, my brother. [*Carlo takes her hand and gazes earnestly and mournfully in her face.*]

But thou seem'st not glad.

\* Carlo. [*after a moment's silence — still gazing on her.*]

No, I am sore oppress'd. Though free, I am bound;  
Bounden forever, save thou loose the chain.

Angel. What canst thou mean? How deadly pale thou look'st!

Carlo. It is my desperate purpose makes me pale,  
And the long pang it cost me to resolve.

Angel. I heard thee pace thy chamber to and fro,  
And wonder'd, Carlo, what should make thee linger,  
Knowing my longing to receive thy news.

Carlo. And when thou hear'st it! —

[*He pauses and again looks her gravely in the face.*]

Angel. Hast thou seen him?

Carlo. Whom?

Angel. Our cousin, surely. Was 't not Arrigucci

Thou went'st to see? thy saviour, Carlo — mine?

*Carlo.* Would that he were! I were then less perplex'd.

I saw him not. There was no need. Last night,  
When Arrigucci came not, though I felt  
'T was modesty perhaps that kept him back  
When others wish'd me joy, who was the source  
Of our great happiness, or fear again  
To be committed with the tyrannous Nine,  
Yet — thou hast heard me say — my mind misgave me,  
And better seem'd it me to wait till morn,  
Till the fisc open'd, to learn who really was  
My generous liberator. —

\* *Angel.* [*who has listen'd full of wonderment,  
now eagerly.*

And thou hast learn'd?

*Carlo.* [*his eyes still fixed on Angel.*

The Chancellor told me Salimbene's self,  
Ippolito Salimbene paid the fine,  
With his own hand. Why how thou pal'st, my sister!  
And now, thy face is burning! while thine eyes  
Gleam satisfaction through their tears!

[*Angel. throws herself on his neck and hides her confusion.*

Is 't so?

Wouldst thou then rather it were Salimbene  
Than Arrigucci?

*Angel.* [*lifting her head instantly.*

No, no, Carlo, no!

Rather 't were almost any one than he.

*Carlo.* And so would I.

*Angel.* Yet 't was a noble act.

*Carlo.* Ay, truly so! My enemy did for me

What none of my friends would do; the heir of those  
Who spent my father's race, lifts up from death  
The last male scion of that hated stock,  
Which, dead in me, would never more put forth  
Or fruit or flower to bear the hostile name.

'T would wash him snow-white, were he spotted o'er  
With twice two centuries of my foresires' blood!

*[Angel. looks admiringly through her tears.]*

How well that dew becomes thee! Dry it not;  
Such Heaven sprinkles on its angels' eyes  
When they applaud in silence good men's deeds;  
And such is Salimbene. O my sister!  
I fear thou wilt shed other tears anon,  
Bitter as these are sweet.

*Angel.* What 's on thy heart?

*Carlo.* The weight of obligation, which makes dull

Its glad pulsations. How shall we repay him?

*Angel.* With our life's service.

*Carlo.* Even so I mean:

And that in earnest. *[with same expression — regarding  
her fixedly.]*

Art thou then prepar'd

To be his servitor, as I shall be?

*Angel.* What means that emphasis? Why that fixed look?  
Speak out thy purpose, brother.

*Carlo.* Salimbene

Loves thee, my sister. — Over all thy face

The rose supplants the lily. 'T is the hue  
Not of displeasure, Angela; and my heart  
Trembles to feel the sacrifice it makes  
May be to thee too easy.

*Angel.* What is that?

Why shouldst thou think that Salimbene ——  
[*embarrassed.*] Why,  
Why with imputed selfishness of thought  
Stain his brave action?

*Carlo.* 'T is not to be selfish  
To owe the impulsion to a generous deed  
To some deep-cherish'd feeling. No base love  
Prompts to great action, and an enemy's life  
Sav'd to win favor in the sister's heart  
Is still high inspiration. Salimbene  
Loves thee, Angelica, and for thee alone  
Has done thus bravely. 'T is with thee alone  
I can repay him.

*Angel.* Carlo! — Dost thou think? ——

*Carlo.* Of the wide gulf which Fortune spreads between  
Our state and his? I do. But for that gulf  
I were not now his debtor for my life.  
Well do I know 't is not for me to offer  
What, were we even equals, he should beg.  
'T is not thy hand, my sister. Said I not  
We are his slaves? And slaves are handed over  
Without condition.

*Angel.* Speak not so dejectly.  
And speak less darkly, brother. I but feel



Thou hast some solemn purpose, whose sad thought  
I read in thy pale visage and chang'd eye,  
But cannot give it shape.

*Carlo.* I would thou couldst!  
So were I spar'd some anguish.

*Angel.* O my heart!  
What canst thou mean then?

*Carlo.* Part we with our all,  
Thou wouldst be there wherefrom to rescue thee  
I would have given my life, would give it still.  
But, could I do this, should I have the right,  
For Salimbene's sake?

*Angel.* No, Carlo, no!  
'T would seem like flinging back the hand he tenders  
In amity, it may be in atonement  
Of our ancestral wrongs.

*Carlo.* I think not so:  
The wrong was what our sires had done to his,  
Had they been strong enough. Still, thus to act  
Would seem indeed like o'erstrain'd pride, or rancor.  
We cannot so repay him. I must give  
That which alone he covets, my sole treasure.  
It is thyself, my sister, and, alas!  
Without condition.

*Angel.* Thou dost mean?  
*Carlo.* His slave,  
To make my sister too his handmaid.

*Angel.* Never!  
'T is not my brother! not my father's son!

Not Carlo Montanino, speaks!

*Carlo.* [mournfully] Angelica,  
Look on me. Need I? —

*Angel.* [who has gone from him a step  
indignantly, returning and throwing herself,  
weeping, on his neck.

No! remind me not!

Thou wouldst have given thy life for me. And now,  
Wouldst thou make vile and cast away forever  
What was so precious? Sorrow, and anxious thought,  
And prison-solitude, have made thee wild.  
Thou wilt sleep over this, and waken calmer.

*Carlo.* I have slept over it, and I am calm. —

Listen, my sister, — precious to me now  
More than thou ever wast, if love like mine  
Admit of increase. We had thought it much,  
Had Arrigucci privily lent us aid.  
But Salimbene, openly and bravely  
Like a true man, and in the cause of right,  
Exerts his sympathy, and defies the Nine,  
Scorning their verdict. We had ow'd him much,  
Had he through others but spent on us that sum.  
But thus to take me boldly by the hand  
As though I were a brother, to lift me up  
When others durst not look on me, to give me  
The life that but for him were gone forever,  
This noble friend, this more to me than brother,  
This re-creator, what then shall repay him?

*Angel.* Carlo! my brother!

*Carlo.* — Not my life alone.  
That were not to give all I have, not give  
What is most precious in his eyes, and mine.  
But if I bid him take that for which only  
Life to me is worth living ——

*Angel.* Brother! brother!  
Son of my father! who art in his place, —  
[*sinking on her knees before him.*  
Give not to infamy thy orphan charge!  
Sell all thou hast, let us be poor and outcast.  
I can even serve, if needful; but not here —  
Not him — not Salimbene!

*Carlo.* Be 't as thou wilt.  
One way remains: it cancels not our debts,  
But makes us not to feel them. Rise, my sister.  
[*endeavoring to raise her.*

*Angel.* Carlo! wouldst break my heart?

*Carlo.* Oh Salimbene!  
Hadst thou but loiter'd in thy work of love  
All were now over, by a death that seem'd  
Noble as martyrdom! but now no thought  
Of sacrifice for duty lifts the soul,  
And death's sharp agony will have tenfold horror  
In that 'tis but the severance from shame!

*Angel.* Death! And is that thy meaning?

*Carlo.* And what else  
Will lift from me the load I cannot bear?

*Angel.* [*rising quickly.*

Then let us die together. Better thus

Than live the death of infamy. Salimbene,  
Bequeath'd our heritage, will be more than paid.

*Carlo.* Of infamy, sister? Hast thou then believ'd  
That such I offer'd? I? to thee? Thou heard'st me:  
*Never base love yet prompted generous deed;*  
And such was Salimbene's. When in anguish  
To be so fetter'd, knowing no escape  
Save death from obligation, the dread thought  
Flash'd like the thunder through my prison'd soul,  
To give for all he had given the all I had —  
All he could value, — when this lurid light  
Burst on the darkness of my spirit and shook me  
With fears that made my very flesh to creep  
With a cold shivering, — though it show'd the way  
To instant freedom, I had shut my eyes  
Sitting still fetter'd, had not reason show'd  
My fears were idle, and call'd the warm glow back  
To my chill'd skin. It was a mortal ague, [*shuddering.*  
But it is over; though I still am pale.

*Angel.* Ay, deadly pale, my brother; and should be.  
Fi on this madness! It is such: no reason  
Counsels dishonor; and that wholesome terror  
That made thy man's-pulse throb, and thy warm blood  
That is so valiant chilly, trust it! 't was  
The appeal of God, thy conscience; trust it, Carlo!

*Carlo.* Thou wilt not hear me. I would say: — I thought,  
And reason'd with my terror; and my blood  
Ran free again. For well I grew assur'd  
That Salimbene would but do as I

In a like case, and rather make addition  
Unto his noble act, than dim its splendor  
By even thought of evil.

*Angel.* Then to offer  
Were but deceit. O Carlo, be thyself!  
Let not misfortune warp thy simple faith!

*Carlo.* It has not, sister. When I give thee up,  
My sole possession that has any worth  
In Salimbene's eyes, my all in mine,  
The sacrifice is perfect and sincere.  
The sense that he will not misuse the gift,  
The knowledge that his nature cannot be  
Both mean and generous, noble and debas'd,  
Strip it of all its terror and half its pain,  
But leave the act still thorough. Thou art his  
Without condition, subject to his will.

*Angel.* [*once more falling at his feet.*

Thou wilt not do it! Thou art still my brother!  
Thou wilt not soil our father's fame, and mine.  
O say thou wilt not! \*

*Carlo.* Not in any way.  
Nor give thee up against thy will. Be tranquil:  
My debt shall rest unpaid. [*Raises her.*

*Angel.* But then? — But then?—  
Thou dost not mean? — Thou wilt — do nothing des-  
perate?

*She holds both his hands in hers. — He releases one,  
and lays it on her shoulder.*

*Carlo.* Angelica, were my simple service, vow'd

For life to my life's creditor, enough,  
Or could I earn by any kind of work  
Sufficient to repay him, it were well.  
But there is no resource for me in toil,  
And my sole servitude would be disclaim'd,  
And, offer'd solely, seem a mere pretence,  
So certain its rejection. Shall I then  
Skulk in the noontide by my enemy's door,  
Or cower when we meet, his hopeless debtor?  
My days are melancholy now enough,  
With even thy sunshine over me; but then!  
In the bleak shadow of a fix'd despair,  
Dead to myself and thee! I should go mad.  
Would that the axe had fallen in time!

*Angel.* Hush! hush!

Thou wouldst have given thy life for me: not now  
Through me shall that dear life be darken'd over,  
By even a passing shadow of despair.

With Heaven to aid me, I will do thy bidding.

*Carlo.* No, no, not mine! not mine! Do thy own will.

*Angel.* And that shall be thy bidding, — ever, Carlo.

Is sacrifice for thee alone? Shall I

Not there too be thy sister? That poor station  
Thou wouldst have steadied with thy corpse, I now,  
To keep thee living, step from, and — Oh God!  
Must it so be, will peril even maiden fame.

*Carlo.* Think not so meanly of our generous saviour.

Thou wilt see, Angela, all will yet be well.

*Angel.* I hope so: yet I fear. Should he — abuse



The gift which —— Hark! I will not live.

*Carlo.* Nor I.

We both will go down to our father's tomb.

And better so, if Salimbene's soul

Can so defile itself: this world is then

Not worth the living in, and thou and I

Were better out of it. — But think on this.

To-morrow ——

*Angel.* No, no! take me now, at once.

Give not a moment! for — I dare not think.

*Falls on his neck. He presses her soothingly to his breast.*

*Scene closes.*

---

## SCENE II.

*Same as in Act II. Scene I.*

IPPOLITO. CORNELIA. DOMICILLA.

*Domicil.* Well, I 'm not sorry — nay, I am heartily glad  
The young man is at large. It had been cruel  
To cut his head off for so small a crime ;

Although, the Montanino is no friend  
Of ours ——

*Ippol.* But may be soon. [*looking significantly at  
Cornelia.*]

*Domicil.* Why, how thou talk'st!  
In my day —— But I should be glad to know  
Who paid that fine. 'T is very odd! That Nello,  
I'm sure, knows more than he cares tell. "A noble  
And brave cavalier" [*reflectingly.*] —— No doubt! He must  
Have been a bold one. [*Cornelia looks attentively at  
Ippol., who smiles.*]

But 't is surely odd  
His name should not be known. I'll have the rogue  
Come up again.

*Ippol.* [*stopping her as she turns, apparently to  
touch a handbell.*]

Nay, aunt, 't is not worth while:  
It all must soon be out. And here, in fact,  
Comes the rogue's self.

*Enter ANTONELLO.*

*Domicil.* Now, Nello ——

*Anton.* Pardon, madam:

[*then turning directly to Ippol.*]

Ser Carlo Montanino with a lady  
Waits in the hall, and humbly craveth audience  
Alone of the Messere.

*Ippol.* [with agitation.] With a lady?

*Domicil.* [who has been dumb with amazement.

The Montanino in my father's halls!

And humbly craves! Thou wilt not surely see him?

*Ippol.* Why not?

*Domicil.* Alone?

*Ippol.* No, with a lady. Aunt,  
Thee and Cornelia I must pray retire. —

*To Nello.*] Say to the noble gentleman, myself  
Will wait on him immediately. [*Exit Anton.*

*Domicil.* [retiring.] What next?  
The Montanino sues the Salimbene!  
In his own hall! and humbly! Times are chang'd.  
Heaven keep us! Come, Cornelia. [*Exit.*

*Cornel.* [putting her hand in her brother's with  
an admiring and affectionate look.

Dear Ippol'to!

It was then thou?

*Ippol.* [smiling.] Didst thou not show the way?

*Exit CORNELIA after DOMICILLA,*  
*while IPPOLITO turns to the other side of the scene,*  
*but hesitating as he is about to leave.*

A lady! — Angel' ? — Too late! [*Stands aside,*  
*bowing profoundly, as*

*Enter CARLO, leading ANGELICA veiled.*

*CARLO, who is deadly pale,*  
*returning the salutation with an air of deep submission,*  
*speaks with a melancholy yet dignified humility.*

*Carlo.* Messere, pardon.

It was not meet that you, who are henceforth  
My lord forever, should descend to me,  
Your servant. I have therefore rather chosen  
To venture uninvited to your presence. —

*Ippol.* Messer', the honor that you do this roof ——

*Carlo.* My lord, pray pardon me again. Such terms  
Are not for you to me. What you have done ——

*Ippol.* Ah, pardon me in turn. I have been bold;  
But only as, I think, you would have been  
Under like circumstance: you must excuse me.  
Will you be seated?

. *Carlo.* It is not fit for us. —  
Be not amaz'd, but hear me. What I owe  
I have no means to render, only one.  
You are the master of my life; I am  
The humblest of your bondsmen, ready ever  
To do your sternest bidding without stop.  
But that is not enough. I have one gift  
You will more value.

ANGELICA, *who has hitherto  
leaned drooping on her brother's right shoulder,  
now grasps his arm in both her hands,  
her head hanging down over them,  
and seems ready to sink.*

Could the Almighty God  
Of all this world but give me once the choice

To be so blest as I have been in her,

*[freeing his right arm, while raising her with the other,  
he puts his right hand on her head.]*

Or be the lord of all in proud Siena,

I would take poverty again and this

His angel; for she is my heart, my brain;

There is no other like to her on earth.

Yet, being such, I give her. She is yours.

*[He throws back Angelica's veil.]*

I need not say to you who are so noble,

Be kind to her; you will not use her ill.

And now, permit me. *[Putting out his hand to Ippolito,  
while Angelica, unsupported sinks into a chair.]*

IPPOLITO *mistaking the action,  
and still in the extremity of surprise, mechanically  
extends his own, to meet his grasp. But CARLO, taking it  
by the fingers respectfully, raises it, in the  
manner of an inferior and dependent, to his lips, and  
immediately, with the same melancholy humbleness, without  
looking at his sister, Exit.*

ANGELICA *puts out one of her hands,  
as if to arrest him, then, recollecting herself, sinks  
back in the chair, and covers her face with  
both hands, weeping, while IPPOLITO stands confounded  
before her. At length rousing himself.*

*Ippol.* Lady, do not fear. *[tremulously.]*  
I — go to bring those to you from whose lips

You will more readily learn than mine, that here  
You have but to command. But first that homage,  
Your brother in my moment of surprise  
Made me receive, let me return to you.  
My heart goes with it.

*He kneels, and with reverence, yet with evident  
emotion, raises her hand to his lips.*

*Angel.* Messere — O believe! —

*[bursts into tears.*

*Ippol.* I do believe — I know — why you are here.  
The sacrifice is holy, is heroic,  
And lifts you higher, were there greater height,  
In my esteem. But that I deem it were  
To insult the helpless state wherein your brother  
Through a too lofty spirit and pride has plac'd you,  
I would here tell you how I have long lov'd,  
Ador'd you. Only from the fear to offend  
Both you and him, have I not ventur'd ever  
More than an outward reverence — and perhaps  
The homage of my eyes. O could I think! ——

*She weeps, and does not withdraw her hand.*

Yes, yes, thou doubt'st me not; thou knowest, thou feelest,  
Feel'st in thy own pure spirit, I could not dream  
To impose on thy position. Let me then,  
Ere come my aunt, and sister, who has known  
From the very first my love, and learn'd to love thee,



Say all. Angelica! at thy maiden feet  
Ippolito lays his fortune, honor, name.  
If thou disdain them not, say but one word,  
But one, and make them thine.

*Angel. [with mingled joy and tenderness, as she hides her blushes on his shoulder.*

Ippolito!—

*Scene closes.*

---

SCENE III. AND THE LAST.

*As in Act I. Scene I.*

CARLO

*seated at a table near the centre, his face hidden in his hands, the fingers of which are buried in his hair.*

*After some moments,*

*Enter BARBARA from the left.*

*She moves a step or two towards him, then stoops and curtsies several times, pausing a little after each inclination.*

*She approaches then nearer, so as to attract his attention,  
and again curtsies — his back being towards her.*

*Carlo. [half turning his head, then resuming his attitude.  
What want'st thou, girl?*

*Barb. Where is Madonna, Master?*

*Carlo. [dropping his hands, but without looking at her,  
and speaking slowly and with great mournfulness.*

*Where? — Where? — I would I knew!*

*Barb. O God, Messere!*

*Do not speak so! you frighten me.*

*Carlo. I meant not.*

*Thy mistress is not here. Go seek her. [sadly, but without  
harshness.*

*Barb. Gianni*

*Knows where she is, but will not tell me.*

*Carlo. Gianni*

*Knows nothing, more than I. He saw me lead her  
Out to the street, and whither. Where — and what ——  
Go to thy chamber; thou wilt know to-morrow.  
Go to thy chamber, girl.*

*BARBARA is about to retire, but stops suddenly by the  
embrasure of a window in the left wing, and appears to look out.*

*CARLO, hearing her stop, turns round.*

*Seriously, but still without harshness.*

*What mak'st thou there*

*At the window, girl? Didst thou not hear me? Go.*

*Barb. Pardon, Messere; there is something doing*

At the Palazzo Salimbeni yon. [*looking eagerly again.*

Carlo. [*springing up.*

Ah! Mercy, God! — What seest thou?

Barb. People standing

At the great gate. There 's something to come out.

Carlo. [*motionless in the centre — seemingly arrested by terror.*

And? — Look again, good Barba. Seem they sad?

Barb. No, merry. Hear their murmurs! Look, dear Master.

Carlo. I cannot look. [*Barb. gazing with increased earnestness.*

— What now?

Barb. It is — Giesù!

Madonna's self! with Messer Salimbene!

She looks so happy! though her eyes are down —

And blushes scarlet. One hand is in his,

The other holds in hers Madonna Nelia,

And Monna Domicilla walks beside.

CARLO *clasps his hands in ecstasy, but*

*stands as before.*

They 're coming hither! How the people shout!

Now Monna Nelia whispers something low,

Which makes Madonna smile, but blush still more;

And Messer Salimbene scatters gold,

Which the rogues gather up, first shouting louder.

They 're in!

*She starts from the window, and without regarding  
her master, runs across the stage.*

— I knew! I knew! O happy day!

[*Exit at the right.*

Carlo. [*who, tottering backward, has sunk into the chair.*

I thank Thee, Heaven! And pardon me my doubts!

*After a few moments,*

*he appears to recover, and resuming his wonted majesty of mien,  
moves slowly to the right, where presently*

*Enter*

ANGELICA, IPPOLITO, CORNELIA, and DOMICILLA,  
*bowed in by GIANNI, and followed by BARBARA.*

ANGELICA *rushes into CARLO'S arms.*

*Angel.* Brother!

*Carlo.* My darling! and my life! — Messere,  
I crave your pardon; and yours, noble ladies,  
That I have made your welcome wait; but joy  
In this recover'd treasure —

*Ippol.* Which is mine.

Revoke not, Messer Carlo. What you gave  
I come now to accept, not to restore.  
For Carlo's sister is now Ippolito's bride.

*[raises Angelica's hand to his lips.*

*Carlo.* Noble Ippolito! you have crush'd with debt  
Your poor but happy debtor. Half my gift  
Has Angela taken away, to give, herself.  
The other yet remains; for I am still,  
As I shall ever be, your humblest bondsman,  
Ready to do your bidding as my lord.

GIANNI, *in the background, betrays consternation,*  
*and BARBARA surprise. DOMICILLA gazes on CARLO with wonder*  
*and interest, and CORNELIA with admiration.*

*Ippol.* You hear him, all?

*Gianni.* [*muttering.*] His grandsire would have heard  
An earthquake sooner; that is my idea.

*Domicil.* And mine, old man. The times are sorely chang'd.

*Ippol.* And thou shalt change too, Aunt.

*Carlo.* [*severely.*] Be silent, Gianni.  
The Salimbene's love would fill these walls,  
Though they were left still emptier than they are  
By Montaninan hatred.

*Ippol.* Nobly said!  
Is 't not, Cornelia? [*looking closely at his sister, who has  
manifested some emotion.*]

*Carlo,* thou hast said  
Thou 'lt do my bidding.

*Carlo.* [*solemnly.*] Truly, in all things.  
*Ippol.* Make suit then to my sister. Unto her  
I here transfer thy service. Canst thou win her,  
Thou 'lt win what 's worth the wearing, and render me,  
Doubly thy brother, lighter i' the conscience,  
As having made restitution for this treasure  
Whereof I 've robb'd thee. [*drawing Angel. lightly to him.*]

*Carlo.* [*seizing his hand.*] Generous Salimbene!  
*Domicil.* Now Heaven help us!

*Carlo.* [*turning to Cornelia with mod-  
esty, yet with dignity.*]  
Lady, if such as I,  
A man so fallen in fortune and sad of heart,  
Venture to lift his thoughts to such as you,  
Whom under luckier stars he had been happy  
And proud to dare address, ascribe it kindly

Not to too forward a spirit, but duty vow'd  
To my life's master.

*Cornel.* Sir, must I make answer?

I rate so high my brother's love for me,  
I cannot think he would have chosen else  
Than for my happiness; and he whose life  
Was freely offer'd for his sister's sake,  
And whom that sister better lov'd than fame,  
Lifts not his thoughts, but lowers, to such as I. —

*Ippol.* [*half aside to Carlo.*]

Is she not worthy?

*Cornel.* [*continuing.*] If my aunt approve —

*Domicil.* That word redeems us all. In my day, maidens —

*Ippol.* Had hearts of just such pliant stuff as now;

And Monna Domicilla was but woo'd

As Angela and Cornelia must be won.

*Domicil.* Child, thou forgott'st me.

*Ippol.* No, I but forestall'd:

I knew beforehand what thou wouldst approve.

*Domicil.* [*to Carlo.*] Sir, I am yet too much a Salimbene

To say that I rejoice; but this believe:

I truly honor you, and one day may love.

*Ippol.* [*hugging her, — she struggling in his arms, half pleased, half piqued.*]

Why, that 's my aunt! I said that thou wouldst change.

*Carlo.* [*kissing her hand.*] Madonna, I shall strive to win your  
favor;

And hope to, will this lady teach me how.

*Ippol.* [*to Cornel., as Carlo kisses her hand in turn.*]



Cornelia's ring, thou seest, is soon reset.

*Cornel.* With such another jewel as the first.

*Ippol.* But burn'd a deeper sanguine in the fire

Which has not tried the ruby of my love.

*Cornel.* I 'll wear them, brother, both then, side by side.

*Ippol.* First ask Angelica. Half my heart, I said,

Was long since hers.

*Cornel.* And half of Messer Carlo's

Is still his sister's. Thus I have but one.

And thou, Angelica, art not better off.

These men are but half lovers.

*Angel.* But these brothers!

*Cornel.* Ah! there, Angelica, both of us agree.

We 'll keep each other's brother; and they shall see

Which half is better set, with thee or me.

*GIANNI, who has been curiously watching Cornelia, and working himself more and more forward, now advancing to Carlo.*

*Gianni.* That is the lady, Master, I 'm a-thinking,

That left the roll of florins at the gate.

And the same too gave Barbara the hundred;

That 's my idea.

*Barb.* [*to Angel.*] Madonna, pardon me.

The secret now is told; but [*to Cornel.*] not through me.

*Carlo.* And to our enemies we thus owe all!

O lady, can my life, which you would ransom,

And your brave brother, my true lord, has redeem'd,

Ever repay these benefits from both?

So let me be indeed thy servitor,

And all the idolatry I paid my sister  
Shall henceforth yield its worship at thy shrine.

[*kisses Cornel.'s hand with evident emotion.*]

*Domicil.* [*with tender reproach.*]

Couldst thou not, niece, have let me share in this? —

*Cornel.* Dear aunt, I fear'd — thou knowest, thy family  
views —

*Domicil.* Naughty Cornelia! was I so mistrusted?

But I won't contradict: for, in my day,  
Such things were never thought of. Well! I hope  
'T is for the better; but 't is true the times  
Are sadly chang'd.

*Ippol.* No, gladly, say, my aunt.

*Domicil.* Don't contradict me, dear my boy.

*Ippol.* No, aunt:

For here are foes no more to breed dispute.  
The Montanino-Salimbene one,  
Thou shalt have care henceforth alone to see  
Times change indeed, but let them still agree.

BARBARA,

*who after her brief part in the colloquy has been seen to  
go to the window, and there respond by sign to some signal from  
without, and then steal off from the scene, now re-enters,  
leading in ANTONELLO. Both appear excited.*

*Gianni.* [*shaking his head.*]

Always with Antonello!

*Carlo.* What bring'st thou?

*Barb.* [*joyously.*] The sentence is revers'd! Ask Nello, Master.

*Ippol.* Speak.

*Anton.* What she says is true. The Ser Beccari  
Is banish'd and his name struck from the rolls,  
For plotting against Messere Carlo's life.

*Carlo.* Ah! [*looking at Angelica, who turning pale presses closer to Ippolito. Domicilla and Cornelia evince astonishment, — Cornelia's not unmingled with indignation.*]

*Ippol.* Speak from the beginning. How is this?

*Anton.* Ser Giacomo Gradenata — whom I met  
One day with little Barba — [*darting a look of sly malice at Barbara.*]

*Gianni.* Ay, I 've scen her  
With Ser Beccari too. She 's much too easy,  
I 'm thinking, with such fellows: that 's my idea.  
*Barb.* But not affair.

*Angel.* Peace, Barba!

*Carlo.* And thou, Gianni,  
Show more of reverence.

*Ippol.* And, good Nello, keep  
Thy feuds with Barbara for her private ear.  
Thou shalt have full occasion by and by.  
Proceed.

*Anton.* [*with more of his usual manner, and speaking with increasing rapidity as he goes on.*]

Ser Giacomo, brib'd by the Beccari,  
Made the false charge, but, horrified to find  
A murder toward, told all unto his sister.  
Monna Camilla goes straightway to the Nine —

*Angel.* His sister !

*Ippol.* And betroth'd to Gasparo's self!

*Barb.* [*significantly.*] I think I know the motive.

*Carlo.* Ah! — The wretch!

*Angel.* Thou shalt know all a fitter time, Ippolito.

*Anton.* Yes, Barbara lent her motive to Ser Giac'mo.

*Gianni.* She lends too many, I 'm thinking, to such gentry.

*Ippol.* Let Barbara alone, my friends. What then?

*Anton.* Both of them banish'd from the State forever —

Beccari's fortune confiscated — name

Struck from the rolls —

*Ippol.* 'T is retribution just.

*Anton.* The fine remitted — Messer Montanino

Restor'd to all his honors.

*Carlo.* And thus the weight

Of seven hundred florins is off my heart.

Its pulse may now beat freely to thy love,

Noble Ippolito.

*Ippol.* With thy consent

I 'll part the seven hundred twixt these three ;

One half to honest Gianni, and one half

To Nello and Barba, whom we will make one.

*Gianni.* [*shaking his head.*

Best make her one, I 'm thinking, with all mankind.

*Barb.* Now God forbid, were all like thee !

*Carlo.* Peace, girl !

And thou, old man, rein-in that petulant tongue.

Fit 't were you us'd it, thou and Barba both,

In thanking that munificence which makes you

Rich far beyond your sphere.

*Gianni.* I am most thankful.

But Messer Carlo, to your father's son  
I should not need to boast, who serv'd his sire,  
That Gianni, poor and old, takes never money  
Save from his master's hand.

*Carlo.* Forgive me, Gianni ;  
Forgive my chiding, — even for those words,  
Which show thy tongue takes counsel from thy heart  
As well as spleen. [*He extends his hand to Gianni, who  
kisses it, with tears.*]

*Ippol.* Yet take it from my sister,  
Who will be soon thy mistress.

*Cornel.* And who adds  
What she impos'd upon thee at the gate :  
For 't is thy due, yet scarcely thy desert ; —  
For where are honest pride and faith like thine ?

*Gianni.* [*much moved and kissing her hand.*]

Madonna, I ne'er thought to live to see  
The Montanino and Salimbene join'd,  
And cry with joy at it. But I do. I 'm thinking,  
Heaven makes some curses blessings ; and old times  
Have chang'd now for the better ; that 's my idea.

ANTONELLO and BARBARA likewise make their acknowl-  
edgments to IPPOLITO, in dumb show.

*Domicil.* Mine, Gianni, too. Yet, dear me ! in my day —

But never mind ! I will not change again.

*Ippol.* Not with the times ? Nay, Aunt, play out the play.

---

*Domicil.* Don't contradict, Ippol'to dear. I mean,  
The present happy truce I sha'n't gainsay.

*Ippol.* Truce? 'T is a peace: "I 'm thinking," to remain,  
(As Gianni says,) till doomsday.

*Domicil.* And I say,  
Thereto, Amen! my boy.

*Ippol.* Is that the vein?  
Why then the play is play'd, for good and all.

*Cornel.* [*in half-whisper.*

Be it. Yet, while Aunt Cilla is in train,  
'T were very well to let the Curtain fall.

*Curtain falls.*

---





# NOTES

## TO

### THE MONTANINI .

---

1.—P. 263. THE MONTANINI.] The story is founded on the XLIXth Novel of Bandello.

2.—P. 264. CARLO DI TOMMASO MONTANINO.] That is, as subsequently shown (Act I. Sc. 1.), *Carlo son of*, etc. A mode of writing the names of persons that was very common in all parts of Italy in the Middle Ages.

“Olim a Patris nomine, non Senis tantum, sed et in aliis Italiae Civitatibus, consuevere non pauci cognomentum sibi adsciscere. Hinc audias *Piero di Tegliaccio*, *Francesco di Messer Vanni*, *Cione di Vitelluccio*, *Neri di Guccio*, atque horum similia; hoc est, *Petrum Tegliaccii filium*, *Francesci Domini Vannis filium*, etc. Rursus in more fuit nomina quaedam contrahere, ac veluti dimidiata adhibere; nam pro *Alexandro* aliquis appellabatur *Sandro*, pro *Bartholomæo* *Meo*, pro *Arriguccio*, ut ego arbitror, *Guccio*, pro *Maphæo*, sive *Maffeo*, *Feo*, pro *Uguccione* *Cione*. . . . Infra nobis occurrent *Messer Sozzo Dei*, et *Messer Deo Gucci*, qui alibi appellatur *Messer Deo di Messer Guccio*. Eadem ratione in hisce regionibus nobiles *Manfredorum*,

Piorum, Picorum, aliorumque familiæ, Patris nomen in suum cognomentum olim verterunt." MURATOR. *In Chron. Senen. Andr. Dei præfat. Rer. Ital. Script.* T. xv.

3.—P. 264. SALIMBENI.] Pronounce the *e* as *a* in *bane*. It is one of those foreign names which cannot be anglicized without marring it. So in the name *Bertuccio Arrigucci*, which will occur frequently in the play, sound the first of the two *c*'s as *t*: — *toot'-tcheo*, — *goot'-tche*.

4.—P. 264. VOLTICINA.] A character-name, the diminutive of *volpe* (she-fox). Pronounce, as in Italian: *Vohl-pe-tche'-nah*.

5.—P. 265. *Ser Gasparo*.] The prefix of courtesy and of reverence, *Sere* or *Ser*, and, in its complete or composite form, *Messere* or *Messer*, had at this time been in vogue for only about forty years, if a note to that effect in Muratori is accepted, and was at first equivalent to *Signore*, *Signor*, being convertible in the Latin into *Dominus*. In a later age, *Messere* was confined to members of the bench, doctors, and priests, as we read in Varchi. Compare note 12 to *Bianca Capello*.

Muratori, or one of his co-workers, thinks that the word, in the form *Missere*, came in with the study of the Provensal about the time of Dante's master, Ser Brunetto Latini. Cs. in his vol. above-cited, in coll. 145, 6, a note to the Sanesan Chronicle of *Neri di Donato*.\* Giovanni Villani however applies it to personages in periods long

\* Still, I do not think that the example adduced by the commentator is conclusive, namely, that in a letter of 1265 to one of the Tolomei is written, not *a Messere Tolomeo*, but *Domino Tolomeo*. For as *Dominus* was the usual form in the Latin acts and records, etc., so it was very natural, especially in the mongrel Italian employed in that very writing cited, the words should be interchanged. See extracts from certain notarial instruments in Notes 1 and 2, p. x. of the *Elogio di G. V.* T. viii. *Cronica*. ed. cit.

anterior to that epoch, as will be seen presently.\* And in fact the reference to Ser Brunetto Latini would itself put its introduction back at least a score of years before the period of 1280 assigned by the Italian archæologist, for Ser Brunetto is named by G. Villani among the Guelfs who fled from Florence to Lucca in 1260 (T. ii. p. 113, *ed. infra cit.*) after the disastrous day of Montaperti. This was five years before the date assigned to the birth of Dante, who addresses his old master by that title in the Shades: "Siete voi qui, Ser Brunetto?" † where it is observable that the plural address of reverence, *voi* for *tu*, is employed.

What the comment on the Sanesan Chronicle advances, that between the word *Messere* and the simple *Sere* the same distinction obtains as was usual with *Madonna* and its contraction *Monna*, — namely, that the briefer term was applied to persons of a relatively inferior condition, ‡ as for example, in the case of *Ser*, to notaries and

\* He goes back indeed as far as the year 1113, under which date, in his 4th Book (c. xxix.), he speaks of "*Messer* Ruberto Tedesco, vicario dello 'mperadore Arrigo in Toscana." It is true, Villani, who was contemporary with Dante, may be supposed to confer the prefix after the fashion of his time.

† Two other instances in Dante illustrate so fully the mode of using both forms as to be in themselves sufficient exemplification. In *Purgatorio* xxiv. we have *Messer* applied to the Cavalier Marchese, and in *Paradiso*, at the close of the xiiiith Cto., adopting a name (Martino) to indicate generally any class of illiterate men, he prefixes simple *Ser*, making it correlative with *Donna* (*Monna*, in modern edd.) for the female:

"Non creda donna [monna] Berta e ser Martino."

Here we see *Monna* applied precisely as we do *Madam* and *Mrs.*

‡ "Non si può negare, che nella sua origine *Sere* sia l'istesso che *Signore*; ma è da osservarsi, che i nomi accorciati si davano a persone d'inferior condizione, come è noto ne' titoli di *Madonna* e *Monna*. L'uno si dava alle Principesse ed anco a quelle Donne di Nobiltà assoluta; e l'altro alle Donne Nobili, ma non di Condizione Principesca, e alle Donne popolari, ma che erano di Famiglie risedute, restando l'altre senza titolo. . . Così è giustamente avvenuto a' titoli di *Missere* e di *Sere*. Il primo si dava fra gli altri a' Giudici, e Dottori, e l'altro a Notai, che per lo più sono al servizio de' medesimi." *Loc. sup. cit.*

It is indeed a distinction reasonable and natural in itself, that is, arising from

simple priests, to which two classes the annotator would appear to confine it, — is supported by the usage of old writers. In the list of the embassy sent to the Emperor when at Pisa (March 1, 1355), we have the names thus set down: "Misser Guccio di . . . . Talomei, Giovanni d'Agnolino Salimbeni, Misser Francesco di Misser Bino Giudice de gli Accarigi, Renaldo del Peccio, Davino di Memmo, Giovanni di Tura Neri de' Montanini, Ser Mino di Meo Filippi loro Notajo." *Cron. San.* c. 146. It is at this very passage that the comment I refer to is made, and it certainly of itself sets the matter in a very plain light. The fact too is confirmed by the instance of Brunetto, who was a notary. In the 16th century the distinction continues to be very observable. Thus, while Varchi the historian's father, who was an attorney, is styled simply *Ser* Giovanni, his son is dignified as *Messer* Benedetto, having been endowed by Duke Cosmo with a benefice in Mugello. In that historian's xvth Book (T. v. p. 349 *ed. al. cit.*) we have this noticeable passage, which happily exemplifies both subjects of the note: . . . "un ser Mariotto di ser Luca de' Primi d'Anghiari suo cancelliere" . . where *cancelliere* is evidently used for *segretario*, although in the acceptation of *register of public acts* it would put the person it indicates in the same class with the notary of those days.

But the distinction, though I have thought it of sufficient interest to be noted for the student and the lover of accuracy, is of no consequence, even were it practicable, in a drama in English; and that I

the customs and thought-habits of men, all contractions in names or titles of address savoring of familiarity, sometimes that of affection or of popularity, or indicating a reverence or respect that is conceded rather than exacted. The *Mrs.* and *Ma'am* of the English, the *Ma'm'selle* (fam. and vulg.) of the French, the *Usted* of the Spanish, are all analogous corruptions: arising from precisely similar causes, familiarity of intercourse, rapidity of utterance, and the desire to avoid a formality which by its frequent repetition becomes not only stiff but disagreeable. It is probable also that thence, and not, as Webster is inclined to think, from the influence of some Northern language, the word *Master* in compellation took the slender sound of *Mister*.



have disregarded it in the present play, whose action is of 1322, can scarcely be held a license even by an Italian scholar, especially as there are authorities who would appear to justify the interchange,\* and even Muratori himself acknowledges, what indeed requires no demonstration, that *Sere* was originally the same as *Signore*. A like remark, so far as the unimportance of exactness in these particulars, in an English play, may be made as to the mode of placing the prefix, which, in both its forms, is never used (that I have yet seen) before the name proper, but occurs before the forename only, precisely as the *Don* (Dominus) of the Spaniard, and the titular address and designation of a knight or a baronet in England. †

6.—P. 269. — *the dainty Three . . . my father's day Saw disinterr'd*, etc.] I have forgotten my authority for this fact. But the following passage, from a well-written guide-book of travel, explains fully the text, if it is not indeed the very source to which perhaps I was indebted.

“In the library [of the Duomo or Cathedral] is also preserved the exquisite antique group of the Graces in Greek marble, found under the foundations in the 13th century. This group, one of the finest known examples of Grecian sculpture, was copied by Canova, and was so much admired by Raphael that he made

\* See in *R. It. Sc.* the note just cited. My disregard however of this distinction, as well as of the mode of employing it, arose probably from the incompleteness of my information at the time. Unimportant as I admit them to be in English, I should, I think, had I known better, have carefully observed both these niceties of ancient Italian usage, if only as a point of *costume*. A voluntary error of the sort would have been a deviation from truth.

† I need hardly add that our *Sir*, used in ordinary compellation, is precisely the same word. With us too, that is in English, it was anciently given as a title to priests. It is interesting to observe how in modern intercourse these distinctions become less and less certain and are finally wiped away, precisely as the plural style of address has almost excluded from ordinary conversation the *thou* and *thee* which at one time indicated inferiority.



a sketch of it, which is still preserved in the Academy of Venice. It is also supposed to have suggested the picture of the Graces by Raphael, formerly in Sir Thomas Lawrence's collection, and afterwards in that of the late Lord Dudley." BLEWITT'S *Handbook of Central Italy*, 2d ed. 1850.

7.—P. 271. *What, my fair Volscian, though not Dian's nymph.*] In allusion to the Camilla of Virgil.

"Hos super advenit, Volsca de gente, Camilla."

*Æn.* vii. 803. ed. Hunter: *Andr.* 1799.

"Est et, Volscorum egregia de gente, Camilla,

Agmen agens equitum et florentis aere catervas." XI. 433.

Her father had dedicated her when an infant to Diana, in the emergence recounted *ib.* 539, sqq. And the goddess, deploring the fate of the maiden queen, says there :

"Vellem haud correpta fuisset

Militia tali, conata lacescere Teucros :

Cara mihi comitumque foret nunc una mearum."

8.—P. 273. *Thou 'dst like again to venture?*] At this place was inserted in the copy the following stage-direction: *The door above is seen to open a little way, and the face of Camilla appears in the opening.* But in the original Ms., I find I had remarked in the margin: "Or without this; as it is more natural that the door should not be opened, and this indication to the spectators that the party is listening is a commonplace stage-action. Camilla's words at the close of the Scene, and previously the noise she makes behind the door which startles Gaspar, are enough, and more refined, for the printed drama at least."

I am still of that opinion. But for the Stage the by-play, though both unnatural and commonplace, is perhaps requisite, and certainly aids the intelligence of a mixed audience. I shall therefore indicate

here, in the Notes, the remaining directions that are omitted from the Scene. They number from this point, 8, to 13 inclusive.

9.—P. 274. *Camilla draws the door to again.*

10.—P. 274. *Giacomo sits again sullenly. Beccari draws his chair closer to him — in so doing looks once more at the door, but it is not yet reopened.*

11.—P. 274. *Camilla appears listening again.*

12.—P. 275. *Camilla, from behind the door, shakes her finger at him.*

13.—P. 275. *Camilla shakes her fist at Giacomo, but in the movement makes a noise, and quickly closes the door, ere Beccari turning hastily can detect her.*

14.—P. 280. — *bowing reverent-low . . . he yields the path, etc.]* The streets of Siena are very narrow; so that the courtesy was almost imperative.

15.—P. 289. — *the Arbia.]* The little stream which flows by Siena.

16.—P. 289. — *the she-wolf — ]* The emblem of Siena, which is stuck up in various parts of the city, as the *bear* is in Bern.

17.—P. 289. — *the great Countess — ]* Matilda of Tuscany the friend of Pope Hildebrand.

18.—P. 289. — *Sane'si — ]* The Italian, or rather, Tuscan name for the people of Siena.

The origin of the city is ascribed by Villani to the old and invalided soldiers of Charles Martel, left by him in that locality in 670; whence its first name *Sena* (and in the pl., for the double strong-

hold, *Senae*), "derivando di quelli che v'erano rimasi per vecchiezza" *Cron.* I. lvi. p. 73 sq. t. 1, *ed. cit.*

This is contrary to the opinion generally entertained, which would put it so far back as the *Senensis Colonia* of Pliny. In the Handbook just cited, we are told: "Siena preserves, almost without change, the name of Sena Julia, and is supposed to have been a colony established by Julius Cæsar" (meaning probably, in his time).

19.—P. 291. *Gelica* — ] This abbreviation of names (here and elsewhere in the play) was the custom of the day, and is therefore characteristic of the period of the action. The familiar instance of the contemporary poet Dante will occur to the reader: *Dante* for *Durante*; as the lady he has immortalized by the complete name of *Beatrice* was commonly known as *Bice*.

I have touched lightly on this subject before, at p. 256 of this vol. Comp., above, Notes 2 and 5. In all the modern tongues, including our own, we are familiar with similar abbreviations. The difference is, that at the present day the contracted name is often vulgar, and always familiar, if not disrespectful; in those days it was of general usage, and conveyed no disparagement, and if not elegant yet did not savor of vulgarity.

20. — P. 292. *Plotting with Deo of the Tolomei, The banish'd Guelf!*] He was, with Messer Sozzo Dei, one of the heads of the conspiracy which had terminated in their expulsion, and that of their confederates, three years previously. See *G. Villani*, IX. xcvi. (t. iv. p. 95 *ed. cit.*) The influence of the Salimbeni, who in part were on the side of the existing government, and the readiness of the Tolomei, in their feud with that family, to make it an occasion of revolt, are seen in the same chapter. Further on in Book IX., the mutual enmity, and at the same time the power of these rival houses, find brief but sufficient illustration in the following passages: — "Nell' anno 1322, del mese d'Aprile, la città di Siena

fu a romore per cagione che quegli della casa de' Salimbeni uccisero una notte due fratelli carnali figliuoli di cavaliere della casa de' Tolomei, loro nemici, nelle loro case. Per la potenza delle dette due case i Sanesi quasi tutti parati per combattersi insieme, *ec.*" cxlvii. p. 139 sq. "Ne' detto anno [1326] . . . il duca di Calavra con sua baronia e cavalieri entrò nella città di Siena . . . Trovò la terra molto partita per la guerra ch'era intra 'Tolomei e' Salimbeni, che quasi tutti i cittadini chi tenea coll'uno e chi coll'altro . . . e 'l duca così fece, che tra le due case Tolomei e Salimbeni fece fare triegua con sofficiente sicurtà cinque anni" . . . ccclvi. p. 343 sq.

In 1337, they made peace together at the command of the Pope. *Cron. San. R. I. S. xv. 96.*

21.—P. 292. *Condemn'd to pay, etc.*] This was a constant mode of punishment, presumably for the rich and powerful. 'Thus, in the year of our play, fifteen of the Tolomei were mulcted, three of them in a thousand florins each. *Cron. San. u. c. 54.*

22.—P. 297. — *who could lend the State, etc.*] "Incontanente si provvidono [i Sanesi e gli usciti ghibellini] di moneta, e accattaro dalla compagnia de' Salimbeni, che allora erano mercatanti, ventimila fiorini d'oro, e puosono loro pegno la rocca a Tentennana, e più altre castella del comune." *G. Vill. VI. lxxvi. (ed. cit. II. p. 104.) Cs. Note 24.*

23.—P. 309. *The people do not like you any more Than do the nobles; etc.*]

"Era per lunghi tempi governato il reggimento della Città di Siena per l'ordine di Nove, il quale era ristretto in meno di novanta Cittadini, sotto certo industrioso inganno: però che quando il tempo veniva di fare i loro generali squittini, acciò che ogni degno cittadino popolare entrasse nello ordine de' Nove, coloro che haveano già usurpati gli Uficj si ragunavano segretamente in una Chiesa, e



ivi disponeano di alcuni cui e' voleano che rimanessero nell' ordine, fermandoli tra loro per saramento. E prometteano tutti dare a' detti le loro boci co' lupini neri, e tutti gli altri, che andavano allo squittino, ch' erano molti buoni e degni Cittadini, gli riprovavano co' lupini bianchi, sì che l'ordine non crescea più che volessono: nè alcuno v'entrava che tra loro in prima non fosse deliberato: Per la qual cosa erano in odio a tutti gli altri popolani, e a grande parte de' nobili, con cui non s'intendeano. Eranvi certi, che manteneano questa città, e guidavano il comune, come e' voleano." M. VILLANI. IV. c. lxi. in *Rer. Ital. Script.* XIV. coll. 278 sq. The historian goes on to show, how, with the desire to debase and disfranchise Florence by the power of Charles IV., the chiefs in the government of the Nine made over their own liberties to that Emperor.

24.—P. 314. — *their enormous wealth* —] A note to the Sanesan Chronicle (*l. c.* coll. 96, 7) attests at once the great wealth and the large commerce of this powerful family. For their wealth, it will be sufficient to quote the first paragraph. "In quest' anno 1337 si osserva la gran ricchezza de' Salimbeni. Qui si legge: 'Benuccio di Giovanni Salimbeni era in questo tempo 1337. Camarlengo, e distributore de le Casate de' Salimbeni Nobili di Siena, cioè de' censi, e argentiera, e ramiera, donde che più anni avea a distribuire infra 16. capifamiglie di Salimbeni circa a fiorini cento mila d'oro.'" For their commerce, it is said that they sold in the single month of January of the succeeding year (1338) "ottanta borse ["borse da spose d'oro," elsewhere] per 80. spose novelle di Casate de' Nobili di Siena" Whereupon the commentator adds the remark, "that it demonstrates sufficiently the great riches the Sanesan people made by traffic, as it further makes evident the great Nobility that was then in Siena, he not supposing it possible that in any city whatever of Italy in his own time there could in a single year be made eighty marriages among families actually noble."

25.—P. 325. — *and when the Nine Begin to totter, etc.*] It was not till thirty-three years afterward that the iniquitous government was put down by Charles IV., in violation of his own engagement. See *Matt. Villani*; who remarks philosophically: “E pare degna cosa, che coloro, i quali ingannano in Comune i loro Cittadini, e rompono la fede a’ loro amici, che alcuna volta per quella medesima sieno puniti, e portino pena de’ peccati commessi.” *ad init. cap. lxxxi. col. 294.* The Emperor entered Siena the 25th of March, 1355, whereupon the Tolomei, Malavolti, Piccolomini, Saracini, and those of the Salimbeni who were opposed to the corrupt magistracy, with a concourse of common people, raised the cry of “Viva lo ’mperadore, e muojono i Nove e le gabelle!” There occurred the usual scenes of violence, with death to some, and spoliation; the expulsion of the Nine and their families. The next day the Emperor forbade forever the office and order. All who had taken part in the Government, to escape the danger and the infamy with which they were regarded as traitors to their own country, went into foreign lands. *ib. lxxxii. col. 295.* The Chronicle of Neri di Donato records the event with more force and greater detail. The Emperor swears to preserve the order of the Nine. (They had sent an embassy to him. See note 5, above, also note 23 *ad c.*, p. 394.) He enters, *the 23d* of March, to the cry of “Viva Lomperadore, e muoja li Nove!” cuts the chains of the city the 24th. The next day, the 25th, Siena in arms. Charles revokes his oath and annuls all the privileges conceded. — The account of the riot, and its violence, and the overthrow of the Nine, is very full in this chronicle. Robbery; arson; death and wounds to some of the order, complete ruin to all, whom none, not even the clergy, would succor. *Ad ann. 1355.*

26.—P. 332. — *five hundred golden Johns!*] On one side of the florin of gold was the image of John the Baptist, with the legend ‘Santo Giovanni Battista’; on the other the lily of the republic (whence its name), with “Fiorenza.”



It was in 1252, in a period of great prosperity and elation, after victories over their rivals, that the Florentines commenced the coining of this famous piece, gold money not being then in use with them. As it was of extraordinary fineness, it came at once into great repute, and its value was so jealously regarded that for nearly 300 years we find scarcely any if any change either in the weight or the quality of the metal.\* Villani tells us the florins were twenty-four carats fine and that eight of them weighed an ounce (*Cron.* VI. liii.); Varchi, a little more than twenty-three and seven-eighths in fineness (*St. Fior.* t. v. p. 61. *ed. al. cit.*), and that every hundred weighed an exact pound (t. iii. p. 115). But as the latter is so particular in his statement, it may be that he has only expressed with precision what Villani described in general terms.

The florin of gold was also called a ducat (*V. ib.* III. 117), as here in Act IV. Sc. 2, and throughout *Bianca*.

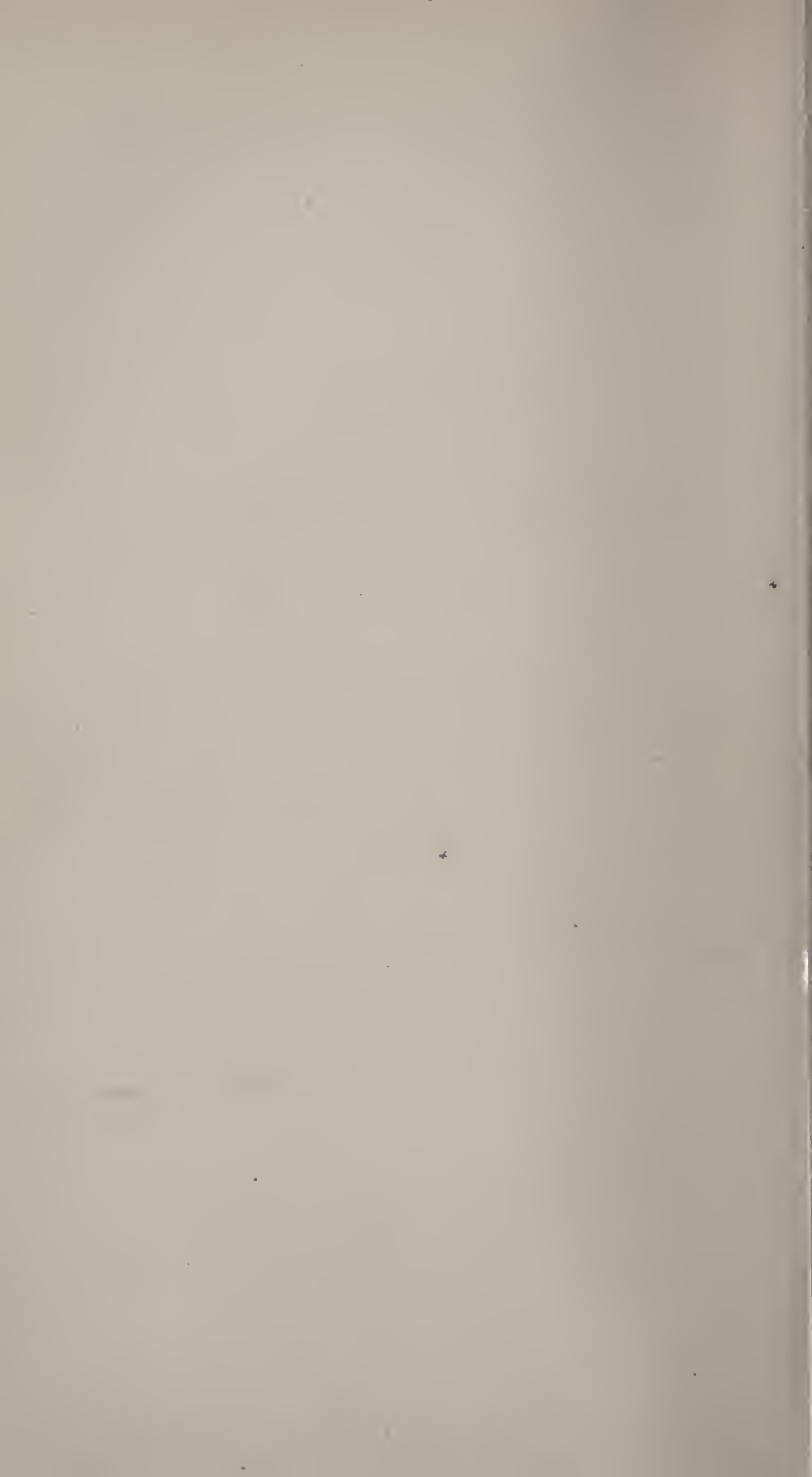
Of course, while the nominal value was the same, as estimated in *lire* and *soldi*, the actual worth of the coin varied in different ages (see *Varchi* as above, III. 117, 118), and at that distant day a thousand florins of gold, though in computation but little more than so many of our gold dollars, was a very considerable sum of money.

27.—P. 345. *Messer Provenzano, etc.*] At *Colle di Valdelsa*, in 1269, when the Florentine Guelfs defeated the Ghibellines of Siena and their allies of the same faction, and avenged the disaster of Montaperti. “Il Conte Guido Novello si fuggì, e messere Provenzano Salvani signore e guidatore dell’oste de’ Sanesi fu preso, e tagliatoli il capo, e per tutto il campo portato fitto in su una lancia. E bene s’adempìè la profezia e rivelazione che gli avea fatta il diavolo per via d’incantesimo, ma non la intese; che avendolo fatto costringere per sapere come capiterebbe in quella oste, mendacemente

\* This had its natural consequence. They not only rose in value in 1531, but they were withdrawn from circulation, and melted or hoarded. *VARCHI, ut s.* III., 117, sq. & V. 61.

rispuose, e disse: anderai e combatterai, vincerai no morrai alla battaglia, e la tua testa fia la più alta del campo; e egli credendo avere la vittoria per quelle parole, e credendo rimanere signore sopra tutti, non fece il punto alla fallacie, ove disse: vincerai no, morrai ec. E però è grande follia a credere a sì fatto consiglio come quello del diavolo" G. VILLANI. VII. xxxi. (T. II. p. 195.)

28.—P. 347. *Fit to live.* Giac. *Camilla!* — *Woman!* — *Stop!*] This is quite equal in time to the ten-syllable Iambic, — the emphasis in the three last words of the preceding verse being on "art." The regular measure however may be observed, by simply substituting "Worthy" for "Fit," and putting the emphasis on "not." But the passage loses thereby strength and propriety. "Fit" is the word *Camilla* would have used.



PREFATORY NOTE

TO

THE SCHOOL FOR CRITICS.

---

It is not my fault that this comedy is written. I should willingly have been at peace even with the small pretenders who prototype its characters; but they would not let me. All the personal consequences of its publication must rest with me alone. My book-seller has in it no interest but that of a commission-merchant, — which is less than some of its famous persons enjoy in the abortion and assignation advertisements of their daily issue.

L. O.

321 West Nineteenth-Street.

January 26, 1868.



THE SCHOOL FOR CRITICS

OR

A NATURAL TRANSFORMATION

MDCCCLXVII — VIII



## CHARACTERS

SUS MINERVAM, *A.M., LL.D.; Editor of the Ethnical Quarterly Review.*

ANICULA, *Editress, under Bodkin, of the Ethnos.*

FLEDGLING, *Literary Critic, under Flunky Weathercock, of the Hotchpot Hours.*

DEADHEAD, *Literary Critic, under Polyphemus, of the Hotchpot Cryer.*

HEARTANDHEAD, *a retired Author and Critic.*

ATTICUS, *Literary Reader for the Brookbank Publishing-house.*

GALANTUOM, *Literary Critic of the Hotchpot Civis.*

SALTPETER, }  
BRIMSTONE, } *Underground gentlemen, on a mundane excursion.*  
CHARCOAL, }

SCENE. *Slanghouse-Square and its neighborhood, in Hotchpot City.*

TIME. *That occupied by the action.*

# THE SCHOOL FOR CRITICS

---

## ACT THE FIRST

SCENE. *A street, at its opening into Slanghouse-Square.*

*Enter*

BRIMSTONE, SALTPETER *and* CHARCOAL, *encountering.*

*Brim.* Well, old Salt (since our Hell-coin'd names,  
Nor our Heaven-stamp'd either, can here be given),  
Missest thou not those jolly blue flames,  
Which, though — not quite as soft  
As the smokeless rays aloft  
In the region men call Heaven —  
They kept us mostly waking  
With a something like heart-aching,  
And never promis'd slaking  
Like the one day Earth's hell claims

For a solace out of seven,  
Yet were bliss supreme, I swear,  
To the weariness we are driven  
To encounter in this air?

*Salt.* The weariness! disgust.

Why, Brim, thou 'rt losing fire.  
Man's treachery, his lust,  
His ferocity — What boots  
Comparing them with brutes?  
These things wake mirth, not ire.  
The trait which stirs my spleen  
Is to find the beast so mean.

*Brim.* But then own it, as is just,  
All Hell holds no such liar.

*Char.* That is because we have no Press.

Although we dabble so largely in steam,  
We cannot throw off ream by ream  
Of lies and nonsense, I must confess.  
'T is an institution that should be ours.  
Its sire was help'd by the Devil they say.  
I saw on the wall of a house one day  
A picture announcing a new old play.  
A printing-press stood in the sky,  
Held up by a cloud, while on a floor,  
In a redtail'd coat which he never yet wore,  
Stood who do you think old Faust before,  
And pointed to the machine on high;  
Who but the chief of the Infernal Powers?

*Salt.* Had the thing been stuck in a hole below,

It had show'd too plainly its use you know,—  
As they use it here in Slanghouse-Square.<sup>1</sup>

*Char.* What name is that?

*Salt.* One of apery,  
In all humility stolen, I hear,  
By the loose-hing'd Weathercock quivering here,  
From his ponderous model across the sea.  
In front is the palace in rogues abounding,  
Who draw from the public pot their fare,  
And openly and at all times dare  
What to us is perfectly astounding,  
Who scent more filth in this upper air  
Than would cover all Hell and leave to spare  
Out of its fathomless superabounding.<sup>2</sup>

On that right-hand corner, half sharp, half flat,  
With perpetual simper and old white hat,  
The rider of hobbies plies his trade,  
Who thinks the rest of mankind were made,  
At least that are male,  
To be led by the nose and follow his tail.  
Ambitious and hankering for display,  
But not so genteel  
By a very great deal  
As Flunky Weathercock over the way,  
He joy'd to become an arch-traitor's bail,  
And journey'd far  
To the Southern star  
To take the seraphical man by the hand  
Who fill'd with ashes and blood this land.

*Char.* I understand.

'T was an offer for station.

*Brim.* A bid for the votes of the Southern nation,  
When they come again to have command.  
He wanted to cut the Union in two,  
And would do it in four,  
If so it would give him three chances more  
To set his white head white and black heads o'er, —  
Which is what the Weathercock would not do.

*Salt.* They are going to make an envoy, they say,  
Of Flunky.

*Brim.* Aha! That is why, one day,  
To get appointed,  
To the People's Anointed  
He veer'd, then the next, to be confirm'd,  
To the People's deputies daintily squirm'd,  
And turn'd his tail the other way?<sup>3</sup>

*Salt.* But let him alone, he is not our game.  
He is mean enough, like his fellows around,  
To put, if unseen, his nose in the ground,  
But sets too much store by an honest name  
(That bauble, you wot, human knaves have found  
To dazzle fools and their wits confound)  
To eat dry sawdust and swallow flame.  
Behind you, — turn round, —  
There is Bodkin's *Ethnos*, that olio sheet  
Where stale pretension and jargon meet,  
Affected science, dogmatic cant,  
And ignorance glaz'd by amusing rant,

And what to us three makes its charm complete,  
An air of candor, high-pitch'd yet sweet,  
Which Sus Minervam himself can't beat.

'T is there we are bound.

*Char.* For what?

*Salt.* Thou shalt see.

If the little old woman, whose girls there prepare  
The dirty linen for public wear,  
Should prove short-handed and pitch on me,  
Why then Sus Minervam, A.M., LL.D.,  
May add three points to his double degree.  
Come, Charcoal, Brim, let us onward fare.

*Brim.* But give us to know of this mystery.

*Char.* And what our Master may want of us three.

*Salt.* So 't is something to do,

What recks it? You two

Are weary like me of this sluggish air.

But this much is given

Ye both to know:

There is a fellow who wrote of Heaven

And human wo

And all that stuff of the Cross you know,

Who has ventur'd a dip in the lake below

And fish'd us up, to give us brains.

*Brim.* What an impudent gift!

*Salt.* More than ye think.

To make us ramble like meñ in drink,

With fustian phrases and sense obscure,

Would picture us falsely, to be sure,



But would be worth the pains:  
For fustian maintains our name's illusion  
With man who is dazzled by word-confusion,  
And finds magnificent and grand  
All that his noddle can't understand,  
And weighty the thoughts from whose tangled skeins  
He fails to draw a conclusion.  
Sus and Anicula, Fledgling too,  
Though, like his master, he points both ways,  
Help us a great deal nowadays  
By keeping this great point in view, —  
Save when his hireling pencil strays  
From the false and absurd to what is true.

*Char.* So lucid Longfellow got his due.

*Brim.* Not when he labor'd to give to view  
The fanciful picture the Tuscan drew  
Of a place that is known to me and you.

*Salt.* Ay, Fledgling was then in his element,  
Serving the Devil with double intent:  
To lick up with neatness  
The spittle of greatness,  
And parade his own mock sentiment.  
Thus the uncouth phrase and the limping line  
Were held out to asses as grain divine,  
And stirring up rubbish he cry'd, "Oh fine!"<sup>4</sup>

*Brim.* What would ye have? Was not Swinburne's stuff,  
And Ruskin's and Emerson's affectation,  
And Carlyle's Dutch made bright enough  
To Fledgling's ratiocination?

Though the general mass of the reading nation,  
Beating the thicket for explanation,  
Might sooner guess at futurity,  
Seeing we, who are us'd to what is tough  
And the brightness that makes obscurity  
In our underground relation,  
Were wrapt in amaze  
By the multiple blaze,  
And lost our calculation.

*Salt.* Why you 've grown quite letter'd, old fellow Brim,  
Since in coat and breeches here sojourning!

*Brim.* 'T is part of my universal knowledge.

I have the insight  
By infernal right,  
As Sus got his at College.  
I am not indeed A.M. like him,  
Nor mean to purchase the other degree,  
But I have an equal facility  
In affecting all kinds of learning.  
I think, had I a pen in hand,  
And a cylinder press at my command,  
Like Flunky, Brooks and Greeley,  
I might do a devilish deal of good,  
Like them, or the *World*, or Benjamin Wood,  
Though I cannot lie so freely.

*Salt.* You shall do something better, and teach these fools,  
Especially Sus, and Bodkin's piddler,  
A lesson yet new in the Critics' schools,  
That they who dance must pay the fiddler.

*Char.* Old fellow, well said:

One would think you were bred

An apprentice here in Slanghouse-Square.

*Salt.* 'T is the cruelest thing you could have said.

I thought we devils had still some head,

Despite of our brimstone air.

But enough. Let us move. Ere the sun be gone

To the West with his clouded nightcap on,

Ye shall both of you see,

And luminously,

Into the pool of this mystery

Whose bottom is visible only to me,

And shall help me a comedy prepare.

*Char.* Amen! as said on his knees Jeff Davis,

When he pray'd "From our enemies, O Lord, save us,

And let them be damn'd!"<sup>5</sup> So mote it be!

I scent in the night-air a jolly spree.

*Brim.* Pitch and naphtha! (I hate to swear —

But Milton taught me.) 'T will set us free

From the chain of this damnable earth-ennui.

*Char.* And for the rest may the Devil care. [*Exeunt Diab.*]

*Enter*

DEADHEAD and FLEDGLING.

*Fledg.* Well met, *Caput Mort.*: though our masters agree,

Like two pickpockets, to scold each other,

That is meant to blind the world, but binds not you and me

To us the phrase applies,

Crows pluck not out crows' eyes;  
And we servants of the lamp,  
Though we call each other scamp,  
Yet, like beggars on a tramp,  
Are each to the other hail-fellow and a brother.

*Dead.* Ay, 't is nuts to see the crowd,  
Because we scold aloud,  
Think both of us too proud  
To shake each other's paw and swig hobnob together;  
But, let it rain, old fellow,  
They 'll find the same umbrella  
Protects your stovepipe hat and my old felt from the  
weather.

*Fledg.* Why, bravo! you improve:  
That 's a figure now I love.  
Don't be angry if I put it in my *Minor Notes* to-morrow.  
Though, believe, I scorn to steal,  
Save when hard-up for a meal,  
Yet no one can object that now and then I borrow.

*Dead.* Very well; I 'll take my turn.

*Fledg.* Agreed. But I say, Dead, —  
Ah, you know not how I yearn  
To ask you on this head! —  
Has your scribeship haply redd  
The drama on the Cross  
And those others —

*Dead.* — To our loss

Which some upstart bard —

*Fledg.* You err;

'T is an old hand at the game;  
That is plain. Besides, his name  
Fits the collar of the cur  
That snarl'd at us before  
For the blackguard stuff we wore  
And the lies we daily swore  
In the Press.  
As playwrights both ourselves,  
Who have had our trash by twelves  
Laid on the playhouse shelves,  
'T is to Number One we owe it,  
That our scorner, this d——d poet,  
Lack success.

Have you redd him?

*Dead.* 'Faith, not I.

Does it need to read, to damn?  
Besides, old 'coon, I am,  
Like yourself, prodigious shy  
Of all writings where the style  
Is above the common run,  
Or where wit excludes low fun,  
Nor the author has begun  
To make it worth my while.

*Fledg.* I like your humor, but not your facts;  
You hint too plainly at certain acts

Which we never commit in the *Hotchpot Hours*

*Dead.* The devil you don't! Now, by the Powers,  
That is too cool.

Do you take me, Fledgy, to be a fool?

Know not all men, do not all men see,  
We differ in form, not in kind nor degree?  
For scandalous tales of vice and fraud,  
And quack advertisements that serve the bawd,  
And abortionists' invitations,  
For all that debauches both soul and mind,  
You are not an inch from us behind  
And our counters might change stations.  
Nay your Sunday sheet, which you loudly swore  
Was the people to serve and would end with the war,  
Peddles tales, as it spouted bombs before,  
And is one of our institutions.  
I should like to know what this all is for,  
If it is not done to get you more  
Of four-penny contributions?  
You know we are both rogues in fine —

*Fledg.* In the world's sense, Heady, but not in mine,  
Who hold that safety and honor bid, —  
Here both combine, —  
That we should of this high-topt fellow get rid,  
Whose old-time light, that will not be hid,  
Will clap on our bushel an extra lid,  
And make it more hard to dine.  
So be cautious, my jewel.

*Dead.* Be not afraid.

For all some folk in the woods may deem us,  
We never do nothing unless we are paid,  
Me and my governor, Polyphemus.

*Fledg.* You 're right, by Jove. Had the cash been tipt,



I don't think any such flam had slipt  
As those into which Bodkin's quarto dipt. —

*Dead.* No, none of us are so squeamous.<sup>6</sup>

*Fledg.* You are right, old boy, though your grammar is wron

But I 'm not much us'd to grammar myself.

The whole of Murray 's not worth a song.

It hampers genius ; to get along,

All that we need is the love of pelf.

But let us be cautious, and keep to our tracks,

For our pride's defence —

*Dead.* And the Revenue Tax.

You see I am sprightly and well may meddle

With playing my governor's second fiddle.

Are you off for your post ? I am bound to mine,

Where opposite sandstone our marbles shine.

*Fledg.* Well, remember to give that fellow a line.

*Dead.* Be sure, if — you know — inspiration lacks.

*Fledg.* You need not read him : I sha'n't myself —

Save a page to seem knowing. Misrepresentation

Of authors, though blinding the innocent nation,

Lays never their critics on the shelf.

You know we stab behind their backs.

Our scraps will die, and ourselves unknown

Can indulge our malice and not be known :

None asks if a David have hurl'd the stone,

Or a ragamuffin beggar.

If the world but knew

It was I and you,

We should hardly dare say what we do,

And our pottage would prove *soupe maigre*.  
It is such a delight,  
To perch on a stool,  
And write dunce and fool,  
Under the shade of the veil'd gas-light,  
And know on the morrow  
The author in ire, or it may be in sorrow  
If the creature is poor,  
Has a sickly wife and a starving child,  
Will find himself by a stroke of the pen ——

*Dead.* A stab in the back.

*Fledg.* Ay, — for ever exil'd  
From the coveted Eden of famous men,  
And, door by door,  
Seek in vain for a publisher evermore!  
Is n't that to be mighty? It adds, my dear,  
Breadth to our breast and a bead to our beer.

*Dead.* Let us have some, Fledgy.

*Fledg.* You soul, I am here.

*Exeunt affectionately together.*

## ACT THE SECOND

SCENE. *Anicula's Sanctum.**Enter SUS MINERVAM.*

*Sus.* Out? What a pity! It is more than a pity.  
 What shall I do? This monstrous Hotchpot City,  
 Too small a cradle for my pregnant fame,  
 Will frown indignant on my letter'd name,  
 If I, who am its snuff, its salt, its scalpingknife and cautery,  
 Lack pepper for this pupping quarter's Quarterly.  
 The case is bad, and there is no evasion.  
 She comes! I will address her grandly,  
 That she may listen to me blandly  
 And minister unto my great occasion.

*Enter ANICULA.*

Thou stay and glory of Bodkin's Press,  
 From its primal T to its ultimate letter,  
 O render me help in my sore distress,  
 And I'll be forever your debtor!  
*O et præsid'ium et dulcè decus' meum',*  
 Have you no more "rejected", to give me some?  
 Shake up your old drawers, and find me a few

To swell out my Quarterly Review ;  
Oh do !

*Anic.* Plague on you, Sus ! can't you scribble, yourself ?  
I sold you the last rubbish on my shelf.  
There was the scandal of the Piedmont poet,  
With its pretended knowledge and false taste,  
And its translations, which, not done in haste,  
Yet were so vapid that they seem'd to show it.  
And there was the fustian stuff on Rowley,  
Who is made to declaim so rantipolly,  
While his critic agape cries " Grand ! Sublime ! "

*Sus.* Stop there, old angel. 'T was not my crime.  
Little vers'd as I am in nature or art,  
I saw both were outrag'd, from the start.  
Amus'd at once, and not less astounded,  
I fear'd all Hotchpot would be confounded,  
At the time.  
Have pity, that 's a dear good souilly !  
I am in such a muss,  
And have shaken the dust from my wit-bag wholly.

*Anic.* Don't bother me, Sus.  
My girls are at work, and 't is all they can do  
To make shifts for me, let alone for you.  
But I know of a means : it is *entre nous*.

*Sus.* Sure ; I 'll take ten times my oath.

*Anic.* As you will not keep it, one time will do.  
There is an odd fellow will serve us both.  
He was here but now, will be here again. —

*Sus.* O my delight !

*Anic.* Old boy, be quiet!

Would you rob my virtue?

*Sus.* No, to be plain,

There is none of it left.

*Anic.* You beast, I deny it.

I have lent it at times to you and to others,

Stock-gamesters and politicians bold,

But 't is as immaculate as my old mother's

The day I was foal'd.

*Sus.* Well?

*Anic.* But hands off! This fellow, who is

A queer sort of devil and much of a quizz,

Works quickly and cheaply.

*Sus.* Cheaply? O joy!

He may aid me for nothing!

*Anic.* Very likely, my boy.

You are not very nice,

In phrases or sense,

(Which lessens the price,)

And if you dispense

With fixing the theme —

*Sus.* Let him scrawl what he will,

So I have not to pay and the scribble will sell.

*Anic.* In fact, he charg'd nothing for mine. 'T was a favor.

So I let him select. There 's a tragical shaver

Whom he wanted to crush, for making Hell logical,

For giving man's passions to Judas Iscariot,

For not putting Christ in a fiery chariot,

And, with syntax and prosody,

Which ought not in the Cross to be,  
Bowling respect to laws etymological.

*Sus.* Heh! heh! that is funny!

A similar jumble came posted to me.

And as the confector requested no money —

*Anic.* Confectioner.

*Sus.* No. 'T is confector I mean.

I us'd the phrase learnedly, wittily too,

With a double-entendre quite fresh, smart, and clean,

As, in one of its senses, your *Webster* will show. —

*Anic.* But you spoke of a jumble.

*Sus.* And it was one, I trow,

A jumble, old woman, to you and to me.

As the mixer was flippant enough to seem airy,

I stitched him with Rowley and Victor Alfieri,

In my last Quarterly, — which see.

It is there as it reach'd me, and in no wise doth vary

Except in the learning which fits LL.D.

*Anic.* 'T was the same fingers doubtless that jumbled for me.

Mine was sheer lies from beginning to end.

*Sus.* And mine. Greater nonsense there could not well be.

Not even boy Chatterton's trumpery

Was worse. But still 't was the Devil's god-send,

That nondescript mishmash on *Calvary*.

*Anic.* Mum! Fledgling comes. Don't be tempted to brag

Of our gratis co-worker. Do as you see me.

*Sus.* I will do as befitteth my double degree,

Rest assur'd, ma'am, nor let the cat out of the bag.



---

*Enter FLEDGLING.*

*Anic.* Good day, Fledgling Minor.

*Fledg.* Old dame, how do' do ?

You have done a fine thing. Sus Minerv', how are you ?

I thought to praise one, and I find two instead.

But as your duality,

In this critical matter

Whereof I would chatter,

Presents but a unity in its reality,

You are both so alike

In what both have said

(Believe not I flatter ;

Any fool it would strike

As well as myself in my strong ideality),

You have lost, sir and ma'am, each the nice speciality<sup>7</sup>

Of individuality,

And, a great generality,

I may group the totality

Of my *pensées* on both on this point 'neath one head.

*Anic.* Little Fledgy, you 're learning,

I see, in your yearning,

Your proud spirit burning

And claws of earth spurning,

Your small wings to spread.

You 've consulted Ralph-Waldo, I opine, on that head.

Excuse me for going. As Sus and I

Are to be in your panegyric blended,

What is aim'd at him, if for both intended,

Will hit me too in the very eye.  
You have left I see your Minor key  
And are strumming it largely on Major-C.  
But pray don't take either of us for a flat,  
While playing your sharps. Sus, remember the cat.

[*Exit.*

*Fledg.* What does the harridan mean by that?

*Sus.* I vow'd not to tell.

But as in the *Hours* — 't was on Sunday, 't is true;  
That is Flunky's venality, comes not of you —  
But as in the *Hours* you quoted me freely,  
Much more so than Greeley,  
And so made me sell,  
I will tell you in confidence;  
But do, pray, be on your fence,  
And not the fact spill.

*Fledg.* To one only, — Deadhead.

*Sus.* Him only then. — Well,

What is the stuff which we write so alike upon?

*Fledg.* "Virginia" and "Calvary."

*Sus.* Homer, and Dante ——— No, the Devil ——— You see,  
There 's an odd sort of fellow we both chanc'd to strike  
upon,

Who made the same nonsense for both him and me.  
But I improv'd mine, as behoov'd my degree,  
And made my points good  
By Fernando Wood,  
As evidence of my Latinity.

*Fledg.* Made your points good! Unmade them, you mean.

Why even Fernando would beat you there clean,  
Or, as Dante's great double would say, "*dead beat.*"  
What a phrase is that! <sup>8</sup> — If you want to lie  
Against an author, you should not quote,  
My little old fellow, but do as did I  
In my Minor Note, —

For his language I knew would reveal the cheat.

*Sus.* Don't call me old; for I 'm yet in my prime.

I am perhaps little, but oh! sublime.

What I said then of Homer and Virgil and Dante  
Proves my knowledge and genius, albeit 't was scanty.

*Fledg.* It had better been out though, or laid on the shelf  
For another occasion, for on my blind soul,  
Though I don't know much of those Grecians myself,  
As my time is not given to study but pelf,  
There was nothing of fitness or sense in the whole.  
The exordium of an epic tale  
And the opening scene of a tragedy,  
Although, like the multiple flimsy thread  
The spider passes from out her tail,  
They may both be spun from a single head,  
Are not the same web any dunce may see,  
Nor was there the least concinnity  
In all the rest you said.

*Sus.* Why do you prate thus unto me?

Am I not an LL.D.?

And A.M. too, as it is express'd?

A fledgling — not of your family,  
But of that lofty scholastic nest,

Which in all countries, as late I said,  
And in all ages, — before there were  
Or scholars or schools, you may infer,  
Where fools are taught to scribble for bread, —<sup>9</sup>  
On its annual brood is made to confer —

*Fledg.* Gratis?

*Sus.* O no! that were to err —  
Those letters which at our tails attest  
We are ting'd of the color of the dead.

*Fledg.* But that must be hard?

*Sus.* Hard! Look at me.  
See how I flourish my double degree.  
There is nothing I give to the world, my dear,  
But there my tailpieces both appear,  
To signify my brains are Sear;  
Yet I am not paler, as you may see,  
Than if I belong'd not to the blest.  
In Heidelberg, so runs the tale,  
Where they keep these tickle-me-ups for sale,  
A British noble got LL.D.  
Conferr'd on his horse.<sup>10</sup>

*Fledg.* You joke.

*Sus.* 'T is true.

*Fledg.* Why not his ass?

*Sus.* Had he so thought best.  
And why not as well as for you or me?  
A letter'd ass — “haud absurdum est.”  
'T is “*facere* well reipublicæ.”<sup>11</sup>

*Fledg.* What 's all that gibberish?

*Sus.* Learned words

I wear at top, like Panza's curds,  
To keep my brainpan soft and warm.  
They have no meaning, but do no harm,  
And help my LL.D. A.M.  
Whenever I sport that double degree, —  
Which is four times a year; and you must admit  
There is not an ass it would better fit,  
I bray so mellifluously.  
But that is self-praise. But, you made me warm.

*Fledg.* Excuse, old fellow: I meant no harm.  
Here, shake our fist.

There is one thing, however, we all forget:  
This bard, they say, is a satirist,  
And may turn the tables on us yet.  
Though I fear not, I;  
For Duyckinck, on whom we may rely, —  
His book is a great one — bigger by half  
Than Webster's, or the Bible;  
Some of the copies are bound in calf! —

*Sus.* A feature perhaps to make one laugh,  
Who knows that its censure is mostly chaff  
And its praises are a libel.

*Fledg.* It may be so. I never read  
Such gallimaufries, not I indeed;  
I should grope there in vain for fruit or seed  
To stock my garden of *Minors*.  
But Duyckinck says, he had no success,  
His *Vision* "fell stillborn from the press;"

Perhaps because he lack'd cleverness,  
Not to shine, but to use the shiners.

*Sus.* Then Duyckinck says what is not true,  
And what *could* not be such he very well knew,  
As is patent to me, though not to you  
Who were yet in the nest. But the fact is this :  
The hairy babe was a bouncing boy,  
And crow'd and laugh'd to his daddy's joy,  
And to the heirless neighbors' annoy,  
Who envied him his bliss.  
But he found ere long its nurses were cheats :  
They took their wages, but spar'd their teats,  
To feed their own brood which did not pay.  
So the father took the child away.

*Fledg.* In plainer words ?

*Sus.* He stopp'd the sale,  
By cutting off the book's supply :  
A fact he himself took care to imply  
At a somewhat later day.  
Such books as that do not often fail.  
It is true, neither you nor I was then  
In the trade which puts down rising men,  
Although there was then black-mail.  
You may judge though Duyckinck's malignity,  
From the misspell'd name at the article's top  
To the close where he calls him a travel'd fop,  
And has the astounding audacity,  
For a work like that, and from such as he,  
To deny him, except as an oddity,



A niche in his hall of letters.

I know not what other men may think, —  
Some find sweet odors in things that stink, —  
But it would not be with his betters.

*Fledg.* Hi! hi! do you laud him thus? yet choose  
To scribble him down? \

*Sus.* Not more I deem  
Than others in heart have done and do  
Who find a pleasure like curs, it would seem,  
In lifting the leg at a profitless muse,  
While they yelp as a publisher's puffer;  
Than *Ethnos*, the long *Round Robin*, and you,  
And your ape across the Eastern stream,  
The *Wart-City Buzzard's* stuffer.  
However, the fellow should be content,  
If he is only a curious ornament  
To which Heaven has nothing substantial lent,  
As with Milton, or even with Beattie,  
That the Barnum of letters has spar'd him a nook  
In the rummage-drawer showshop for general look,  
His two-volume Cyclopedei'acal book  
Of American literati.

*Fledg.* So, so; that is frank. And yet yet you admit  
Against him what neither has sense nor wit!  
Was it done in a Duyckinckish splenetic fit,  
Or is it your love to scoff?

*Sus.* For an ass, you have got in the highway for once.  
Like you, I love to call "Dull!" and "Dunce!"  
It makes one seem sensible for the nonce.

Then, I hop'd he would buy me off.

*Fledg.* You try'd that game against the College.

But Præses your hints would not even acknowledge,

And sneer'd both Freshman and Soph. —

But why did you not, for deception's sake,

Between your nonsense a difference make

And the stuff in Bodkin's quarto?

The faults in grammar and English alone,

Without the falsehoods and impudent tone

And puerile pertness, would any one strike

As drawn from one ditch : in fact, they are like

As Port is to Oporto.

*Sus.* What matters it? The world may say

What it likes ; it may call you Beaumarchais ;

Me Pindar, or Greeley Cupid :

'T is known I buy up all hackney'd and tame

Rejected articles. Where is the blame ?

They 're the only stuff for which I pay,

At least in the literary way,

And I 'ld swear the *Ethnos* does the same,

Though it never was else than stupid.

*Fledg.* In one thing, though, you may claim to be

More than its match.

*Sus.* In hypocrisy ?

Why yes, in that, and post-mortem scandal,

No prick-fame can hold to me a candle.

The Round-Robin try'd it on *Calvary*,

Which he damn'd with a slaver of sympathy,

And smil'd like a king benignant :

But 't is Bowery-acting to my pretence  
Of friendliness and benevolence,  
Where impertinent and malignant.  
You try'd it in the post-mortem line,  
And fancy'd you'd done it egregiously fine,  
When out of your press issu'd Byron a swine;  
But look how I Circe'd Alfieri!

*Fledg.* 'T was done in my finest retributive mood,  
Because Alger, in his *Solitude*,  
Had blown him upward as extra good,  
A kind of Castalian fairy.<sup>12</sup>

*Sus.* Eh! I thought you lik'd such soap-bubble stuff.

*Fledg.* When not too frothy, and *quantum suff.*

*Sus.* 'T is your Swinburne over again in prose,  
But a little more liquid, with more repose,  
And Emerson's verse without rhyming close  
And a devilish deal less tough.<sup>13</sup>

*Fledg.* What then? we must worship such men, while yet  
Their fame is up and their life not set:  
In secret thinking, I go as you go,  
And hold Ralph-Waldo, albeit my pet,  
As pompous an ass as Victor Hugo,  
Who seems to think it his right divine  
To bray for all others asinine,  
And, hating the right divine of kings,  
Is in his pride and his ostentation,  
His spirit of logical domination,  
Elation and affectation,  
The very tyrant he prates of and sings.<sup>14</sup>

*Sus.* *Eu'ge!* that 's truth without dilution.

I cannot see how it got into your sconce.

After that mouthful, my Minorite dunce,

You may lie for a month and have absolution.

*Fledg.* But don't let out that it was my say :

Such notions would ruin my trade at once.

Here hobbles Anicula this way.

I am off. It is more than I can do,

To parry and thrust both with her and with you.

*Enter ANICULA.*

Good day, old lady ; I 'll in by and by,

When no one can come 'twixt your beauties and I.

*Anic.* And me.

*Fledg.* Never mind. You might pass the bad grammar,  
For the soft soap it carries. [*Aside.*] The impertinent!  
d—n her !

'Bye, Sus Minervam, A.M., LL.D.

The greatest critic that ever could be

Would be one to unite

The crepuscular glow of your learning's rushlight

With Anicula's sterling vacuity. [*Exit.*]

*Enter SALTPETER.*

*Anic.* He has vanish'd in time, the magpie and ape. —

Here enters a beast of another shape,

And bird of another feather.

'T is the gentleman who,  
I mentioned to you,  
Would do for us both together.  
Let me make you acquainted.  
This short sturdy man, who looks like a fool,  
Is not so, Mr. Salt, in despite of his jaws.  
In the Heaven of letters he sings psalms to our sainted,  
Gives pills in our critico-purgative school,  
And is Master of Arts and a Doctor of Laws.

*Salt.* What 's his name ?

*Anic.* Sus Minervam.

*Salt.* A great one.

*Anic.* A beater !

*Sus.* And pray what is yours ?

*Salt.* Mine is simple Saltpeter.

*Sus.* That 's *The cart draws the horse.*

As we say it in Latin,

*Bovem' trahit currus :* but ox falls less pat in.

Peter Salt, not Salt Peter, I take it of course.

*Salt.* No, it is as I tell you.

*Sus.* Then *Salt*, I opine,

Was the name of your mother.

*Salt.* No mother was mine.

*Sus.* Then your father's.

*Salt.* I had none.

*Sus.* A foundling, ha, ha !

A bastard ?

*Salt.* If 't please you. Like others, I know not  
The source of my being, though not blind to my true lot.

For aught that I know, I might claim for papa  
That doughty Apostle whose thin blade 't is said  
Circumcis'd Malchus' ear  
Without shaving his head.

*Sus.* You mean your papa's oldtime foresire, 't is clear.  
As his name too was Simon,  
That 's a poor stock to climb on,  
And, without amphibology,  
Your Scripture chronology  
Has been, Mr. Salt, much neglected, I fear.

*Salt.* Be that as it may,  
This truly I say :  
Like yourselves, I came into this world without will ;  
But, unlike yourselves, when I find I 've my fill,  
I shall haste to go out of it, of my accord,  
So soon as my governor whispers the word.

*Sus.* Who is your governor ? 'T is not the Lord ?  
You don't look so pious.

*Anic.* No, to judge by his eye,  
One would think some one else had his Saltship for ward.

*Sus.* I like him for that ; that fire would imply  
He 's a deuse of a fellow.

*Salt.* I am. Will you try ?  
I work on long credit ; sometimes gratis, you 'll find.  
Does it suit, who my governor is never mind.  
You will both of you know him at no distant day.  
He keeps long accounts, and, as you 've seen by the sample,  
Has taught me to follow his princely example,  
And be not exacting for present pay.



*Sus.* You 're a jewel of a man, Peter Salt or Salt Peter.  
Let us strike up a bargain.

*Anic.* My girls call me out.  
I 'll be back to you soon. [*going.*]

*Sus.* [*aside.*] Salty dear, don't entreat her  
To stay with us. Both will do better without.

[*Exit Anic.*]

You must know — Don't betray me !

*Salt.* No, word of a devil !

*Sus.* What an oath ! What an odd fish you are !

You must know,

Our lady-friend's intellect 's under the level :  
She is not an A.M., as I was long ago, —  
( I 'm a Doctor of Laws too, my Quarterlies show. )  
Therefore put off on *her* all your flatness and drivel,  
If you have of those articles much to dispense.

*Salt.* *Sus* Minerv', LL.D., I would not be uncivil,  
But, except when I practice a little deception,  
They are products to which I can make no pretence.

*Sus.* They belong to the Dailies, I know, by prescription,  
And to Minor-Note Fledgling by eminence.

*Salt.* There was some, it is true, in the piece I last sent you,  
( I own it to show I would not circumvent you ; )  
But in future I 'll give you misrepresentation,  
Mock learning, bad syntax, and word-ostentation,  
A truly illogical argumentation,  
With a sparkle too of vituperation ;  
And o'er all and through all, and 'mid scintillation,  
Shall lie an amusing want of sense.

*Sus.* Dear Mr. Salt! As from sympathy

You serv'd her for nothing, you will do this for me?

*Salt.* I will do it, dear Doctor, because it will be

For my governor's delectation.

*Sus.* And for nothing?

*Salt.* For nothing. But this is to say:

Better count the cost before we commence.

Though I charge not, the Devil may be to pay.

*Sus.* I am us'd to that in a general way:

So make haste, and damn the expense.

*Salt.* But in all that I promise you flourish already.

*Mac'te virtu'te*; be bold and be steady.

*Sus.* Ha, ha, you have learning! That is a new charm in you.

I will make you my partner!

*Salt.* I should prove rather warm for you.

I use all the tongues of civilization

By an anti-apos'tolic inspiration, —

And certain more beside.

But let us return to my observation,

From which we are straying wide.

You have in yourself all you ask me to give;

But I'll make you in letters the top of the nation,

And your name for ever to live.

*Sus.* How, how, how?

*Salt.* Meet me about a half-hour from now.

*Sus.* Say where! O where?

*Salt.* In the Park, at the side on Slanghouse-Square.

I will introduce you to two friends there

Who will teach you to prick up your ears in the air.

*Sus.* I 'm the happiest dog beyond compare !

*Salt.* Hush ! here comes the old sow.

Be off now.

*Sus.* Bow, wow !

*Sus gets upon all fours,  
makes a demi-wheel on his hands, and Exit  
yelping delightedly.*

ACT THE THIRD <sup>15</sup>

SCENE. *The Park fronting Slanghouse-Square.*

*Enter*

ATTICUS, HEARTANDHEAD *and* GALANTUOM.

*Gal.* Here lies my street, at the right. Let us stop.

*Att.* But not, for awhile yet, the question drop.

Have you ever redd *Cato*?

*Gal.* To wonder and laugh.

More than half is mere prose.

*Att.* And the rest of it chaff.

There is nothing of nature in all, and the poet,

If conscious of passion, was unable to show it.

A schoolboy had written his love-scenes as well.

To affect to compare then *Virginia* with *Cato*,

Which has scarce one good part, save the passage on Plato,

To name Rowe and Young, and the public to tell

That our author was tutor'd in this or that school

Is to read without books.

*Gal.* Or to talk like a fool.

Why our tragedy-scribe, as the pert lady styles him

Who does up the Ethnos' old linen for new,

Has made his own school; though, while Round-Robins  
sell

And knaves that are Masters of Asses revile him,  
He will have to wait long for a pupil or two.

*Att.* That is said very well.

In the teeth of the *prôneurs* of Swinburne and Ruskin,  
He has dar'd to talk clearly, has taken from passion  
Her stilts, and despite of prescription and fashion  
Has refus'd to put monsters in sock or in buskin.

But not in his diction

And sentiments merely

Makes he Nature his guide ;

But in the connection

And sequence of incidents, where others clearly

Set nothing by space, be it little or wide,

And time with its intervals put quite aside.

And in costume not less,

In the manners and thought-modes which mark out each  
nation,

He has labor'd more faithfully such to express

Than any before him, without contestation,

Whate'er his success.

You, Galantuom, in your frank declaration,

Have sought to commend him as pure in his style:

I have honor'd him more.

He has swept clean the Stage which was filthy before,

And made men be merry without being vile.

Which is something still better, and I think more sublime,

Than his lifting his tones without word-ostentation

And compressing his Acts in the limits of time.

*Heart.* The *Round Robin* labor'd, knew not what to do.

Its conscience prick'd sore, but the author was new.  
So it *damn'd with faint praise*, and, with impudent leer.  
Affecting the gracious, *taught others to sneer*.

*Gal.* For the trait you mention,  
That impudent air of condescension,  
Which must have made our poet smile,  
And reminded him of the plate where you see  
Beside a mastiff a little cur sitting  
On a footing of borrow'd equality,  
With an air of consequence the while,  
Which says as might words, if words were fitting,  
"Don't mind that big fellow, but look at me.  
I patronize him. To a certain degree"  
You may let him have your attention." —

*Heart.* I remember the print; the inscription redd,  
"Impudence and Dignity."  
Had the artist the *Round Robin* in his head,  
Feeling big, and trying to look full-bred,  
With its little rump near *Calvary*?

*Gal.* Well, so far as the trait you mention,  
That funny assumption of condescension,  
I am with you, but not in the good intention  
You seem to assign that pretentious sheet.  
Yet, in its preposterous conceit  
It tells us serenely it holds him no poet!  
Then quotes and misquotes, and, in order to show it,  
Makes none of its righteous selections complete,  
For fear that its readers should scent out the cheat!

*Heart.* You forget one act of liberal dealing.



It has honor'd the Devil, who is great in oration,  
 With a good-long piece of declamation,  
 Which, it says, is the nearest to demonstration  
 The author makes of poetic feeling.

*Gal.* A piece of satirical reasoning! blent  
 With the kind of brimstone sentiment  
 At vogue in the underground dominion!  
 In rhyme too!

*Att.* No doubt with a double intent, —  
 The style of the drama to misrepresent,  
 And offend the public opinion.  
 Had he been a true critic, he would have known,  
 • However lofty may be its tone,  
 Impassion'd, pathetic, pointed or strong,  
 To dialogue Nature has rarely lent  
 What is call'd poetical ornament.  
 The noblest masters of tragic song  
 Have shunn'd it as shuns our author, and he,  
 By this truth of art and consistency,  
 May reap honor late, but will keep it long.

*Gal.* So I said, when extolling, what fools decry'd,  
 Those two first comedies of his.  
 His adherence to nature will not be deny'd  
 By those who know what nature is.  
 But Heartandhead differs.

*Heart.* Not I indeed;  
 Those are main points in my critical creed.  
 But I think the Round Robin err'd not of will,  
 But spoke to the best of his knowledge and skill,

With the grandly unconscious droll conceit  
In letters of all such empirics;  
For we find him assign  
The afflatus divine,  
Which he could not feel breathe in a single line  
Of our author's most polish'd drama,  
Where think you? ( it is to take by its bleat  
A bob-tail sheep for a lama )  
To — oh the amazement! and oh the fun!  
To travesty-singing Conington,  
Who makes the lord of hexameter verse  
His stately and deep-mouth'd epic rehearse  
In *Marmion's* four-foot lyrics.  
This shows that, though better in sense and breeding  
Than Flunky Weathercock's scribbling-man,  
Robin knows not what poetry is, and the plan  
With its incongruity exceeding  
Was nothing strange to the purblind possessor  
Of respect for an Oxford Latin-professor.

*Gal.* All which is true.

But, beginning to quote what well he knew  
Was both lofty in tone and ornate too,  
Why did he stop? Because intent  
To keep from the light his false argument. <sup>16</sup>

*Heart.* Yet he gave, spread out to the public view,  
A foremost passage.

*Gal.* Ah! did he so?

Your own kind nature makes you slow  
To detect, beside ignorance, malice.

*Quem-Deus-vult-perdere* reckon'd o'er  
 The fourteen true verses, then stupidly chose  
 To invite their contrast with Knowles's four  
 Of vulgar, half-rythmical, fustian prose ;  
 No doubt to our poet's amus'd delight,  
 For he took the pains both pieces to cite  
 In a note to his story of *Alice*.<sup>17</sup>

*Heart*. I fear you are right.

*Att*. Yet you, Heartandhead, in a just cause have done  
 More to baffle these fools than of us either one,  
 Although you have done it in vain.  
 Galantuom wrote honestly, therefore well,  
 But he did but his duty in his vocation.  
 And on me a like obligation fell  
 In a different situation.  
 I fulfill'd it too ; but in part with pain ;  
 As could not but be,  
 Since I hold the theme of *Calvary*  
 Too awful for human brain.  
 But you, Heartandhead, who had given up long  
 The critic's function wherein you were strong,  
 As declare both Poe and Irving,  
 Without hope of renown took up agen  
 Your kindly and truthful and graceful pen,  
 To write back these false or misguided men  
 To the path from which they were swerving.  
 But the *Nightly Pillar* was deaf as a post. —  
*Heart*. Or something worse, for it kept me tost  
 On hopes and doubts, afraid to say nay,

Yet loath to assent, till, my patience lost,  
And asham'd to be put off day by day,  
I told him my mind, and in sheer disgust  
Took the manuscript bugbear away.  
It was worse however with Weathercock's olio;  
For Flunky is master; the youth is not,  
Who does small chars for the dames of Hotchpot  
In the *Nightly Pillar's* folio.  
Flunky stammer'd and shuffled, and talk'd of space;  
Yet my piece was brief, but in eulogy,  
Which did not with his views agree,  
Although I gave him to understand  
The poet had never seen my face.

*Gal.* I think it might have alter'd the case,  
Had you gone with cash in hand.

*Heart.* Not with Flunky.

*Gal.* I know not that: the men  
Who daily damn souls, for simple gain,  
By their lust-tales and calls to abortion,  
Would scarce be affected by shame or with pain,  
That a critical piece by a classical pen  
Should pay in their sheets its proportion.

*Att.* Well? He stammer'd and shuffled — revolving, no doubt,  
How, an old acquaintance, he might get out  
Of the mesh of your application.  
'T is the Weathercock's weakness, as is known,  
To vibrate, by opposite winds when blown,  
On his pivot of gyration.

*Heart.* And to turn over patiently stone after stone,

To explain his tergiversation.

*Gal.* Why true; but he 's quite outdone in that  
By the greasy saint in the old white hat,  
Who is like Val Jean in the *Misérables*, —  
Who, liken'd to Christ in the strife for good,<sup>18</sup>  
Yet tries more tricks to get out of the wood  
Than any beast in Fontaine's *Fables*.

*Att.* Well, — he shuffled and stammer'd and talk'd of space —

*Heart.* To consider how best he might with grace  
Refuse.

*Gal.* Which must have made you smile  
For a half-breed of the mongrel journals,  
Us'd to the haste,  
The scissors and paste,  
Of his piebald minute-liv'd diurnals,  
To choke at an essay of yours.

*Heart.* Meanwhile,  
The poet got wind of my design,  
Through a mutual friend, and thinking, 't may be,  
*Qui facit per alium facit per se*,  
Begg'd, that for his sake, as well as mine,  
I would withdraw it definitively.

*Gal.* 'T was a false pride, I think.

*Att.* No, he who wrought  
*Virginia*, and thinks what his Ernestin taught,  
Could do no less, it appears to me.

*Heart.* But is it not strange, this hostility  
In the hounds of the Press?

*Gal.* 'T is a personal quarrel.

Who wrote *Rubeta* and *Arthur Carryl*  
Deserv'd no mercy, you must confess.

*Head.* Not had he libel'd by falsehood, as they.

*Gal.* "The greater the truth, the worse the libel."

To prove your foes false, yet in what you say  
Be yourself the Bible,

Is to turn on their foulness the glare of day.

*Att.* But who of these asses first open'd the bray

*Gal.* The *Ethnos'* old lady, who spins a long yarn.

Then the Master of Asses himself, who, they say,

Buys all her old fodder to store in his barn.

The result is so like, not alone in the strain

Of shameless untruth, but assumption vain,

They have had the same devil at work, 't is plain,

Whoever may be to pay.

*Heart.* Let us go to the *Ethnos* and find how it is.

*Att.* I 'm not known —

*Heart.* But I am to the petticoat quiz.

'T is worth the essay.

Come, Gal'ant.

*Gal.* Not now. As I told you, yon street,

Where the *Civis* is, calls me away.

But, in less than an hour, I will both of you meet

At Anicula's.

*Heart.* Well then.

*Gal.* Good day.



## ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE. *As in Act III.*

SUS. SALTPETER. BRIMSTONE. CHARCOAL.

*Salt.* These are my friends. Let me make you known.  
Gentlemen, this is the great A.M. —

*Sus.* And LL.D.

*Salt.* And LL.D.,  
Who by natural right of his double degree,  
And that alone —

*Sus.* No, my Quarterly.

*Salt.* And his quarterly sheet of motley knowledge,  
To learning and letters makes more pretence  
With an infinitesimal dose of sense,  
Than was ever yet made, or will be hence,  
Out of a Freshman's class at college.  
Doctor Sus Minervam.

*Sus.* Gentlemen both,  
I am not at all proud, being us'd to praise, —  
So am happy to make your acquaintance. Though loath,  
Permit me first a question to raise.  
What are your names? Mr. Salt forgot,  
Too full of me, and my titles God wot,  
To name the characters in his plot.

*Salt.* This gentleman then, with the fiery nose,  
Is Mr. Brimstone, dull quiet stuff,  
If he only would keep cool enough ;  
But he is very apt to get blue.  
The other in the iron-gray clothes,  
And with so swart a hue,  
Is a light and spongy fellow, like you,  
Yet with a fibre you can't see through,  
Though neither solid nor tough.  
His name is Charcoal.

*Sus.* And yours Saltpeter !

With such a three,  
It appears to me,  
Unless you 're a most outrageous cheater,  
It hardly is safe to keep company.

*Salt.* That might be in another place.

But here, unless you carry fire,  
You 're as safe as you would be in the mire  
Of your own journal's dirtiest place.

*Sus.* That is safe enough ; for I scarcely can keep,  
When I bogtrot there, my brains from sleep,  
And I get stuck fast, with big words and grammar,  
As often as waddling Anicula ( d — n her ! )

*Salt.* And now to business. But first, a word.

Have you faith, Dr. Sus,  
That the spirit-world ever comes to us, —  
I mean to the men of this earth, — as averr'd ?

*Sus.* By whom ?

*Salt.* By hysterical girls who are able

To talk with ghosts through the planks of a table  
And see through the mop of their chignons.

*Sus.* Absurd!

*Salt.* You don't believe then?

*Sus.* A question for me!

You forget I am a double L. D.

I believe, Mr. Salt, in all that I see.

All the rest,

That will not admit of this ocular test,

Mental or real, is — fiddlededee.

*Salt.* Some years now gone,

Your great fool of a credulous town

Got raving Irish-mad with joy,

Because John Bull with your townsman's aid,

For his people's sake and not your own,

Beneath the ocean a means had laid

To make by a flash his two shores as one

And some day work to your annoy.

Do you doubt the flash? Well, you see it not.

*Sus.* But I know its result.

*Salt.* And as much might be said

Of the visit of ghosts to this spot.

But my friends will do more.

You shall not only hear as the media do

The ghosts of the dead, but shall see them too,

As Saul did priest Samuel's of yore.

*Sus.* Do you deal with the Devil?

*Salt.* No; don't you see

How vers'd I am in Scripture lore?

It is the Devil who deals with me.

*Sus.* Don't take me for one you can play your tricks on,  
Like Ferdinand Mendez Pinto Dixon,  
Who found the female American nation,  
On a single married *lady's* confession,  
Committing puerperal repression <sup>19</sup>  
By philosophical calculation,  
And because his apples were munch'd by one,  
Who found them more succulent than her own,  
Wish'd, for them all, that he might imbue 'em  
With the moral meaning of *meum* and *tuum*.

*Salt.* I see you can tell the truth sometimes.

*Sus.* When it does n't jar with my vocation,  
And thereby diminish the dollars and dimes.  
But what is that to our present relation?  
You would have me believe I can see without eyes.

*Salt.* Let not that surprise.

How do you know that you see at all?  
How many are with me here?

*Sus.* Why, two.

No, Mr. Brim has slipp'd from view.

*Brim.* Bah! I am here all the while, nor so small  
But that you might see, if you really saw.

*Sus.* Then you stepp'd behind your fellow.

*Brim.* Nor that

Not the toe of my boots nor the crown of my hat,  
The hairs on my chin, nor the tips of my paw.

*Sus.* Then you are the Devil.

*Brim.* I never bore

My swallow-tail'd pennant yet so high  
As the great three-decker who was of yore  
The Lord High Admiral of the sky.  
I may be though a devil for aught you know.  
But that is nothing to you, I trow,  
So that we pay the debt we owe  
And make you see what you doubted before.

*Sus.* And keep your promise?

*Salt.* What else? Your head  
Shall be a more than nine days' wonder,  
And men who pay no regard to thunder  
Shall do it reverence instead.

*Sus.* Before I die?

*Salt.* And after too.  
No man, as I said,  
Nor of the living nor of the dead,  
Shall prick up his ears as high as you.

*Sus.* But say, Mr. Salt, when shall this be?  
Say where? O where? that I shall see  
That new-fangled tail to my double degree  
Which shall lift me up ——

*Salt.* Asinauricularly ——

*Sus.* With my ears prick'd up  
Like a terrier-pup ——

*Salt.* But longer ——

*Sus.* In perpetuity.

*Salt.* Ay, when the Griswolds and Duyckincks are rotten,  
And all you have squirted yourself is forgotten,  
Save one divine article

Of which not a particle  
Shall be lost to the last of the Yankees begotten,<sup>20</sup>  
Your name and your ears  
Shall escape the old shears  
Which, with rhymsters, is set to the thread of man's years,  
And your skull shall as now be begetter of jeers  
When its insides are out like a herring's that 's shotten.

*Sus.* O delight! O the joy! O dearest of dears,  
O Salty, say when is this prospect to be?

*Salt.* When it suits you to talk less and trot after me.

*Sus.* And where? Say where!

*Salt.* On the other side of Slanghouse-Square;  
Where Anicula's lasses  
Soft-soap the asses,  
And do for the masses  
Other journalistic drudgery.

*Sus.* But we shall be seen.

*Salt.* What matters? She was our go-between.  
Would you have your glory unnoted, unknown?

*Sus.* Set on!  
With all your combustible matter in one.  
Though all three were ramm'd,  
Brimstone, Saltpeter and Charcoal, together—  
It don't suit the jaws  
Of a Doctor of Laws  
To swear — but I 'm d — d  
If I 'd mind your blow-up more than that of a feather.  
Set on! set on!  
With you, gunpowder three,



Or with you alone,  
Mr. Salt, I 'll see,  
This night, this fun.  
Be it ghost or devil,  
Or both or one,  
To-night I 'll revel  
In the feast of my fame,  
Or may my short name  
Still shorter be  
Of its single A.M. and its double L.D.,  
On the front backside of my Quarterly.  
*Charge, Brimstone, charge! on, Charcoal, on*  
To the Devil, or victory!

*Kicks over an astonished bootblack,  
and Exit in a fit of enthusiasm,  
followed by the three with various gestures of  
admiration.*

## ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE. *Anicula's Sanctum, as in Act II.*

SALTPETER. CHARCOAL. BRIMSTONE.

*Brim.* What keeps the fool ?

*Salt.* Our LL.D. ?

*Brim.* The Lord of the *Ethnical Quarterly*.

*Salt.* In his haste to reach the rendezvous,

The goose fell foul of an apple-wench,

Upset her pippins, herself and bench,

And got for himself in the kennel a drench

Of the savory stew

The Hotchpotian Irish corporation

Keep mix'd for the people's delectation,

But which to the nostrils of me and you,

Who are us'd to the ashes and sulphurous smell

That thicken the air round the craters of Hell

Where the fires burn blue,

Is a damnable abomination.

So, holding my nose, I left him there,

Lock'd in the claws of the dirt-mobled fair,

Both kicking and swearing,

And each other's clothes tearing,

Two human beasts in a worse than beast's lair.

*Brim.* I suppose we shall have to await his cleaning ?

*Salt.* By Lucifer ! yes, he will need repair

After his pomologic careening.

He is well pay'd already with kitchen-pitch,

Both body and breech,

And will get of calking more than he lists

From the iron fingers and mallet fists

Of the shipwright he dubb'd an Hibernian bitch.

*Erim.* When he rights on his keel and floats in here,

We will rig him with standing and running gear

In such a wise ——

*Char.* His bowsprit at least,

With its figurehead beast ——

*Brim.* As will make old seamen blast the'r eyes.

*Salt.* We shall give him his desert, in sooth.

And here a contradiction lies :

We have punish'd the bard for telling truth,

The true in art, and in morals true,

And now we shall make the critic rue

His false instruction and peddling lies.

*Brim.* But lo, where he comes !

*Enter Sus.*

*Salt.* What has kept you so long ?

*Sus.* The hussy was strong.

Before I cut loose

From her kedge in the gutter

The bloody Philistin,

With her great raw-meat fist in  
My joles, while I utter,  
In distraction, a volley of tragic abuse, —  
And that not in Latin,  
Though the slang came quite pat in,  
From my quarterly use, —  
The uncircumcis'd jade ——

*Salt.* Uncircumcis'd?

*Sus.* Ay. Don't balk my narration.

— Demands to be paid —  
Judge my rage, consternation!  
For her codlings that swim — not in buttery juice.  
Was *I* not too coddled? and in the same stuff?  
'T was a shame! 't was a fraud! But afraid of the trollop,  
Who continu'd to wollop  
About me and made the mob jolly enough,  
I agreed, when half-deafen'd, and after ado,  
To take for five nickels the nastiest two,  
Then *skedaddled*,<sup>21</sup> got wash'd, and came limping to you.

*Salt.* 'T was a Red-sea escape. You're a Sampson, 't is plain.

*Brim.* With an ass's jawbone.

*Sus.* Do not talk in that strain:

I've no wish to be vain:  
One Philistine-like her, though, might count for a twain.  
But you, Mr. Salt, are a nice friend in need!

*Salt.* Why, what could I do?

There were just of you two.  
I thought you well pitted;  
And as you were fitted —

*Sus.* You left me to bleed!

Humph! Let us proceed.

*Salt.* We are ready. Behold!

The blinds are down-roll'd.

*Sus.* And the candle burns blue.

The devil!

*Salt.* Not yet.

He 'll not tread the scene till you get in his debt,  
Though the flame has his hue.

*Sus.* Do turn on the gas, Mr. Salty, please do.

*Salt.* Doctor dear, do not fret.

When our drama is through,  
And your glory completed, then light up the jet.  
In this dimness the ghosts will come better in view.

*Sus.* Ghosts! Oh, dear me! where 's Anicula then?

*Brim.* She has crawl'd back into her inner den

To get her girls prudently out of the way.  
The dame fain would stay,  
Being jealous, and anxious to share in your glory,  
And go down like you with great ears in men's story;  
But we knew your ambition, and taught her she bare  
Length enough in her own without clipping your pair.  
But she soon will be back, I will venture to say,  
From her eagerness in the affair.

*Sus.* Out on the jade! Such conduct sickens,  
As much as the money-greed of Dickens  
Who having, after his cockney mood,  
Abus'd us by all the lies he could,  
Is coming here for our Yankee pelf.

To make a greater ass of himself,  
While we, like spaniels well broke-in,  
Forget his thumps and vulgar curses,  
And opening, like our hearts, our purses,  
Beg him to help himself to our tin,  
Then turn up our rumps .  
For more of his thumps,  
And lick his toes till the kicks begin.

*Salt.* Eh, *Legum Doctor!* say you so?  
That is truth again. Why, you advance!  
He has not engag'd you, I see, to enhance  
His low grimaces?

*Sus.* Who, Dickens? No.

The daily press are made fat instead,  
As they always are when such feasts are spread.  
We of the quarterlies sit too far  
From the end of the board where the Flunkies are,  
To come in for a share of the broken bread.  
But let us begin.

*Salt.* Ere the dame comes in?  
With all my heart.

*BRIMSTONE disappears, and arises an Apparition.*

What see you there?

*Sus.* With the large sad eyes and the youthful hair?  
His cheeks are pale and gaunt. But what  
Means here and there that discolor'd spot?

*Salt.* 'T is the livid mark of the poison he took;



The sole post-obit in his look.

*Sus.* O, I understand; and I know him wholly.

No wonder he looks so rantipolly.

'T is the ghost, by Jove, of Thomas Rowley!

*Salt.* But hist, till he speaks. If he leave in disdain,

My friends may not waken him up again.

*Appar.* Great Master of Asses and LL.D.,

What had I done that you libel'd me?

*Sus.* 'T is Brimstone's voice. But the ghost is well-bred.

I see they have manners among the dead.

Libel'd! I wrote in a laud-sounding strain.

There is no "Shakspearian scholar" more hot

In the love of his idol's most whimsical blunder,

Or who takes his worst gong-beat for genuine thunder,

Than I when resounding your praises, God wot.

*Appar.* 'T is of that I complain.

Gapes there ever a fool

Who is fresh from the rhetoric benches at school,

But knows what sort of stuff you quote, —

Although it was not all stuff I wrote?

Is that the drama? And such its style?

You have taught your readers to stare, or smile.

That is not nature as now I know it,

And praising my verses you damn'd the poet.

*Ghost vanishes, and reappears BRIMSTONE.*

*Sus.* You are here again! Do you juggle so?

*Brim.* I but saw him down; which was right you know,

Since I tickled him up from his snooze below.

*Sus.* Oh ho!

*Salt.* Close up, old pup;  
Another poet is sailing up.

*Exit CHARCOAL, and Apparition rises.*

*Sus.* His brick-red curls are sprinkled with snow.  
His light eyes beam  
With self-conceit, and a pleasant gleam  
That is not the flash of the tragic storm.  
And yet I would swear that lofty form,  
With its lively face and expanded brow,  
Is one I know, or ought to know.

*Appar.* Me, thou impertinent! know me, thou!  
Thou mayst have sense in thy degree ——

*Sus.* In my double degree.

*Appar.* Peace, vain fool!  
Who thought of thy honors from college or school?  
Despite thy A.M. ——

*Sus.* And my double L. D.

*Appar.* Thou mayst have line enough to gage  
The shoal still pool, where no tempests rage,  
Of the *Spanish Student*, or measure *Queechy*,  
Not the depths of *Filippo* or *Polini'ce*.

*Sus.* That terrible voice is Charcoal's own,  
Though ten times louder, and haughty in tone.  
I know him now, with his scalp so hairy  
And whiskerless jaws. It is Count Alfieri.

*Appar.* Count unto thee, whose envious hate  
Reproach'd me with pride in that titled lot  
Which by right of birth so natural sate  
On my father's name that I felt it not;  
But to the world my works still bore  
*Victor Alfieri*, and nothing more:  
A pride by you not understood,  
Who have stuck the letters of both your degrees,  
Cheap and unearn'd although they were ——

*Sus.* To that I demur;  
I paid for them twenty ——

*Appar.* Silence, cur! —  
Have thrust each cheap, unearn'd degree,  
That men your sole claims to knowledge might see,  
On every side, wherever you could ——

*Sus.* No, Signor Contè, if you please,  
On the bare backside of my Quarterly,  
And with some of the Press, in notice or puff,  
Whom I patronize for a *quantum suff.*  
We do all things here for cash you know, —  
Though you go on tick, I suppose, below.

*Appar.* Silence, once more! — That thou hast try'd,  
Thou to whom honor nor truth is known,  
To asperse my fame, who liv'd and dy'd  
Slave unto Truth, and Truth alone,  
This I forgive, though thou shalt atone  
To that public judgment thou hast defy'd.

*Sus.* Have mercy, good ghost, nor deprive me of bread:  
In my next I will take back all I have said, —

On the word of a critic, and as sure as you 're dead!

*Appar.* Hound! dar'st thou deem I am like thy tribe,

To cant or recant as men pay or bribe?

Thy aspersions are praise, and another pen

Shall make of them mirth for the gizzards of men.

But what I can neither forgive nor forget,

Until in the regions above I am set

Where men o'er their wrongs are not suffer'd to fret —

*Sus.* And no Minor critics condemn in a pet.

*Appar.* A pest on thy pestilent tongue! — What is worse,

I say, than thy praise, thou hast made me rehearse

As I never yet spoke, nor in prose nor in verse.

Unasham'd thou hast ventur'd to strip off the buskin

From the feet of my toga'd and chlamydate Tuscan,

And clap on the socks of thy English instead,

Slipshod, and soft as the pap of thy head.

Better in tinsel, cross-garter'd, to tread

With the stage-strut of Emerson, Carlyle and Ruskin.

*Sus.* *Peccavi! sed non mea culpa*; not mine

The soft worsted; I bought it at sixpence a line.

The all that I did was to lend it some picking:

I adopted the cub; but I gave him a licking.

*Appar.* Didst thou so? Now I 'm minded to give thee a  
kicking.

But the weakness or want of the flesh has come o'er me,

And Brimstone and Charcoal must do the job for me.

*Apparition vanishes, and reappears CHARCOAL.*

*Sus.* He has *vamos'd the ranch*.<sup>22</sup> And there 's Charcoal again!

This is all hocuspocus, or masking ; that 's plain.

*Char.* Not a whit. Do you think a sixfooter like him

Could step from his niche in the Shades, nor be miss'd ?

*Sus.* Why, the chance were but slim.

*Char.* — So I took up his place in Probational Hell,

And escap'd all detection by means of its mist.

As for masking, how could a paste-board imitation

Be proof to the lens of your us'd penetration ?

*Sus.* Very right, Mr. Coal. Vain to hope it. As well

Look for judgment in Greeley, or truth in the *Nation*,

Bid Raymond stand still for a minute, or Sedley

Tell more than he hides in his fortnightly medley.

*Salt.* What are those ? Of the four, are unknown to me three.

*Sus.* One a coverless journal ; the others are asses,

That mix, though unlike, as do milk and molasses,

And wake pity and mirth when they bray to the masses,

Like the *Ethnos* or me.

*Salt.* My friends now, great Doctor, have shown you their  
power :

I have kept half my word ; you know how ghosts look.

Will it do ? Shall they summon up more ? But the hour

Is late, and the dame will be leaving her nook.

*Sus.* No, give me the rest of your promise ; I long

To wear my grand ears and be famous in song.

*Salt.* It is well : but not yet. You have shown yourself brave.

You are leag'd hand and glove with the servants of  
Hell —

*Sus.* Not with you ? [*in alarm.*]

*Salt.* Never mind. — And chop logic as well

With the pupæ whose sordid cocoon is the grave.  
By these two acts alone,  
Already you wear them.  
But forever to bear them  
And by them be known,  
You must prove by your gifts they are truly your own.

*Sus.* By my gifts? How you prate! Am I not LL.D.,  
And was A.M. before?

Then give them to me.

By the Powers ye adore,  
By the shame I defy  
Were it doubled twice o'er,

O Saltpeter, I cry,

Let me feel, ere I die,

My long ears stand up somewhat nearer the sky!

*Salt.* Can you go through the proofs that shall make these gifts  
known?

*Sus.* Through them all! Only try.

*Salt.* O hero!

*Sus.* Be quick!

*Salt.* On thy four paws go down.

And give him the halter. What! up? So soon scar'd?

*Sus.* I would hang for the ears; but my neck must be spar'd.  
Neck or nothing.

*Salt.* With us, it is nothing indeed.

To know you have patience, can keep your own way  
Spite of coaxing or curses —  
Save when flatter'd your greed  
Is by dreams of full purses —



Nor, shamefac'd, will heed

The worst men may say,

This is all that we need.

*Sus.* That exception observ'd, which is wise nowadays

When a patron is valu'd for what he disburses,

The rest is as light as to spawn tadpole verses.

Such as *Round-Robins* praise,

While Fledgling, who knows not which most to admire,

A jewsharp, or bagpipe, or Æolus' lyre,

But dotes on Walt Whitman's batrachian fire,<sup>23</sup>

Shall, in love with their long tails, the porwiggles feed

As full-breech'd green frogs of the Horse-fountain breed.

*Salt.* What! what! truth again? If you sing in this strain,

Your ears will be stretch'd to the ass point in vain.

*Sus.* Never fear: I but stumble thus trotting alone,

Or with friends; in my journal I rein-in my roan,

And decide by my belly and not by my brains.

*Salt.* True metal! But quick; on your quarters once more.

How the halter becomes him! Now clap on the pack.

While Charcoal sits woman-wise perch'd on his back,

You, Brim, jerk his tail, while I drag him before.

*Sus.* But don't jerk so hard, or my tail will be torn.

'T is my best workday-coat and is only half-worn.

And don't kick so much. Ow! ow!

*Salt.* If you cry,

You'll have more than the dame bouncing in to know why.

*Sus.* O my! O my!

O my seat of honor!

Pray, don't spank so hard! The dame — curse upon her!

Let me up! let me up! The dame — d—n the wench!  
She sha' n't see me stretch'd like a washermaid's bench.

*Salt.* Do you pull up so soon?

*Sus.* Up? 'T is you beat me down.

My rump 's not an ass's, whatever my crown.

*Salt.* But the ears?

*Sus.* Let them go. Ow! I'm beat black and blue.

I can't carry Charcoal and bear your kicks too.

*Salt.* Let him rise. It will do.

*Sus.* Do? my back 's almost broken.

*Salt.* You have prov'd it of steel.

And this is the token:

You have kept your own way

Like a genuine ass, — though with rather more bray.

*Sus.* But, for all that, I feel.

Now give me the ears.

*Salt.* Not as yet. You have shown,

It is true, soul and carcass, an ass's backbone.

You must now make it known

You can swing to the popular breath of the nation,

And to private dictation —

*Sus.* For a gratification —

*Salt.* To and fro with a prompt oscillation,

Or round with a gallowsbird's circumgyration,

Whatever the compass-point whence it is blown.

*Sus.* Pshaw! I do that with ease! Not Weathercock Flunky,  
Though daily, more duly, nor his Topical monkey.

*Salt.* Let us see! Hang him up by his weasand.

*Sus.* [*in alarm.*] What's that!

I will not box the compass — save on paper, — that 's flat!

*Salt.* But you must, or no ears. Fix the hook. Trice him up.

By the coat-collar only, you ninny.

*Sus.* You 'll tear it.

*Salt.* But the glory, the ears! Will you lose them, to spare it?

*Sus.* O me! I shall dangle just like a blind pup.

*Salt.* Or a sheep in the shambles.

*Sus.* But whence come these things;

The hoop, and the ring in the ceiling, and block,

With the rope that thence swings?

*Salt.* They are brought by the phantoms on tables that knock.

*Sus.* Pheew!

*Salt.* What, doubting? 'T is harder to hurl fiddles  
round

On the sconces of gazers and make guitars sound

By invisible thumbs, as your Davenports do.

*Sus.* That is true.

*Salt.* As the ghosts of the verse-men we summon'd to view.

There. Up with him! oo!

*Sus.* Oh, oh! let me down! Let me down, or I 'll cry!

My brains are aswound.

My heels kiss the ceiling

And my skull treads the ground.

I don't know which is which while my brainpan keeps  
reeling

And my navel goes round.

*They unhook him.*

*Salt.* So. You have learn'd vacillation.

*Sus.* I knew it of yore,

While you slabber'd your mother, or even I trow  
Were coil'd up a *fœtus in utero*,  
To your daddy's delectation.

*Salt.* You practic'd then shifting, some ages or more  
Ere the Spirit that brooding sat over the deep  
Put the breathing red clay in his consciousness sleep,  
To produce an equivocal first generation.

*Sus.* Oh horror! I 'm hous'd with the Father of Sin,  
Or one of his kin.

*Salt.* With neither. But what if you were, so you win?  
Set your heart on the ears,  
And your feet on these fears;  
Your fame shall grow younger while olden the years.

*Sus.* Enough. Shall I more? Through the Devil and Hell  
I would stride to my glory. Push onward.

*Salt.* 'T is well.

You must next learn false candor.

*Sus.* I avow that in that  
Round Robin 's my master.

*Salt.* He needs not to be.

You have only to hide what is lofty as he,  
And vaunt to the skies the ignoble or flat.

*Sus.* I do! I do!

Witness your ghosts if I do not speak true.

*Salt.* But to make that appear,

You must perch on your head with your claws in the air.

*Sus.* O spare! O spare!

Set me down, set me down!

All the blood leaves my seat to descend to my crown.

Set me down, or I 'm dead:

My brain is afire, my eyes flame; I 'm sped!

O my soul!

*Salt.* [*righting him.*                      •

You are all over red.

'T is the dawn of your triumph.

*Sus.* No, the set of my pole.

I hope this is all.

*Salt.* Not enough for your fame.

The next thing to learn is the goodbye to shame.

*Sus.* I have bid it already. Attest that, my Quarterly.

Not inside alone, but without, as you ought to see,

It is printed in full.

*Salt.* Where your name is. We know it.

But off with your breeches, and caper to show it.

*Sus.* There.

Brim, let them down tenderly, else they will tear.

Ye gods, I am bare!

*Salt.* Let us chant.

*Sus.* Well, begin.

*Salt.* Now, Doctor, keep time.

*Sus.* And, in time, if the air

Suit my taste, I 'll chime in.

*Salt.* *In puris naturalibus,*

The Doctor's dainty legs discuss

The lines of beauty, capering thus,

As if he 'd pass'd at Willis'.<sup>21</sup>

*Sus.* The air however 's rather cool.  
I think you make me play the fool,  
Too plump for nature's dancingschool,  
With short *tendo Achillis*.

*Brim.* Give him a kick, to spin him round;

*Char.* Another, for the pair that 's found  
Of cushions waiting their rebound.

*Salt.* But spring a little higher.

*Sus.* I would the world could see my shame,  
Who caper thus for future fame —

*Salt.* As David, when he 'd won the game  
Of Jack-stones with Goliah.

*Sus.* Yet stop! though dancing does agree  
With naked tibial dignity,  
It hardly suits my Quarterly,  
Although it saves my breeches.

Besides, my breath is growing short.

*Salt.* And, Doctor, you have made good sport,  
A Sampson in Philistine court,  
As *Judges XV.* teaches.

*Sus.* How well you know the sacred text!

*Salt.* It is my forte; and Henry Beecher  
Himself might be perhaps perplex'd,



Although a most accomplish'd preacher,  
To follow where my memory reaches,  
And think perhaps that Satan preaches.

*Sus.* He often does, rude laics say.

I have known myself a broker pray,  
And cheat his client the same day  
And bring him to the verge of starving,  
Say grace to his thanksgiving-dinner,  
( His creditor had none, mean sinner ! )  
Then smile, as doubtless should the winner,  
The while a sumptuous sirloin carving.  
But have I done ?

*Salt.* We pause, you see.

*Char.* First, accept these two love spanks,  
Given, if with emotion rough,  
One on each cheek, yet tenderly.

*Sus.* One for both were caress enough.

Yet for the gift I render thanks.

*Char.* And ought, for your hide is beastly tough.

*Sus.* 'T is sitting so long at my task ev'ry quarter.

'T would harden the beef of an alderman's daughter.

*Char.* Or of Brimstone, or me.

*Sus.* I have danc'd and sung, and I feel ecstatic

From fundament to Mansard attic.

I would there were no more to do,

Than shake a leg with Salt and you.

But help me now my drawers indue :

Their want gives over much to view,

And makes me seem erratic.

I only wish the dullard crew,  
Who make pretensions to review  
The poets they can scarcely read,  
Would dance like me in *cuerpo* once  
'T would fire the liver of each dunce,  
And, acting on his brain-pulp, serve  
To make him guess at tragic verve.  
Please hold my drawers awhile, while now  
I wipe the dewdrops from my brow  
Of wholesome perspiration.  
I do not like to swear, yet vow,  
With shirt and jacket on and coat,  
Cravatted too, but *sans culotte*,  
I 'm like the bird that talks by rote  
Bi-monthly in *the Nation*.  
Come, give the calicos.

*Salt.* Not yet.

As 't is convenient, let us set  
His titles on his naked parts,  
Laws' Doctor and great man of Arts.

*Sus.* M. stands for Master, not Man, Mister.

*Char.* So brand it *Artium Magister*.

Bring the iron that sears.

*Sus.* No, no! by my<sup>r</sup> tears!

Make me not a freemason — at least not for life!

If the brand should be seen! — Have regard for my  
wife.

*Salt.* He has suffer'd enough,  
And has prov'd the right stuff.

Let us give him the ears.

*Sus.* O joy!

*Salt.* Hold your tongue: it is greatly too long.

*Sus.* And a long tongue licks up vexation.

You forget my degrees and might have spar'd me the wrong  
Of that vocative mortification.

*Salt.* Well, hush then, great Doctor, and listen the song, —  
While you, Brimstone and Charcoal,  
Stop with spittle each earhole,  
And rub up, nor mind the pain ——

*Sus.* Yes, yes; for mine the pain.

*Salt.* — The rims, till they shine again, —  
The song of our Incantation.  
But first, though you have prov'd a wonder  
In bestial worth, and may defy  
Compare, yet this is to supply:  
You must tread conscience wholly under,  
Boldly dash and never blunder,  
Ere your ears will reach the sky.

*Sus.* Then crown the work, nor more deny  
My honors; nought is to be fear'd;  
My conscience is already Sear'd.  
Save Deadhead sole and Flunky's Fledgling,  
I know not any moral ridgling  
Can sense and decency defy,  
Suppress the truth, or boldly lie,  
With such indifference as I.

*Salt.* Well then, attend; and while Coaly and Brim  
Bespittle your holes and chafe each ear-rim,

Make no outcry.

## INCANTATION.

By the spirits in darkness dwelling,  
Styebak'd, half-naked, and wholly obscene;  
By the thick oils from underground welling,  
Making naptha and kerosene; —

*Sus.* What a queer charm!

*Salt.* If you 'd not come to harm,  
You will take good care not to cross my spelling.

By the sheet-lightning, that dazzles, not kills,  
Image of force that is only in seeming;  
By the miasms from stagnant pools steaming,  
Filling men's vitals with fever and chills;

By the town-council in mud that reposes,  
Shellfish that neither are oyster nor clam,  
By their vile gutters that reek not of roses,  
Making the taxpayers frown, spit and damn;

*Sus.* And press hard their noses.

*Salt.* Will you hold?

*Sus.* Having roll'd

But just now in that clover,  
I have study'd its botany over and over,  
And thought I might add, as a note, 'T is no sham.  
But be quick; for my auricles are glowing;

And my digits can't find out at all that they 're growing.  
*Salt.* Patience and list. When the charm is all sung.  
Your ears will have almost the stretch of your tongue.

By all that is vile, or in nothingness ending,  
Borrow'd and full of pretension vain,  
Come with your tails up, straight, corkscrew'd, and  
bending,  
Creatures that symbol his heart and his brain :

Monkey and magotpie, paddock and frog,  
And spitting she-kitten and snarling cur-dog,  
Reremouse, and nyctalopic owl,  
Crocodile grim, and hyena fowl, —  
His arts' eido'la and types of his mind,  
Surround him, caress him; he is of your kind.

*Sus.* O me ! O me ! I wish I was blind.  
The owl 's on my head.  
And the monkey — You imp, take your paws off !  
Let go ;  
Or you 'll strangle me. Oh !  
And that beast from the Nile,  
With his amplify'd smile,  
His yard-long mouth — scissors and chopper and file,  
Keep him back, or I 'm dead.  
*Salt.* O fi ! O fi !  
A Doctor, and cry ?

These spirits, though evil,  
Will give health to your navel,  
Not make you to die.  
They will teach you to mimic, — to prate without mean-  
ing, —  
To stare without seeing, — to puff without pride, —  
To feign frozen chastity,  
While in hot nastity  
Seeking by harsh words lust-itching to hide, —  
To growl o'er the stript bones you're savagely cleaning, —  
To tear from their graves and disfigure the dead, —  
To be daz'd with the twilight,  
Half mouse and half sparrow,  
And dash, like an arrow  
Misshot, through a skylight, —  
To croak with facility  
The tuneless un-sense of a sapless anility, —  
And give you ability  
By a shrewd crocodility  
To make shoddy seem broadcloth in all you have said.  
In fine, they will stuff, with goëtic agility,  
Your brainpot with feathers and your heart's pipes with  
lead.

*Sus.* The dear ugly creatures! Each fright is a fairy.

I feel my ears prick, my os frontis grows hairy.

O Stoney, O dear Coal,

Spit your best at each ear-hole,

Nor of friction be chary.

O feathers and lead!



Ah feathers and lead !

You were wrong, noble Salty, in what you last said :

My head 't is grows heavy, my heart that is airy.

O, O !

I wish I could show

My crown to all Hotchpot at once. Let me go.

But the phantoms are leaving. Goodbye, my dear  
creatures.

The valves of my heart shall shut-in your sweet features ;

Especially yours, armor'd Earl of the Nile,

With your skillet-handle tail and your waffle-iron smile.

Adieu ! adieu ! —

Now, my rubbers, to you,

Whose hands have the magic of Moses,

I turn and demand,

Is there aught in this land

Can compare with my metamorpho'sis ?

*Char.* It is all very well ; a good head of its kind.

*Sus.* Good ? 'T is complete in each elegant feature,

And fits me like a second nature.

*Char.* And there is the very fault I find :

'T is too natural far.

It makes you appear,

Jaws, forepiece and ear,

Without counting the hair,

Like the ass that you are.

*Sus.* Say, donkey : it fits not my bifold degree

To be nam'd, though mark'd, asinauricularly.

But seem I the same ?

And if I be known by that recogniz'd name,  
Which is Fledgling's and Deadhead's  
And some other leadheads',  
I who have run the whole college curriculum,  
Why what upon earth shall cognominate me?

Char. *Asinor'um Magis'ter, Lectōrum' Deridic'ulum.*

Sus. Why, that is my A.M. and double L. D.!

But here is Anicula. Now we shall see.

*Enter ANICULA.*

Anic. Eh! Bottom the weaver!

Now, would I were Titania for thy sake.

I 'd "kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy."

Sus. Dost think I 'd hug a doxy of your make?

I would as soon buss Fledgling, or a boy.

But oh thou deceiver! [*gaily to Salt.*

If one may believe her,

Who 's as false as *the Nation*,

She at least, 't would appear,

Is fully aware

Of my beautiful transfiguration.

For this I adore thee,

And could kneel down before thee,

And aye ready to serve am.

Anic. Sure, 't is old Sus Minervam!

That fools-voice reveal'd him,

As the dim light conceal'd him.

Pray, let me explore thee.

Why, you 're perfect, I vow.

Feels it good?

*Sus.* Bless the maker,

'T is my soul's simulachre :

I never had justice till now.

*Anic.* Mr. Salt, give me one. —

But your candle burns dim.

*Salt.* Ancient dame, you need none. —

Light the gas, Mr. Brim.

*Sus.* He does 't with his fingers ! Is the devil in him ?

*Salt.* No, on my veracity,

'T is his Brimstone capacity.

He has the felicity

To use electricity

Like matches, for fun.

*Anic.* But again for the ass-head. Why don't I need one ?

*Salt.* It would make you less trim.

And, as simple Anicula,

In your function particular

You give quite as droll delectation,

By your senile garrulity

And anile credulity —

*Sus.* As if you were chief of *the Nation*.

But here come two witlings, to heighten my joy, —

Though one is a monkey ;

Polyphemus's boy

And the turnspit of Flunky.

I'll play mum and enjoy their surprise.

*Enter DEADHEAD and FLEDGLING.*

*Dead.* Old lady, your humble contumblance. My eyes!

What a mask!

*Fledg.* And what size!

I will make on 't a note for my *Topics*.

We don't breed such at home.

Whence can the beast come?

*Dead.* From Aspis, I think, in the Tropics.

Anic', you she-monkey,

Get on the old donkey.

*Sus.* No you don't.

*Fledg.* Eh! 't is Sus.

Who gave him those ears?

*Anic.* Mr. Salt, it appears;

Or, it may be, the Devil.

*Fledg.* Fi, old woman, be civil.

Give them, wise man, to us.

*Sus.* Be off, and don't trouble him.

They are mine, and mine only.

*Salt.* Fear not, I can't double them;

Though, your asshead's not lonely.

*Fledg.* Can we make no conditions? I feel we shall die,

If outdone by the Doctor, Mort-Caput and I.

*Anic.* What stuff! Don't I stand in my petticoat by?

*Sus.* Well protested, old dame of the *Ethnos*; but higher

Than greatness soars envy, as smoke above fire.

*Salt.* Notwithstanding, these witlings shall have their desire.

*Fledg.* How?

*Dead.* Say how !

*Salt.* By leaving your birth-marks to stand just as now ;  
Only making each feature  
Better photograph nature,  
As with the great Doctor, on jaw, nose and brow.

*Dead.* Begin then, begin.

*Fledg.* But is it not sin ?

*Dead.* Out, sanctity ! Is n't there money to win ?  
Push on, jolly proctor,  
Make us grin like the Doctor,  
We 'll line you with greenbacks or plate you with tin.

*Salt.* Attend then.

*Sus.* *Favé'te.*

*Fledg.* That means, Stop your din.

*Salt.* Not from the spirit-world need we to summon  
Biped or quadruped, feathers or hair,  
Haunting stream, standing-pool, cockloft or common,  
From their mud, hole or perch, kennel or lair.

Take these two newspapers, wet with men's  
water ——

*Anic.* Of my girl's making, nevertheless.

*Salt.* Mind not the ancient dame ; envy has taught  
her ——

*Anic.* Knowledge of earthenware, rather confess.

*Salt.* Clap them upon your head, occiput, sinciput —

*Anic.* But do it tenderly, else they will tear.

*Sus.* They 're your own daily sheets. Mind not the stingy slut.

*Salt.* Press them to mouth and nose, eyelids and hair.

*Dead.* But they are devilish salt.

*Salt.* That 's not the devil's fault.

*Fledg.* No, 't is humanity's.

*Anic.* That you may swear.

*Salt.* As in the *Hours'* page flatness and fickleness,  
Laughable graveness and mawkish mirth meet;  
As in the *Cryer* mere spluttering words express  
All that 's not ribald or worse in its sheet;

So shall these papers impress on your faces  
Types of each soul's inward birth-given shape,  
Make Deadhead a parrot, give you the grimaces,  
The solemn inaneness and mirth of an ape.

It is done. Lift the sheet;

The impression 's complete.



*Dead.* I am glad ; for the print 's too much stal'd to be sweet.

*Anic.* Eh, the trio ! How fine !

*Sus.* But my asshead 's the best.

*Anic.* And I alone left, all unchang'd !

*Sus.* Don't be vex'd.

*Anic.* When my virtue alone in the group 's unexpress'd ?

I were better unsex'd.

*Salt.* You need not repine :

You attract as much note

By your petticoat.

*Fledg.* And are free of the brine.

*Dead.* A parrot, a monkey, an ass and old maid.

Let us get up a dance for our masquerade.

*Fledg.* But where is the music ?

*Salt.* Behold, to your aid.

*Fledg.* The fiddle, the bones and the banjo already !

I fear that the Devil is piper.

*Salt.* Not he.

*Sus.* They come from the spirits.

*Salt.* No matter ; keep steady :

You *may* have the Devil to pay, but not me.

*Sus.* That is something ; I like contributions post-free.

*Fledg.* But, Doctor, turn in.

*Sus.* I am fagg'd. Ere you came,

I danc'd a long Indian pas-seul for my fame,

And toe'd it unbreech'd, proof to cold and to shame.

*Dead.* Then you 've practice ; a male Taglioni. Fall in.

Scrape up now, good catgut, and let us begin.

*Fledg.* Up and down, and in and out,  
*Chassez, promenez* round about.

*Dead.* It is better leg-shaking, than pens, no doubt.  
Fol de rol!

*Sus.* The one is hard shuffling, the other mere play.  
No donkey could stand that, except for pay.

*Fledg.* You mean, I suppose, for thistles or hay.

*Sus.* It is one. And an ass cannot always bray  
Without pause in his vocalization.

*Dead.* And a parrot must swing, as well as talk.

*Fledg.* And a monkey won't always on two legs walk.

*Anic.* Nor a petticoat either swap cheese for chalk,  
Who is not in a situation.

*Sus.* Except ——

*Dead.* But, Doctor, keep time; you balk.

*Sus.* — For a handsome consid-e-ration.

*Dead.* Fol de rol.

*Fledg.* Cross over. Ladics change. You see,  
We beat the devils in *Calvary*.

*Dead.* That is easy; they danc'd without fiddle-de-dee  
Fol de lol.

*Fledg.* Balance. I never had so much fun,  
Except when I found an author done.

*Dead.* Or the public diddled.

*Anic.* It is all one,

In our soi-disant critical function.

*Fledg.* To cog, dissemble, misrepresent;  
 To fool the public to its bent;  
 And wink when it sees what never was meant;  
 Is interest rich; but cent per cent —

*Sus.* Is our Terpsichorean junction.

*Dead.* Forward two. What a jolly dance!

*Fledg.* And what music! 'T would make an old donkey  
 prance.

*Sus.* Or a tailless monkey.

*Fledg.* Its pleasures enhance,  
 And with a particular zest,  
 The joy I had to make Tilton cry,  
 When I quoted as proof of his powers *The Fly*.

*Dead.* Well, why did n't Sheldon your blarney buy?

*Fledg.* Or yours? You know, as well as I,  
 He may rank with New England's best.<sup>25</sup>

*Dead.* One jackass foward. Now back again.  
 Now lady and ape.

*Anic.* Let me hold up my train.

*Dead.* Come, Be'lzebub, scrape us another strain.  
 Fol de lol.

*Enter GALANTUOM, HEARTANDHEAD,  
 and ATTICUS.*

*Gal.* Why, what the deuse are you all about?

*Sus.* Do you see our heads?

*Gal.* To be sure we do.

And your legs as well. You 're a jolly crew.

Few editors, even the dolts of *the Nation*,

Would after this fashion make saltation

To fiddle and flute. You caper without.

*Sus.* You must be stone-deaf and gravel-blind.

Don't you see our little band?

'T is of the best of the fiddling kind

To be found in all the land.

Saltpeter has now the horsehair in hand,

And Brimstone rattles the bones,

And little Charcoal'

From the banjo's hole

Is drawing those bullfrog tones.

*Gal.* The devil! the banjo has no hole.

*Heart.* He must mean "the light guitar."

*Sus.* No, I don't; I mean just what I say:

The banjo's bottom is all away.

*Dead.* And as Sambo says, *dat's dar.* —

No matter, strike up,

My devils-bullpup,

And show them what you are.

*Fledg.* Up the middle and down again.

*Dead.* Sweep in, broomsticks, might and main.

*Sus.* Rest for muscle is rust for brain.

*Anic.* Up the middle and down again.

*Att.* Why, they are all four crazy !

*Fledg.* Are we so ?

You are, all three, fools.

*Dead.* You are blind as new kittens, and don't seem to know  
There 's lots of pleasure in such a go.

*Sus.* "Dul'ce est desip'ere in loco'."

*Anic.* What is that ?

*Dead.* Some Hebrew that 's pat,  
Fundamentally taught in the schools.

*Sus.* But you don't mark my ears' length, you don't note my  
head,

Those emblems of glory to be.

Be abash'd when you learn there lurks under this shed

The brain of Sus, double L. D.

Behold too that green-noddled parrot, that monkey

Which belongs to the kind that are minus a tail :

The first one picks grubs from the *Cryer* man's nail,

The other is turnspit to Weathercock Flunky.

*Heart.* A parrot, a monkey, a head and long ears !

This is worse than the Quarterly gabble of Sears.

*Fledg.* And you see not the changes ?

*Gal.* We see but three men,

Two of whom have their faces

Smear'd with what seems the traces

Of types, and an elderly dame, in this den.

*Sus.* And you heard not the music ?

*Att.* We heard upon the floor

The shuffling of your feet and your bacchanalian roar,

As you shambled to and fro.

Only this.

*Dead.* Says Raven Poe :

“Only this, and nothing more.”

*Sus.* And you don't then see the triad ?

*Att.* What triad ?

*Sus.* Our small band,

With the banjo, and the beef-bones, and the fiddle-bow in  
hand.

There they stand.

*Att.* Where ?

*Sus.* At the wall.

*Att.* I see but a petticoat ——

*Dead.* “Hanging to dry.”<sup>26</sup>

*Att.* And an old straw bonnet by,  
And a shawl.

*Sus.* Then you 're crazy, else am I.

*Att.* To my thinking,  
It is wine.

*Fledg.* What the Doctor has been drinking,  
With the ancient virgin here,  
Is his own affair.  
But, I say it without shrinking,  
Save our beer,  
Dead and I have tasted nothing ——

*Dead.* Only brine.

*Fledg.* Yet we see the ass's ear,  
And behold the triad there,  
Who have, to our delectation,  
Made this triple transformation.



That is clear.

*Gal.* Here 's some juggle.

*Sus.* You are crazy.

Mr. Peter, Charcoal, Brim :

Lift these skeptics' leaden eyes.

In this room the air 's not hazy,

No more burns the candle dim ;

In the gaslight —

*Dead.* Even an ass might

At your blindness show surprise.

*Salt.* As I hinted once before,

Strangers to your worth are blind ;

And the glory of your asshood

With your friends alone will pass good,

Monkies, parrots, and such kind.

This, although 't you may deplore, —

*Dead.* “ Quoth the Raven, Evermore,” —

*Salt.* 'T is not in our power to alter.

Only human optics heed us

In the scone of fools who need us,

Who with truth and conscience palter

Or are like yourself in mind.

*Sus.* Did you hear ?

*Gal.* What ? Deadhead's joke ?

*Sus.* No, that other voice which spoke.

*Gal.* No one else the stillness broke.

*Att.* We were struck to see you staring

At those rags for women's wearing,

As if pondering their repairing,

Hanging on the dingy wall.

*Sus.* Then the devil must be in it!

O my asshead! And to win it,

Was 't for this I stoop'd to shin it?

Bore with kick and spank and thwack?

More, bore Charcoal on my back?

Nor that all;

Swung like smok'd meat from the ceiling,

Stood on end till brains were reeling,

And, my southern pole revealing,

Boldly let my breeches fall?

*Dead.* So the game is up! We 're diddled.

'T was old Be'lzebub that fiddled.

Let 's *skedaddle*, great and small.

*Salt.* But before you scud, believe me,

In this mummary goëtic

There was nothing to deceive ye.

Each shall flourish still a critic,

With the traits that here he bore.

You shall be, to all who know you,

Still a parrot, and a monkey,

Mimicking and nothing more,

He who turns the spit for Flunky.

Still the ancient dame shall drape her

In old frippery and shape her

Worn head-gear to suit her paper;

While the LL.D. shall show you

All his asshead as before.

*Heart.* How they stare! They are surely crazy.

*Dead.* No, we 're listening but; 'be aisy.

*Sus.* To a prophecy, expressing —

*Fledg.* That our cake is not all dough.

*Salt.* Take, before you leave, this blessing.

*Brim.* Mine too.

*Char.* Mine too, Doctor.

*Sus.* Oh!

Spare! Have mercy! Such a basting

For my ham is more than wasting:

I 've no relish for the dressing. [*Exit. — manipulating.*]

*Gal.* Good night, Doctor.

*Dead.* There 's a go!

Take more time. With so much hasting,

You may reach too soon below.

*Fledg.* Come, old fellows, not for us

Such rump-roasting.

*Dead.* Don't stay tasting:

Let us hasten after Sus.

*Fledg.* D—n them, no; pitch in.

*Dead.* Our breeches

'Gainst their hoofs have slim defences.

Damn'd they are. Come, St. Paul teaches

Counter-kicking never thrives.

*Sus.* [*from below.*] Bring down with you, lads, my beaver. —

Take my curse, you arch deceiver!

*Salt.* Why? Your asshood aye survives.

*Att.* Have these men not lost their senses?

*Heart.* Were they ever theirs, to lose them?

*Gal.* Look! you 'd think their legs had lives.

*Dead.* Gad! we 've no choice but to use them.  
Needs must when the devil drives.

*Exeunt hastily*  
FLEDGLING and DEADHEAD,  
*the former in tragic huff, and are followed*  
*deliberately and wonderingly by*  
GALANTUOM, HEARTANDHEAD and ATTICUS.

SALTPETER, BRIMSTONE, and CHARCOAL,  
*first lifting up ANICULA by the petticoat, causing her to*  
*sprawl and kick out like a toy spider, to the great damage of her*  
*virginal modesty, convert the medical advertisements of the*  
Hours and the Cryer into sulphuretted hydrogen  
*and ascend through the ceiling by the vapor.*

*Manet*  
ANICULA in dishabille,  
*with the blank expression of the Ethnos.*



## NOTES

TO

# THE SCHOOL FOR CRITICS

---

1.—P. 405. — *Slanghouse-Square* —] There is a place in New-York with a somewhat similar composite name, borrowed in like manner, with a ridiculous apery, from a locality in London. But in that case it is a triangle, a scalene of the most irregular proportions, and indeed amorphous, the two longest sides not meeting at all, although they converge. However, a figure of three angles for a parallelogram is as near as the journal which originated the euphonious designation can be expected to come to correctness.

2.—P. 405. — *in rogues abounding, Who draw from the public pot their fare And openly, etc.*] This is so like the kind of men which Mr. Parton gave to public admiration in the *N. American Review*, that, were it not for the name of the city, one might suppose they sat for the outline in New York. But as no individual is whatever his pre-eminence, absolutely singular, so it may be that every corporation has, however monstrous its rascality, somewhere its congeners.

3.—P. 406. *That is why, one day, To get appointed, etc.*] This



is one of the bad features of our popular government, the nomination to high office of members of the Press. Supposing they were equally well-qualified as certain others, — which is taking a very great deal on assumption, — yet the office serves as a bribe, and the influence of a widely circulating newspaper is cheaply bought at any price by the candidate for election or re-election to the Presidency. The corruption thus produced on both sides, in the relation of cause and effect, needs not to be demonstrated.

4.—P. 408. *And stirring up rubbish he cry'd, " Oh fine ! "*] It was not to be expected that any professional critic would presume to attack an author of established reputation, far less that those who know nothing of literary criticism but its pretension should be able to discriminate between the false and the true; but that such an exhibition of absurdity should be made in any journal of standing as is paraded, with full trumpet-accompaniment, in the following passage of the *N. Y. Times* of May 18, 1867, would be incredible except to those familiar with its sycophancy in letters, or who know by experience its ignorance therein and absolute indifference to principle.

"Sometimes too, it would seem that Mr. Longfellow's exceeding familiarity with the Italian, and his unswerving attention to its literal signification leads [lead] him into obscurity. An instance of this may be found in the sixth line of canto XXIV. which Mr. Longfellow renders —

' But little lasts the temper of her pen.'

The word pen here is precisely the same as the original *penna*, but the reader who knows nothing of DANTE would be in doubt as to the meaning of the line. So in line thirty-six of the same canto :

' He I know not, but I had been dead beat.'

The last half of this line has never been equaled by any former translator."

I should think not. It is a "dead beat" altogether. Had I, or Cluvienus, used such slang — on any occasion whatever! And for so ordinary a phrase :

" Non so di lui ; ma io sarei *ben vinto*."

The fact is, if the specimens given in the *Times* and in the *Tribune* are fair examples of Mr. Longfellow's work, it will show that his capacity as a poet is, in every respect, far below what even his most moderate admirers have allowed him. Mr. L., it may be supposed, considered, that, as Dante himself frequently uses coarse and even grotesque phrases, he was but imitating the Dantescan spirit when he introduced this vulgarism and slang of the turf or chase. If so, he transcended his part, which was to follow, not to lead, and not to libel his original by adding to his crudities. But these newspaper critics! \* —

\* The *Times* goes on to cite what it calls an "incomparable picture:"

"Quivi sospiri, pianti ed alti guai  
Risonavan per l'aer senza stelle,  
Perch' io al cominciar ne lagrimai.  
Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,  
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira,  
Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle,  
Facevano un tumulto il qual s'aggira  
Sempre 'n quell' aria senza tempo tinta,  
Come la rena quando 'l turbo spira." (*Inf.* III.)

Of this it gives seven translations. The best of these is, as might be supposed, the German; but "of all the English versions," it tells us, — in the face of Mr. Wright's and Dr. Parsons', — "Mr. Longfellow's is unquestionably both the most literal and the most *poetic*." . . . Let us have it, including the two extraordinary lines here italicized:

"There sighs, complaints and ululations loud  
Resounded through the air without a star.  
Whence I, at the beginning, wept thereat.  
*Languages diverse, horrible dialects,*  
*Accents of anger, words of agony*  
And voices high and hoarse, with sound of hands,  
Made up a tumult that goes whirling on  
Forever in that air forever black  
Even as the sand doth when the whirlwind breathes."

I knew beforehand, judging from such as I have read of Mr. Longfellow's poems, and read (the smaller ones) with unqualified admiration, that their author was by the very character of his mind inadequate to a version of the stern and masculine Florentine, but I never could have dreamed that he would have the folly to attempt, in these days, to render him without the rhyme which is so ex-

5.—P. 410. *Amen ! as said on his knees Jeff Davis, etc.]* Godliness was a characteristic trait of this eminent personage, — eminent, I mean, in virtues. A lady of Richmond was much edified by seeing

sentential to a true imitation. But my greatest surprise has been at the translator's blank verse. His extraordinary use of unaccented syllables, where, at the close of a line, an accented one is required (whether that be the final syllable itself, or with other syllables after it redundant), shows a singular want of comprehension of true rhythm and a defect of ear that I can scarcely now account for, although it is not an uncommon occurrence where poets used to rhyme attempt to do without it. In fine, his version (if it may be estimated by the samples given by his eulogists) is not even respectable, and, from a man of his taste, is, in a bad sense, surprising. Yet in the passage above quoted, which the newspaper-man, with affected transport, calls "superb", telling us that *its marvelous words thrill over every nerve of the reader !* (a) there is nothing difficult at all, either of comprehension or of rendering.

Having, in *Arthur Carryl*, given a translation of certain scraps there cited of Dante, and given them, according to my constant custom, in the measure of the original, and with corresponding or equivalent rhymes, years before Mr. L. attempted his version, I hope I have some right to put forward my own rendering of the place, not to show how well it may be done, but to show that it may be done, and easily too, better than he has done it. These are the lines, written after running over the absurd and pedantic panegyric I have, for my readers' sake as well as for my own, held up to ridicule, and the contempt which befits at all times the hypocrisy of literary diletanteism.

*There sighs, laments, and howlings of deep wo,  
Resounded through that air without a star.  
Wherefore, at first, my tears could not but flow.  
Tongues of all kinds, and horrible words that jar,  
Phrases of suffering, wrath's discordant sound,  
Shrieks and chok'd cries, and smitten hands, that for  
And near made tumult, to and fro rebound,  
Forever in that air's unchanging gloom,  
Like to the sand which eddying winds whirl round.*

I do not aver that this exactitude of imitation could be carried out (even with

(a) There is nothing whatever "marvelous" in either words or verse, although there is much that is admirable in both. This is the pitiful cant of would-be connoisseurs, who before any work of art, from letters to music, affect a rapture proportioned to its celebrity, and endeavor, by guessing at the value of certain points, or by assuming it without guessing, to acquire the reputation of literary acumen. As for Mr. L.'s translation, it is obvious to any unbiased reader, and certainly to one who has true knowledge of the subject and of verse in general, that three of the lines are the merest prose, while it is a desecration of the song of the Tuscan to render his accurate rhythm by the absolutely unmetrical line which is the middle as well as worst of these three :

"Languages diverse, horrible dialects."

him, through his open window, on his Presidential knees, and took care to advertise it to the public. To shut himself in his closet and pray in secret, according to the precept of Christ, would have been putting his rushlight under a bushel and have deprived the God-devoted of the profit of its lustre. What a sacrifice even of modesty will men not make, when exalted above self by the vapor of an ebullient patriotism!

It was perhaps for his sanctity that this intended martyr, who had had the self-denial to run from destiny in his wife's petticoat, was recently cheered on 'Change in Liverpool. It was certainly not because he recommended his State to dishonor its own bonds, nor because he endorsed for consideration the proposition to murder Lincoln, nor that he claimed to make the cornerstone of his temple of human rights the absolute negation of human liberty, that our cousins of England forgot they had just found out how much they loved us.

6.—P. 414. *No, none of us are so squeamous.*] It is probably, not from habitual vulgarity, but from love of antiquity and his familiarity with old English writers, that the *Cryer's* man uses this, now unjustly considered barbarous and corrupt, form of the word "squeamish." Webster, whom I have so often occasion to find fault with, has absurdly the hypothesis, "Probably from the root of *wamble*." Chaucer wrote *squaimous*; and his erudite editor tells us: "Robert of Brunne (in his translation of *Manuel des Pechées*, Ms. Bod. 2078. fol. 46.) writes this word, *esquamous*; which is nearer to its original, *exquamiare*, a corruption of *excambiare*." TYRWHITT: Gloss. Chauc. *ad v.* In *Rich. Cœur de L.* (ed. Weber,) it is written *squoymous*: "Frendes, be not squoymous, etc.," when the Saracens have the heads of their friends placed in the dishes before them. This is precisely, in its signification, the modern *squeamish*.

single rhyme as here) through the whole of the *Commedia*, but I am positive that without such imitation, though one may give the measure of the poet, he cannot render his *tone*, which is to his stanzas what the coloring is to a fine painting in which that quality is prominent.



7.—P. 420. *You have lost, sir and ma'am, each the nice speciality, etc.]* Fledgling is, like most imperfectly educated persons who are literary pretenders, not always to be held responsible for verbal innovations; but, in the present instance, he is not so far out of the way, this form of the substantive — *speciality* for *specialty* — though not used, being in perfect analogy with that of the words it rhymes with in the text. Besides, it is correcter etymologically, the term having come in to us from the French, *spécialité*, used in the same sense.

P.S. Since the note was written, I have found the word in the form 'speciality' in a philosophical treatise of the present day; in Dr. David Page's Essay on "Man," p. 153, N. Y. ed. 1868, — unless it is there a misprint.

8.—P. 422. *What a phrase is that!]* See above, note 4.

For the allusion to Fernando, there is in a cognate Review of similar pretensions to those of Dr. Sus's, a passage which will perhaps explain it. As a few years hence men might grope in vain for its fossilized existence, I shall go to the expense of printing the article entire, and with all its curiosities of word, syllable and point, as I find them on pp. 415-417 of the XIVth vol. of *The National Quarterly Review*, Edited by Edward I. Sears, A.M., LL.D. — The footnotes are made to supply what the Doctor in his "friendly and benevolent spirit" constrained himself to suppress.

"*Calvary — Virginia. Tragedies.* By LAUGHTON OSBORN. 12mo., pp. 200. New York: Doolady. 1857.

"In general Mr. Doolady exhibits considerable judgment in his selections; it is but seldom that we have had any serious fault to find with his publications. Nor does the one now before us form an exception; although we do not think that Laughton Osborn will ever occupy a high rank among tragic writers. He may succeed in other departments of literature, but we can assure him in all kindness that tragedy is not his forte; nor is poetry in any form. After making full allowance for the disadvantage under which he has labored in treating the

subjects he has chosen, we see nothing to justify us in the opinion that he would have succeeded under more favorable circumstances.

“The incidents which he has attempted to dramatise in ‘Calvary’ are at once too familiar and too mysterious. Even Milton has failed in his ‘Paradise Regained.’ The life and death of Christ are so fully detailed in the New Testament that it would require a genius of a high order to invest the subject with that air of novelty which is essential to the drama. This is admirably illustrated in the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, although not a drama in the strict sense of the term. There is no intelligent person who has read that truly sublime poem who has not observed a vast difference between the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso*; but a still greater difference between the *Inferno* and the *Paradiso*, the latter being greatly inferior to either of the former.

“The reason is obvious enough; while neither sacred nor profane history has much to say on what passes in purgatory or hell, each is quite copious on what relates to paradise considered as the happiness derived by man from the death of Christ.

“If however, it be urged that paradise is not familiar, being *extra terram*, the same claim cannot be made for Calvary. That the events which took place at Calvary were in the highest degree tragic is beyond dispute; but, as already observed, all the incidents and circumstances that led to it are so fully described that but little room is left for the exercise of the fancy. Were it otherwise, we think there would still be some objection to the exhibition of Jesus, the Archangels, Mary, the mother of Jesus, Mary Magdalene Simon Peter, &c., on the stage, at least in the style in which it is done in Laughton Osborn’s ‘Calvary.’ \*

“Milton was content to commence his *Paradise Lost* with what took place on our own sphere — ‘man’s first disobedience,’ &c. Homer soared no higher at the outset than the wrath of Achilles. Nor has Virgil attempted a different course. But our present author lays his first scene in heaven, and his first speakers are Raphael and Michael, who have a chorus of angels, though, in sooth, rather a discordant one. In Scenc III. Jesus, Mary and Martha appear, the *locus* being ‘A room in the dwelling of Jesus’ Mother.’ If the dialogue which takes place between the Saviour of mankind and his Mother had been intended for a burlesque it could hardly have seemed to us more profane. But we cheerfully do the author the justice to believe that he means well throughout. Mary addresses Jesus, ‘O my darling!’ and tells him that what He says is to happen

\* If the reader should think it incredible that the fool, who wrote this stuff, actually supposed that a drama like *Calvary* (even if such was the author’s intention) could, with its angels and devils, its scenes in Heaven and in Hell, and the act of the crucifixion, be put upon the stage, in any style, I can only tell him that I copy literally, and I did not make the fellow’s brains.



makes her 'blood curdle'.\* In another part of the same dialogue she is made to say :

'I am thy mother, Jesus, and my heart  
 Warms to thee now as when I first beheld thee  
 After my weary travail,' &c. — (p. 9.) †

"When Martha enters Mary appeals to her, as if she had more influence on Jesus than herself, thus :

'Kneel with me, Martha ! *He has love for thee.*  
 Tell him he kills me ! Tell him ! —' ‡

"The first scene of the second act is laid in hell, and the interlocutors are Lucifer and Beelzebub, who have a chorus of evil spirits which differs very slightly, if anything, from the chorus of angels, except that the former is, perhaps, a little more lugubrious than the latter. Next come Judas Iscariot and Mary Magdalene. Judas speaks quite idiomatically. 'Ugh !' he says, 'and the

\* *Mary.* And canst thou speak with calmness, when my heart  
 Is aching for thee ? Jesus, O my son !  
 Think on thy mother, and avoid the storm  
 That now is darkening o'er thee, and whose shadow  
 Makes my blood curdle with the chill of death.  
 For my sake, O my darling !

† *Mary.* Stay yet a little. By that happy time  
 Thou hast thyself remember'd, when these breasts  
 That now are wither'd fed thee from my blood,  
 I do adjure thee ! Thou hast call'd me Mother  
 With that sweet voice, although again the tone  
 That is so stern and lofty, when thou speak'st  
 Those riddles that I dare not try to solve,  
 Has aw'd and check'd me, — thou hast call'd me Mother.  
 I am thy mother, Jesus, and my heart  
 Warms to thee now as when I first beheld thee  
 After my weary travail ; see me now  
 Embrace thy feet, and pray thee as my god,  
 For my sake, for thy own ! —

‡ *Jesus.* Thou hast spoken, Martha, loyally and well.  
 But, in that faith and wisdom, seest thou not  
 That I should need no warning ? Even now  
 The heart that shall betray me is convuls'd  
 With its distracting passions, and the hand  
 Is itching for the silver that shall buy  
 My body for the cross. It is decreed.

*Mary.* Mean'st thou this fully ? Canst thou still so calmly  
 Speak what to credit is — My son ! my son !  
 Kneel with me, Martha ! He has love for thee.  
 Tell him he kills me ! Tell him ! — Jesus, son !  
 Have mercy on me ! Save thyself — and me !

lamp looks dying.' She replies: 'Be not displeas'd, dear Judas.' (p. 15.) Further on in the same dialogue she addresses him:

'That starv'd look worries me; and, oh! the chill  
Of this unwholesome lodging!' — (p. 15.) \*

"We have not yet got beyond the second act; and the tragedy extends to five acts, occupying seventy-four pages. Under these circumstances we think our readers will excuse us if we cannot proceed any farther in this direction.

"*Virginina* is a better effort than 'Calvary', but we are very much afraid that it will not succeed as a tragedy. The Romans, male and female, are made to express themselves considerably more like New Yorkers than is in strict accordance with the truth of history. The following is a pretty favorable specimen:

*Icili.* — 'I am Icilius, and should the people  
The sole legitimate source of sovereign rule,  
For that they are the many, and their thews  
Strain to heave up, to prop and keep sustain'd  
The edifice whose chambers ye but fill.' — (p. 103.)

"Fernando Wood could hardly have expressed himself more democratically or

\* *Judas.* The night is chilly. Hast thou not a coal  
To feed the brazier? Not one drop of wine?  
Ugh! and the lamp looks dying. Where is gone  
The shekel that I gave thee yesternight?

*Magd.* Be not displeas'd, dear Judas. I bestow'd it  
But as the Master seem'd to say we ought:  
I cast it in the Treasury.

*Judas.* Like that widow  
Whose paltry mites he made of more account  
Than all the rest, because they were her all.  
So thou must give thy all! Of many fools  
Of Magdala, thou, Mary, art the best.  
Why not have gone at once to the perfumer's,  
Like thy Bethanian namesake, and anoint  
His yellow locks, or even smear his feet,  
As I have seen thee sweep them oftentimes  
With these long delicate hairs (I could defile them!)  
He would have thought still more of it.

*Magd.* For shame!

Thou speakest of our Lord, the Christ, our King.

*Judas.* I know not that: I know that I am weary  
Of waiting for his kingdom, which I thought  
Would make us rich at least, — both thee and me.  
That starv'd look worries me: and oh, the chill  
Of this unwholesome lodging! With that shekel  
Thou might'st have bought us fire and light and food.

more patriotically than this when a candidate for Governor of the State.\* We cheerfully admit, however, that there are some good passages in *Virginina*, but we hope we shall be excused if we prefer to let the reader discover them for himself.

"Before we conclude we beg to give the author one word of advice, which we trust he will accept in the same friendly, benevolent spirit in which it is offered. He announces to us on one of the fly-leaves of this volume that the two pieces we have just glanced at 'are the first of a series of *nineteen*, which, with the exception of two, are now completed and ready for the press.' This is followed by the titles of ten tragedies and seven comedies! We have no doubt that Mr. Osborn is as much at home in comedy as he is in tragedy; nay, we think he is more successful in exciting laughter even when he does not mean to do so, than he is in drawing forth tears when most tragically inclined. At the same time, we would advise him to withhold his 'Silver Head' and 'Double Deceit' (comedies) until the peo-

\* *Icil.* I am Icilius, and I hold the people

The sole legitimate source of sovereign rule,  
For that they are the many, and their thews  
Strain to heave up, to prop and keep sustain'd,  
The edifice whose chambers ye but fill.  
Were Appius not your master as our tyrant,  
My hate to your cruel order were not less,  
And, the decemvirate overthrown, Icilius  
Steps on its carcase, to do battle still  
For freedom and the people's rights. Thou hearest: —  
These are my motives. What are thine?

*Lucr.* I am

Lucretius, and the common folk of Rome  
I have in hatred less than in disdain.  
But is there eye so blear'd that sees not Appius  
Striding to sovereign rule across our necks?  
He cring'd to the people, and they set him o'er them.  
He trod them down. He cringes now to us.  
And Rome beholds the guardians of her state  
Become mere servitors to the usurping Ten,  
Whose plural tyranny even now is merging  
Into the singular rule of this bold man.  
I love my order, and will let no Tarquin  
Level its pillars to rear himself a throne.  
These are my motives.

*Icil.* And they please me little;

As does thy purpled tunic, which they suit.  
But thou dost much; for thou 'rt a man; thy tongue  
Fears not to utter what thy soul dares think.

Thus, the language of Icilius, *which is considerably more like that of a New-Yorker than is strictly accordant with the truth of history*, is addressed to one of the proudest of the patricians, and not, as the truthful reviewer would advise us, to the class of people *Fernando Wood* harangues when a candidate for the State Governorship. The misrepresentation however is not greater than that in every other part of the "notice," beginning with "*Virginina*"; but it is probably less intentional, as being the result of stupidity as well as of envy and malevolence.

ple are much more predisposed to laughter than they are at present, and have more time and money to spare."

And such is the critical record of such a poem as *Virginia!* What will the men of the future think of our standing as a cultivated people, and of the literary judgment and the fair-dealing of our critics, when they are told that this flippant, pedantic, ill-digested and badly-written school-exercise, with its low-bred impertinence, its thinly-veiled and hypoeritical malignity, and its brazen-faced falsehood, is the sole notice that has been taken of that tragedy in all the number of our Quarterly Reviews?

9.—P. 423. *Which in all countries, as late I said, etc., etc.*] I fear I have been led into plagiarism; for these identical phrases occur in a work of prodigiously high standing.

"It is almost superfluous to remark," says the author of a review of *Alfieri's Life and Writings*, in the XIVth vol. *N. Y. Nat. Rev.* p. 216, "that Alfieri was not entitled to the degree of Master to which he thus refers; but degrees have been conferred in all countries and ages in which there are colleges and universities under similar circumstances; they are conferred at the present day."

It is true, there is scarcely anything but misrepresentation in the whole article, and its literary judgments are only a little worse than its travesty of Alfieri's Italian; but, for the remark about the manner in which degrees are given, we, looking on the cover of the journal, where we read *A.M.*, write "Approved."

10.—P. 423. *In Heidelberg . . . . A British noble got LL.D. Conferr'd on his horse.*] I had this story on the Neckar, from an Oxford student on his vacation tour. He gave it as an illustration of the freedom with which the German University dispensed its favors. The nobleman handed-in the name of his Bucephalus, and nothing further was asked.



11.—P. 423. *A letter'd ass — "haud absurdum est." 'Tis facere well reipublicæ.]* By a strange coincidence, there is a motto on one of our Reviews, "*Pulchrum est bene facere reipublicæ, etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est.*" Some may think it should read *male-dicere*. As Sus says in the text, the words serve to keep his brain-pan soft; and they may be as efficacious in a title-page.

12.—P. 428. *Because Alger in his Solitude, etc.]*

"'The penalty,' says the author, 'affixed to supremely equipped souls is that they must often be left alone on the eloudy eminence of their greatness, amid the lightnings, the stars, and the eanopy, commanding the sovereign prospects indeed, but sighing for the warm breath of the vale, and the friendly embraces of men.' . . To come down from the eanopy, we should be very glad to know what all this sighing and gnashing of teeth is about. \* \* Byron without his mask was a very ordinary sort of person. \* \* It is indisputable that he liked women ["God help the wicked!"], especially if they were the wives of other men, and the poor heart-broken poet saw a ehancee to destroy the happiness and blaeken the good fame of a quiet household [!]. He pretended to eling to an early attaeachment, but if he had married the young lady [whieh?] it is more than probable that he would have treated her as badly, as wickedly, as brutally as he actually treated the lady whose life was cursed by her union with him. The real extent of the baseness of his eonduet toward Lady Byron will never be known now, but the one or two who did know of it [know it] declare that it was monstrous beyond eoneeption [!!]. It was no woman's jealousy or pique whieh darkened poor Lady Byron's days, Those who remember the hints thrown out in a narrative of her life whieh appeared a few years ago in the London *Daily News* [therefore perfectly reliable] will not need to be informed that the melancholy poet was eapable of the vilest aets. He had many less culpable faults [than these "vilest aets" presumed from "hints"]. He liked pleasure [naughty fellow!]. He drank, he gambled, he was eonsumed with vanity [and drank to eool himself], he had intrigues with men's [not boys'] wives and boasted of them, he turned round and abused his dupes in his poetry for being false to their husbands [eh?], he lied habitually, and he was mean and eunning [all of whieh propensities, aets, and habits, form what are so euriously ealled *less culpable faults*]." *N. Y. Times*, Thursday, May 2, 1867.

Alger did indeed talk like a fool, if his style is as above quoted; but this is to grunt and growl like a beast.

13.—P. 428. *And Emerson's verse without rhyming close, And a devilish deal less tough.*]

“The longest poem in the present collection is entitled ‘May-Day’. . . . It *breathes* throughout the freshness and the beauty of Spring, and *overflows* with poetic thought and imaginative *sympathy with the breaking of the ‘marble sleep’* of Winter. [Good lack-a-day! where is Alger?] . . . What a graphic piece of description is this:

Lo! how all the tribes combine  
To rout the flying foe.  
See, every *patriot* oak-leaf throws  
His elfin length upon the snows;  
Not idle, since the leaf all day  
Draws to the spot the solar ray,  
Ere sunset quarrying inches down,  
And half-way to the mosses brown:  
While the grass beneath the rime  
Has hints of the propitious time,  
And upward pries and perforates  
Through the cold slab a thousand gates,  
Till green lances peering through  
Bend happy in the welkin blue.” *N. Y. Times*, May 1, 1867.

The grass having hints, and prying and perforating in a slab a thousand gates, and lances peering and bending happy, is so good that we will cut off this quotation here. Then:

“The northward procession of the Spring is thus vividly described:

I saw the bud-crowned Spring go forth,  
Stepping daily onward north  
To greet staid ancient *cavaliers*  
Filing single in stately train.  
And who, and who *are* the *travelers*!  
They *were* Night and Day, and Day and Night,  
Pilgrims wight *with step forthright*.  
I saw the Days deformed and *low*,  
*Short* and bent by cold and snow;  
The merry Spring threw wreaths on them,

[Which was a *mauvaise plaisanterie*, as they were already snow-bowed]

Flower-wreaths gay with bud and bell;  
Many a flower and many a gem,  
*They were refreshed by the smell*.  
They shook the snow from hats and shoon,  
They put their April raiment on;  
*And those eternal forms* [“deformed and low”]



*Unhurt by a thousand storms*  
 [ Yet bent by the weight of snow ]  
*Shot up to the height of the sky again,*  
*And danced as merrily as young men."*

Fancy them, these *pilgrims wight with step forthright, shooting up to the height of the sky, then dancing away right merrily*: The image is of Longinistic sublimity, and one is tempted to ask with the big-worded Grecian, *Where the devil did they find the space?* But let us continue: it is such a treat to have a pretentious and affected philosopher writing — well, such verses as a child should be spanked for.

"I saw them mask their awful glance  
*Sidewise meek in gossamer lids*;  
 And to speak my thought if none forbids,  
 It was as if *the eternal gods,*  
*Tired of their starry periods,* [acc. periods']  
 Hid their majesty in cloth  
*Woven of tulips and painted moth.*  
 On carpets green the *maskers marc*'s  
 Below May's well-appointed arch,  
*Each star, each god, each grace arrain,*

[all made out of the *pilgrims wight*, who, vailing *their awful glance's light*, *Sidewise meek*, if no sense forbids, *in gossamer lid*, *maskers* grow in a Joseph's cloth *Woven of tulips and painted moth*. — By the by, as moths do not come out in April, with paint or without, nor the tulips either I believe, where did the *cavalier-traveler-Days deformed* get their wardrobe *Unhurt by a thousand storms* for their *eternal sky-high forms*?]

Every joy and *virtue speed*, [?]  
 Marching duly in her train,  
 And *fainting Nature* at her need  
 Is made *whole* again."

[It's a wonder she was not driven stark-mad.]

And the fool or sycophant praises this stuff of Emerson's, who, besides having his head half-way up in a Swinburne fog, and being almost as incapable of rhythm as Walt Whitman, has no adequate conception of what is rhyme!

"We give space to one extract more, the closing passage of the poem.

For thou, O Spring! canst renovate  
 All that high God did first create.

Be still his *arm and architect*,  
 Rebuild the ruin, mend defect;  
*Chemist* to *vamp* old worlds with new,  
*Coat* sea and sky with heavenlier blue,  
 New-tint the plumage of the birds,  
 And *slough* decay from grazing herds, etc."

We shall follow no further. The image of the *chemist* turned cobbler and *vamping old worlds with new*, though he does not tell how the feat is done, which were a considerable one even were it *old shoes with new*, and the *sloughing of decay* from cattle while grazing (an excellent thing in the present panic of the meat-market,) make too delectable an ending for us to mar it by addition.

14. —P. 428. *As pompous an ass as Victor Hugo, Who, etc., etc.*] One of the best-marked personal traits of this greatly over-rated poet and romancer, is conspicuous in the following note taken from the *N. Y. Times* of July 30, 1867.

"Letter from Victor Hugo on John Brown.

*From la Coôpération.*

The editor of this journal, having opened a subscription with a view to offering a medal to JOHN BROWN'S widow, received the subjoined letter from VICTOR HUGO:

Hauteville House, July 3, 1867.

Sir: My name belongs to all who would make use of it to serve progress and truth.

A medal to LINCOLN calls for a medal to JOHN BROWN. Let us cancel that debt pending such time as AMERICA shall cancel hers. America owes JOHN BROWN a statue as tall as that of WASHINGTON. WASHINGTON 'founded' America, JOHN BROWN diffused liberty.

I press your hand.

VICTOR HUGO."

Here we see lack of judgment in the exaltation of a simple fanatic, relieved, but not concealed, by a pomposity and affectation that are really ludicrous. Much of what M. Hugo writes in epistles to the public is of this character: (witness his appeal for Maxi-

milian to Juarez.\*) He seems to think himself not only the primitive and particular apostle of liberty, but the foremost man on all occasions, and whose sentiments on any public question are of value, whether he is conversant with it or not. Yet it is this affectation, which would degrade even ordinary talent, and reminds us of the stage-strut and mouthing of secondrate tragedy-actors, that is taken, by such asses as *Fledgling*, (though in the text he is not made to bray) as a proper indication of genius. For example:

"The recent correspondence between Victor Hugo and the young poets of France . . . . is one of the most graceful and eloquent passages in modern literature. \* \* \* To their expressions of 'boundless admiration' the old poet replied with a delicacy of compliment, a brilliancy of eloquence, a tenderness of feeling which showed how well they had called him 'master', and how simply and [yet] boldly true were their epithets. 'Dear poets, the literary revolution of 1830, *corollary and consequence* of the revolution of 1789 [!], is a fact which belongs to our age. I am the humble soldier of this progress. I fight for revolution under all its forms — under the literary form as under the social form. I have liberty for principle, progress for law, the ideal for type.' Our epoch is 'a profound epoch, against which no reaction is possible. Grand art forms a part in this grand age. It is its soul. \* \* We, the old — we have had the combat; you, the young — you will have the triumph.' Then, in a characteristic generalization, Victor Hugo declares that 'the *spirit of the 19th century* combines the *democratic search for the True*, with the *eternal law of the Beautiful*', and it directs 'everything toward this sovereign end, liberty in intelligence, the ideal in art. Literature ought to be *at once democratic and ideal: democratic for civilization, ideal for the soul.*'" (*N. Y. Times*.)

All of which is as pellucid as plumcake, while at the same time it is as void of inflation as soap-bubbles.

"In a fine closing sentence," pursues the newspaper youth, "he tells the young poets, 'I am proud to see my name surrounded by yours. Your names are a *garland of stars*'" [of the smallest microscopic magnitude.]

\* And more recently his vehement oburgation of those who chose to sentence and to execute a negro girl of twelve years, who had committed a murder in Kentucky. The newspapers make him eject froth after this fashion: "Was there not manhood left in Kentucky to tear out the tongues of the fiends who pronounced judgment on that girl, and break the arms of those who were base enough to carry out such a sentence?" Yet M. Hugo has long ceased to be a schoolboy.

Perhaps he wrote *galaxy*. But it does not matter. Either way, simple or confused, the metaphor is felicitous. If they are the stars, he of course must be the centre of the system; and that he could assert them to be such, and proclaim his own pride to be so garlanded, galaxied, or satellited, is especially illustrative of the "*democratic search for the True*," — which no one will henceforth doubt has been found by M. Hugo.

15.—P. 435. ACT THE THIRD.] In this Scene, if I shall seem to praise myself, it will be because I copy, as closely as the occasion and the verse will permit, the sentiments expressed by two of the characters in their literary function, and the facts as detailed to one of my brothers by the third.

In taking the liberty I have done in introducing these gentlemen into my piece, I have been guided more by a sense of gratitude than by any other motive. I have so little to be grateful for in all my literary career to my fellows, that I may be allowed to indulge the feeling at the expense of an appearance of egotism, as I certainly have done it to the detriment of my drama.

Begging then pardon of each one, I may say to him safely, if I know myself:

"In freta dum fluvii current, . . . . .  
 . . . . . polus dum sidera pascet,  
 Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt,  
 Quae me cumque vocant terrae."

16.—P. 439. *Because intent To keep from the light his false argument.*]

Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,  
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:  
 Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain,  
 The creature's at his dirty work again. POPE. *Prol. to Sat.*

Just as this 3d Act was passing through the hands of the com-



positor, I learned that the *Round Table* had, with inconceivable effrontery — no, it was the *Round Table* — had, with characteristic effrontery, dared to talk thus of *Bianca* — of *Bianca Capello*, which I have placed next to *Virginia* in the collective volume of dramas, — *Bianca*, which, however faulty, is full of incident, action and passion, and conspicuous for stage-effect, but whose “plot” is its weakest point, and whose “language and ideas” this sciolist, who cannot write grammatically and has no sentiment but for the commonplace and routine of his trade, condemns by commendation. The emphasizing by capitals and italics is my own.

“There is the *same tiresome prolixity of dialogue*, the *same PECULIAR WOODENNESS IN THE PERSONAGES* of the drama, the *same FRIGIDITY OF IMAGINATION* we before remarked as *characteristic of the author*, but also, it is fair to add [delightful candor!], a symmetry of plot and, *in the main*, a correctness of language and ideas which are his chief virtues. The play is founded on an *episode in the romantic history* of Bianca Capello, who, etc.” [It happens to be her entire history. Did he really know what is an “episode?”] “She died in 1587, at *Poggio* [Did she? It would be as correct to say, The ducal palace was at *Pitti*. She died in the *Villa del Poggio at Caiano*, as he was taught in the drama, as well as in the “Appendices” from which alone the dunce has borrowed all his information] within a *few minutes* of her husband, [that is the play, not history, which the ignorant is affecting to talk after. The briefest interval assigned by historians is *fifteen hours*] both having been taken suddenly ill after a dinner at which the grand duke’s brother, Cardinal Ferdinand, *participated*.” [*Participated at* is good. Here is a smatterer, who pretends to find correctness (I beg pardon, *correctness in the main*) in my language, yet cannot write an article, occupying in its whole extent about half a column of his miscellany, without making three capital mistakes in his own; for when he says, in the title of the book, “Being *a* completion of the First volume, &c.”, he wrote what I did not. Had I so chosen to phrase the title, I should have said “*the* completion;” but it is really printed “Being *in* completion.”] “The cardinal was suspected of having poisoned them, a view which Mr. Osborn adopts, making the motive consist in *his unrequited love for Bianca*.” Etc., etc. [Mr. Osborn never made any such thing. He is not a fool, though his cacoeritie may be half-a-dozen. But this assertion must be deliberate, therefore wilful, misrepresentation, — like that of the *Nation* when it said I made Judas sell his Master to buy Mary Magdalene

bread and butter. The Cardinal, blinded by revenge for a supposed injury, the most poignant that could be offered to a man of his temper as well as of his position, permits Maloeur, the inventor of that simulated wrong, to poison both the Duke and Bianea in order to further his the Cardinal's long-brooded ambition. A reader of nature, — which is not either the *Round Table's* waiter or the old woman of the *Nation*, — knows well that it is often these added stings that give the final impulsion to some vicious passion, and prompt to a sudden and violent accomplishment what has been the meditated purpose of years.]

Let us return to the criticism (so to call it). "Prolixity of dialogue" is hardly reconcileable with "symmetry of plot" and "correctness of language and ideas." The dramatist who exhibits these striking merits could not easily commit a fault which can exist only with one who is ignorant of the requirements of dramatic writing. *Symmetry of plot*, if I understand the phrase, implies strict unity of action, and therefore the exclusion of everything that would impede, or even be unnecessary to, that action. Upon this principle, I may be suffered to assert, are all my dramas founded,\* and therefore I shall be found to set aside all the useless, awkward, and unnatural train of confidants, and persons whose whole business in a play is to talk, whether wit or wisdom, and whose intervention does not promote one step the evolution of the plot or the approach

\* I must be forgiven, if, with considerable hesitation, I venture to append from *Ernestin* (published 1858), the following passage, which I am willing should furnish the standard whereby my dramas are to be measured, although in fact it had reference only to *Virginia*.

. . . . "for the same spirit of truth which guided Ernestin in all things else made him shrink, as at sin, from any violation of probability in the plot, shaped his characters with consistency and exactness, and rendered impossible a want of nature in the dialogue; while the energy, impetuosity, and fire of his disposition, which in everything he undertook was ever driving him to the end by the straightest and shortest road and without abatement of speed, saved him from irrelevance of incident and superfluity of persons, shut out all narrative that was not unavoidable, and made his action and his style rapid, vehement, and nervous." p. 348.

This, it may be thought, is high self-praise. But, looking down the not dim vista of the future, and seeing what I there see in its far horizon, the single star that never sets on my grave, I do not fear to write it, and boldly challenge for it the exactest scrutiny.



of the eatastrophe. And it is on this account I have said above, that the 3d Aet, though introduced with a partiular design, spoils the present pieee. Having too, I well may elaim, an absolute devotion to Nature, saerifieing all needless description, all poetical adornment, where eontrary to her requirements, how is it possible that my dialogue should be prolix? Besides, the *Table* knows very well, or there is another point defeient in its qualifications, that in every play extensive mutilations are made in the dialogue to fit it for the Stage.\* But the reader shall judge for himself. Bound up in this volume, is the *Montanini*, a drama fitted for performanee. If I shall be found to have uttered there any five lines in suceession that could have been spared, I will admit the Table-man is less reckless of his assertions in one partiular than he appears to be in all.†

For the “peeuliar woodeunness in the personages”: where the

\* *Vide passim* Inchbald’s British Theatre.—I have indicated, myself, some of the abbreviations to be made in my own dramas.

† In the favorite tragedy of *Hamlet*, which has twenty-two interlocutors, great and small, I make out 3482 verses, of all kinds, counting among them the lines of prose dialogue, each of which contains rather more word-matter than a full iambic verse. In *Virginia*, which has twenty interlocutors, whereof sixteen have perfectly distinctive characters, there are 1690 verses, 31 of which are marked “to be omitted” in the representation. Deducting these, there are but 1659 verses. Thus Shakspeare’s *Hamlet* has 1823 verses, or actually one-half, more of dialogue than *Virginia*! Nay, *Bianca Capello*, which covers a period of many years (being a “romantie” drama) and has thirty-three speakers, great and small, contains but 2524 verses all told, or, deducting those marked *to be omitted* (98 in number,) 2426 verses, being 1056 (or nearly one-third) less than in *Hamlet*.

So much for the integrity of this — Poh! where the deliberate misrepresentation, the crafty mutilation and suppression, the hypocritical depreciation, are so prominent characteristics of all the *Round Table*’s notices, beginning with that of *Virginia*, it is but a small matter to find it thus demonstrably false-spoken. The reader will however understand that were my books not kept from circulation, nay *virtually suppressed*, by the malignant calunnies of such mean pretenders, I should not extend to them the honor of an argument, and the *School for Critics* would not take the place of pieces which, like the *Montanini*, do something more than furnish amusement.

proud, yet hypocritical and subtle *Cardinal*, the crafty, double-dealing and perfidious *Malocuore*, the grave, dignified, sensible and honorable *Sennuccio*, the impulsive yet gallant *Bonaventuri*, and Bianca herself, tender, yet spirited and high-minded, are prominent,— where even the very *Assassins* have each his distinctive character, and there is no one without attribute save *Donna Virginia*, who is purposely made so, and is so indicated in the text, — where these and others are the persons represented, the man who could dare say that must be either ignorant of his trade — I beg pardon, he is perfectly master of his trade — ignorant, then, of true criticism, or a wilful falsifier. Let him be either or both. Probably as both he is useful in a journal which, according to its own modest and truthful account of itself in its “*spontaneous growth*,” “has labored vigorously for national literature” and has been “pronounced to be the Ablest Publication of its Class in the United States.”\* I venture the assertion, without any hesitancy (because I speak after due comparison), that, whatever the defects of my pieces, there are not, in the whole range of dramatic writing from *Æschylus* down, any series of *characters* that are better discriminated, more life-like, and more true to nature than my own.

For the “frigidity of imagination”, I have said enough in the 3d Act of this drama, — p. 436, lines 4-7, and p. 438, ll. 12-18. The fool or malignant who ventured on that false ascription would, were his censure conscientious, exclude Schiller, Alfieri, Corneille from the Pantheon of dramatic poets and put Bedlam Swinburne in its principal niche. It is the old story. Pope, who, aiming at “correctness,” had sense for his lodestar and reason for his monitor, is

\* One thing is certain. Either the writer of that article is a born fool, or he is a parcel-educated dullard. I had a brief acquaintance with the late Edgar A. Poe. On one occasion, when I was speaking of the unpopularity of my works, he said to me: “We authors, Mr. Osborn, have opinions of our own, and they are in general very different from those that are retailed to the public by reviewers.” Such is my consolation.

denied by such men the spirit of a poet : the genuine bards are those alone who give rein to their hippogriff and gallop up and down the poetical heaven just as the ungovernable mongrel may choose to bear them. The first principle of good writing is perspicuity. He whose "imagination" sees clearly will paint clearly, and his words, like the colors and the tones of a true painter, will not be of the rainbow, nor of the cloud, but pure, distinct, harmonious ; his light and shadow, though magical in their attraction, will be nature's own, and his design, while free of harshness, in no part vague. The lessons of criticism seem to be excluded from our schools, or to be forgotten. Yet the principles of true art are the same as they were a hundred years ago, and will be the same forever, for they are founded on nature and reason only. Who are the poets that are still preferred ? For one who reads, or better, who has read Lycophron, there are ten thousand who joy in Homer still. How is it then, that that which is so much admired in the latter, his simplicity and distinctness, should allow of admiration for the glittering fustian of a Talfourd or the unintelligible jumble of a Swinburne ? But such writers are not really admired, and are never understood. It argues perspicacity, to pretend to understand them. *Omne ignotum pro mirifico* : what is not intelligible is taken to be wonderful. In the words of my own text (let me be permitted to repeat them : )

For fustian maintains *a name's* illusion  
 With man, who is dazzled by word-confusion,  
 And finds magnificent and grand  
 All that his noddle can't understand,  
 And weighty the thoughts from whose tangled skeins  
 He fails to draw a conclusion.

*Frigidity of imagination*, or of anything else, in me ! — But the impertinent did not believe, and never even thought it. It was a tumid phrase of abusive hemi-criticism, and he used its sound, as fustianists and magpies do, without a meaning. But when I say, that to have used it shows he has frigidity of heart and arctic iciness

of conscience, I speak thoughtfully, and mean (with allowance for the stilted language I mimic but to mock) precisely what I say.\*

That the reader might know what these creatures are, and that the future may have no trouble to unearth them, I have taken these pains to notice what would otherwise be speedily forgotten. The day will come when the malignant, envious and perhaps revengeful author of that short-sighted article will hide his head for having ejected it on such a tragedy as *Bianca*, as the gentlemen I have ventured to introduce in the present piece as the interlocutors of Act III. will take honor to themselves that they had the sense to feel, the taste and culture to understand, and the conscience to express their judgment and their feeling, in the case of all these dramas, which not ten thousand fools and malignants can put down, and which shall take their place in my country's literature in defiance of the neglect of her men of real talent and the studied slight of her fifteen-penny criticasters. Living but for truth, as perhaps I shall die for it, one great desire of my life is to represent as they are these parasites on the fair growth of literature, to show them in their actual deformity, their individual insignificance and yet their aggregate noxiousness. — Let me annex but one remark:

If anything could increase my disgust, or add to the turpitude of the pretentious sheet thus noticed, it is that in the leading article of this very Number, it lends its influence to promote the election, to the Presidency of this great republic, of a man who was a traitor to its unity, and not only the abettor of treason, but who had the baseness to address in friendly terms the horrible wretches whose hands were scarcely dry of the innocent blood with which they had sprinkled the ashes of incendiarism and dyed of a more revolting hue the crime

\* I beg leave to refer to a subnote "(4)" in the 3d Appendix to *Bianca*. The melancholy avowal there made would have moved any but the "frigid" nature I expose to scorn. Yet the heartless blockhead culled out of it an allusion (*After my death, when my countrymen may condescend to read these dramas,*) wherewith to make a gnat's sting of the last of his Lilliputian arrows.



of burglary. But why should I be disgusted? It was meet that the false-tongued journal, which in envy, malice, or in downright ignorance, could lend itself to the overthrow of the temple of true art, should look with complacency on treason, and find no danger to the republic in the advocates or apologists of rebellion and the demagogism that would truckle to the worst passions of a foreign-born mob.

17.—P. 440. *For he took the pains both pieces to cite In a note to his story of Alice.*] *Hinc illae lacrymae.* Had I kissed the rod, I might have counted more sugarplums both for Alice and for Bianca. But the temptation to expose the ignorance, the self-assurance, the flippant impertinence, the hypocrisy, the mendacity, of these animated fungi of literature, was too mighty to resist. So I succumbed, without a permit from Doolady.

18.—P. 442. *Val Jean in the Misérables, — Who, liken'd to Christ in the strife for good —*] This is not my comparison. The more reverent reader will please hold M. Hugo responsible.

19.—P. 447. *Like Ferdinand Mendez Pinto Dixon Who found, etc.*] Malice is contagious. Inoculated with the virus of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's slanders, the *Viè Parisienne*, which the correspondent of the *N. Y. Times* (whence I take the translation) says is an able weekly paper circulating among the better classes of Paris, has the audacity to talk as follows:

"In conclusion, I hardly dare to speak of a certain trait of American manners, it is so delicate; but I am going to risk it. It appears that there is a house at New York, tolerated by the *Government* [!], where they satisfy the wishes of married ladies who do not care for the joys of maternity. A lady, in making her morning calls, tells her friends that on a certain day she had been to the house in question, with as much indifference as if it had been a work of charity. Young ladies are also taken into this house to board, who — but I stop, and for a good cause. When one reflects that an act which carries the people who commit it *so far away from France* [!] appears quite natural in America, he cannot but have a strange opinion of *universal morality*." July 30, 1867.

But for the atrocious advertisements which abound in the New-York newspapers, in none more than in the *N. Y. Times* itself, it is easy to see that such a wicked absurdity, wherein combine the ignorance, the malice, and the self-conceit, that distinguish in literary matters the "ingenious gentlemen" of the *Round Table*, could never have been concocted. But if not purely the invention of the writers in either case, they have been the victims of a well-known dangerous humor among our people, — that of bantering supercilious strangers, and stuffing their ears with all sorts of libels against themselves. This has been recognized by all of us as practiced on all the note-taking travelers, beginning with Mrs. Trollope and including the cockney Dickens.

I may add, that the most impertinent of the transgressions of these Munchausens is their pretence of describing the most refined society among us as if they were familiar with it, whereas I have never been able to discover that they were in it at all; not at least in New York.

20.—P. 449. *Save one divine article Of which not a particle Shall be lost to the last of the Yankees begotten.*] See above, Note 8, where it will be found preserved, like the fly in amber.

21.—P. 453. — skedaddled —] See next note.

22.—P. 459. — vamos'd the ranch!] A mongrel eant phrase prevalent in the South-west. *Vamos* is the Spanish for *Allons!* *Come!* and *ranch* is a corruption of *rancho*, or *rancheria*, which in the Mexican-Spanish of California appears to be used to signify a *farm*, although in the Castilian application of the word (*mess*, or *mess-room*) the composition is intelligible. The phrase is therefore equivalent to the kindred elegancies, *absquatulated* — "skedaddled" — and the English, as well as American, "cut stick." All of which niceties we gather from the newspapers, if they teach us nothing



else; and for which, as they are characteristic of our hero S. M., and his congeners, let us be thankful.

23.—P. 462. *But dotes on Walt Whitman's batrachian fire —*]

"Walt Whitman's 'Carol of Harvest, for 1867,' is a very unequal production. The opening stanzas are *overflowing with poetic feeling*, and their *rythm is sweet and musical*. *How tender is the pathos of these lines :*

\*            \*            \*            \*

Pass—pass, ye proud brigades !

So handsome, dress'd in blue—with your tramping, sinewy legs ;

\*            \*            \*            \*

Pass ; — then rattle, drums, again !

Scream, you steamers on the river, out of whistles loud and shrill, your salutes !

For an army heaves in sight—O another gathering army !

Swarming, trailing on the rear—O you dread accerning army !

O you regiments so piteous, with your mortal diarrhœa ! with your fevers !

O my land's maimed darlings ! with the plenteous bloody bandage and the cruteh !

Lo ! your pallid army follow'd !

But on these days of brightness,

On the far-stretching beauteous landscape, the roads and lanes, the high-piled  
farm-wagons, and the fruits and barns,

Shall the dead intrude ?

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Melt, melt away, ye armies ! disperse, ye blue-clad soldiers !

Resolve ye back again—give up, for good, your deadly arms ;

Other the arms, the fields henceforth for you, or South or North, or East or West,

With saner war — sweet wars — life-giving wars.

"But the following passage" (says the eritieaster tenderly) . . . "*reads more like an extraet from an agrientural report than poetry :*

\*            \*            \*

The engines, thrashers of grain, and eleaners of grain, well separating the straw,  
The power-hoes for eorn fields — the nimble work of the patent pitchfork ;

Beholdest the newer saw-mill, the cotton-gin, and the riece-eleanser."

— *N. Y. Times*, Aug. 26, 1867.

After that, the honest and capable criticizer notices some of Mr. Tilton's always rythmical verses, and says, "Such verses might be

written *by the yard*, and kept on hand to be cut into pieces of right [the right] length to fill out a page." Where it will be seen that the ignoramus has uttered what, barring its bad English, might be reasonably applied to Mr. Whitman's *measures*.

24.—P. 466. -- *at Willis'.*] Almack's.

25.—P. 482. *He may rank with New England's best.*] Some persons may think this is not paying him a very great compliment. However that may be, it is a just one. But to pick out the child's trifle, and pass over all the well melodized and often nervous poems that precede it, was quite after the fashion of newspaper and magazine wittings, where they have a personal animosity, and is notably *Fledgling*.

26.—P. 485. "*Hanging to dry.*"] Of so brief a quotation, it is not always easy to trace the source, and consequently to explain the allusion. We are able to do this in the present case, only by going to the familiar associations of the *Hotchpot Cryer*. Deadhead had probably in the cleanly chambers of his memory one of those exhilarating volumes — *Fescennini versus*, which are kept under the tables of the market peddlers and sold with great mystery to schoolboys and servant-maids.

716

7













LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 863 631 1